

THE WATCHMAN



D.C.H.

J. MORRIS

"Watchman, tell us of the night."

By J. A. M.

NEW-YORK :

H. LONG & BROTHER.

121 NASSAU STREET.

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-five, by H. LONG & BROTHER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

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P R E F A C E .

“AND LET US NOT BE WEARY IN WELL DOING, FOR IN DUE SEASON WE SHALL REAP IF WE FAINT NOT.”

THE following story is one of humble life. The principal personages introduced to the reader were born in poverty, and were literally inheritors of the curse pronounced upon the father of mankind, as a punishment for his transgressions. “In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground.” They passed through many trials, and met with many obstacles in the path of life, and the success and happiness which eventually befel them, was the reward of a life of patient industry and unwearied endeavor to do well. This reward of success is also promised by the lips of Him who pronounced the curse—if indeed a life of honest labor be a curse, and not rather man’s greatest blessing.

The author has sedulously endeavored to avoid writing a single line which can minister to morbid excitement. The aim throughout has been to inculcate a love of truth and of benevolence, and to make fiction, founded upon incidents of real life, a vehicle through which lessons of virtue and religious trust can be conveyed, and instruction blended with amusement.

The Watchman, the humble hero of the story, was years gone by, well known in New York. He has long since passed away to that bourne from which no traveller returns: but there are those still

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living who knew his honest worth, and admired his many virtues. Joseph Carter, the humble guardian of the night—the hard-working, industrious man—lingers in the memory of many, who, but for his sterling merit, would have long ago forgotten him. Several of the other characters are literally pictured from living men and women, though the names are of course fictitious.

The author believes that every book should bear to its reader the conviction that its intent was good; that it was the offspring of an earnest and gracious wish. If it does, it will leave blessings where it goes, in proportion to the strength of that conviction. Fiction is a powerful vehicle for good and for evil. The world will read fiction; then it is surely the author's province to endeavor, while wandering in the realms of fancy, or while embellishing in lively colors the every-day occurrences of life, to watch carefully that not a thought shall pass from the brain, and be jotted down by the pen, that can have a tendency to lead the mind of the reader from the path of duty. Nay, this is not enough. The constant aim of the author should be to picture virtue as the source of the only true happiness, even upon earth, and to make vice in all its forms, abhorrent. Then, however faulty the book may be, whether it meet with success or fail, at least the honest satisfaction will remain that the intention was good. With the hope that this conviction may fasten itself upon the mind of the reader, and with the earnest hope that the scriptural motto which the author has chosen as expressive of the aim of the work, will be adopted as the motto of the reader through life, the book is given to the public.

J. A. M.

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THE WATCHMAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE WATCHMAN'S FAMILY.

“Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs its head, and a' that?
The coward slave! we pass him by—
And dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil's obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.”

BURNS.

THE faint glimmer of the cold gray dawn of a gloomy October morning was just beginning to light up the broad streets, and to penetrate the close lanes and narrow thoroughfares of New York City, when Joseph Carter quitted his beat and turned his weary steps homewards; but the dawn of day had brought no cheerfulness with it—it rather seemed to make the chill desolation more palpable—for the snow had fallen heavily during the night, and the chill wind had scattered the dying leaves from the trees and swept them in ridges across the streets, and overhead the sky appeared like a dull, leaden canopy, beneath which the scud was driving furiously before the wind. It was the beginning of one of those cheerless days

that sometimes diversify the usual sweetness of our glorious autumn, and serve to remind us painfully that winter—cold, frosty, cheerless winter—is at hand. Joseph Carter slightly shivered, as the gloomy aspect of the approaching day was thus revealed to him; and buttoning his heavy watchman's coat still more closely around him, and pulling his cap deeper over his brow, with his head bent and his face directed towards the damp and greasy pavement, as though he strove to shut out the cheerless prospect, he quickened his pace towards his home.

The clock of Trinity Church struck the hour of six as Carter entered the door of his humble dwelling in Mulberry-street, and ascending the stairs to the second story—for, poor as the dwelling was, Joseph did not occupy the whole of it—he entered a suite of three apartments; and passing into the innermost room, which was evidently the dormitory of his family, he proceeded quietly to divest himself of his damp outer clothing, preparatory to lying himself down to rest.

It was still dark in this small room; not the faintest gleam of the gray light of morning had as yet penetrated into it—for it had no windows, and only received light and air through the other apartments—and while in the act of undressing, Joseph stumbled accidentally over a chair, or some other obstacle which happened to be in the way.

The noise he made was slight, nevertheless it was sufficient to arouse one of the sleepers—and there were already three in that little room. A rustling of the bed-clothes, a gentle sigh were heard, a pair of little arms were stretched out, and a long breath was drawn, and presently a childish voice lisped—

“Is that you, papa?”

“Yes, my dear,” replied Joseph.

“It's not time to get up yet, papa?”

“Yes, Nelly—it's a dark morning; but lie still till mamma wakes; don't make any noise”—and the father stooped over the bed and kissed the child—it was his youngest child, a little

girl of five years of age, who had spoken—and then gently removing the bed-clothes, he prepared to get into bed, if possible without disturbing the slumbers of those who already occupied it; for, he thought—

“It is a cold, cheerless morning—and I know Mary worked hard yesterday; so it’s as well that she should sleep on for another hour.”

His caution was, however, unavailing. The child’s voice had awakened her mother; and just as Joseph had snugly arranged the bed-clothes over him, his wife asked—

“Is that you, Joseph?”

“Yes, mother.”

“What o’clock is it?”

“It’s past six; but lie down again wife, and sleep. The morning’s gloomy, and it will hardly be full day-light before seven o’clock. But don’t forget to call me at eight o’clock, Mary, for I’ve a parcel of goods to take down to pier No. 3, at ten o’clock, for Mr. Blunt.”

“I’ll not forget, Joseph,” replied the woman. “I’ll have breakfast all ready for you before I call you. So, go to sleep, for I’m sure you must be tired.”

The woman seemed, too, as if she had not yet slept off all her weariness, for she turned on her side, and drew the bed-clothes snugly over her; but the thought seemed to come across her, that it were folly to indulge any longer in bed; and saying,—“I may as well rise at once; or, perhaps, I shall oversleep myself,” she got out of bed, dressed herself and the children, and at once set quietly but busily to work upon the duties of the day.

Had we not already hinted that Joseph Carter was one of the City Watchmen, the reader might think it strange to find him on the point of taking his rest at an hour when most hard-working, industrious people are thinking of rising, or have already risen. Our story opens at a period prior to the organization of the present police force—when the nightly guardian-

ship of the city was intrusted to men who labored, at least some portions of the day, at some other vocation. Joseph Carter was a carman during the day, and he added to his limited income by doing duty as a watchman every other night.

It was pretty severe work, this double-duty; but Joseph Carter was an honest, pious, hard-working, industrious man; and although he had not been fortunate enough to receive a good education himself, he felt the benefits that would accrue to his children from education; and for their sakes and for the purpose of providing a few extra comforts for his wife, he cheerfully gave up three night's rest during the week.

Joseph at this period was verging towards middle age; he had not married very young; but he had already been united ten years to a woman of his own rank of life, who had made him a most excellent wife. She had borne him three children. William, the eldest, now about nine years of age; Nelly, the little girl, already alluded to, and another daughter, who, had she lived, would have been two years old, but she had died about six months previous; and Joseph and his wife, notwithstanding their humble station in life—which rendered unceasing toil needful for the support of themselves and their children, thought the loss of this infant the most serious affliction they had sustained, since they had struggled hand in hand together through the difficulties and troubles that continually assail the poor. But, as we have observed already, Joseph was a pious, exemplary man, and his wife was a patient, amiable woman, and if not so strong in faith as her husband, she had learnt from his teaching to place her trust in Providence, and to believe that God orders all things for the best.

There had been some tears, and lamentations—the natural outburst of parental sorrow—when the bereaved parents consigned their youngest darling to the cold grave; and then they turned away and dried their tears, though grief still rested on their hearts, and said, “The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord;” and as the words

passed from their lips, they endeavored to school their hearts to the belief, that their infant had been removed from a world of sin and sorrow to a realm of eternal joy and brightness, and that her removal was rather a cause for rejoicing than for lamentation; and although they found the task a severe one, faith prevailed over selfishness, and they found peace and hope in that belief at last.

CHAPTER II.

THE LITTLE VAGRANT.

“And let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.”—GALATIANS.

THE children were neatly washed and dressed, and were seated on low stools, refreshing in their memory the tasks they had studied on the previous evening: the breakfast was prepared, and though plain and humble, it was sufficient; and so cleanly was everything—so tastefully arranged, that it looked appetizing enough to tempt even those to eat, who were accustomed to sit down every morning to a much more luxurious meal. All was completed ere the clock struck eight; and then Mrs. Carter, having removed the coffee-pot from the grate, awakened her husband.

“It is eight o’clock, Joseph,” said she, as she shook him somewhat rudely by the shoulder; for experience had taught her that her husband required a good deal of awakening; and no wonder, poor man! for he spent no needless hours in idle repose.

“And a snowy morning,” said, or rather half-sang the wearied and still sleeping man, who was accustomed occasionally, when on his beat, to call the hour, and to enlighten those slumberers who rested lightly, and were aroused from their sleep by his shrill call,—as to the state of the weather.

It was a goodly old custom, although long fallen into disuse. We do things more effectively in these utilitarian days. The police are a great improvement over the “Charleys” of olden times; but the poetry of the watchman, with his quaint attire; his coat of many capes;—his lantern and rattle, and his stoop-

ing, shuffling gait—has gone. It was extinguished by the organization of a regular police-force, as the poetry of travelling disappeared when the iron horse and the rapid car superseded the lumbering, clumsy, jolting, yet withal, picturesque stage-coach.

Mrs. Carter smiled. "He is dreaming," she said. "Poor fellow! no doubt, he is weary. It seems a shame to wake him up so soon. Suppose I keep his breakfast warm, and let him sleep till nine o'clock;"—but she recollected that Joseph had told her that he had a load of goods to deliver at one of the piers at ten o'clock, and she knew that he prided himself, and was esteemed by his employers, for his punctuality; and, again, she shook him roughly by the arm.

"Aye; lean on me—lean heavy, little one," muttered Joseph. "I'm able to bear your light weight, poor little thing!—out on such a night as this! but I'll find ye a shelter till morning."

"Joseph Carter, Joseph," screamed his wife, "wake up. It's eight o'clock, past, and breakfast is all ready; the coffee will be getting cold."

"Oh! ah!" said Joseph, starting up and rubbing his eyes. "Bless me! it hardly seems that I've been asleep ten minutes; but go in, wife; give the children their breakfast, and I'll be with ye directly."

Mrs. Carter left the bed-room, and poured out the children's breakfasts, and in five minutes the little family group was rendered complete by the appearance of the husband and father, who had in that short space of time arranged his humble toilet, and prepared himself for the labors of the day.

"For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us thankful," said Joseph, reverently, as he seated himself at the frugal board; and then he commenced a vigorous attack upon the food set out before him, eating with an appetite such as only the sons and daughters of toil can know.

"I had a hard job to rouse you, Joseph," said his wife, by

way of conversation, as she poured her husband out a cup of coffee, the steaming fragrance of which filled the apartment with its agreeable and invigorating perfume. "You talked in your sleep as if you were speaking to a child: what were you dreaming of—eh?"

"I don't know that I was dreaming, Mary," answered the husband. "I sleep too sound to dream much; but I suppose I must have been thinking of the little boy I found sleeping, poor thing! all in the snow, on a door-step opposite Trinity Church. The poor fellow had cried himself to sleep, for the traces of tears were plainly seen upon his face. Lucky I found him. He'd have been dead with the cold before morning."

"And what did you do with him?" asked Mrs. Carter, her curiosity and sympathy strongly awakened.

"Why, it was midnight when I found him, and I could not leave my beat to bring him home; besides, I knew that you would all be in bed and asleep: so I led him to a public-house in Cedar-street, and gave him something to eat, and gave the landlord a quarter to give him a bed, and promised to call and see about him to-day. I shall go as soon as I come back from the pier."

"But did you not ascertain who he was, or what brought him there on such a night and at such an hour? How old is he?"

"About five or six years, I should judge, to look at him; but I did not think to ask."

"Did he seem to be a decent child? the child of respectable parents? How was he dressed?"

"Why, wife, I can hardly say. His clothes were all draggled and wet with the sleet; they looked whole; but poor and very scant."

"And you did not find out who were his parents, nor how he came to be lost?—for lost, I suppose, he has been."

"I had little time for talking; and the poor thing was so wearied, and shivering so with the cold—his teeth were chat-

tering in his head—that I did not ask him many questions: but he said he had neither father nor mother; and he was half-starved, too; his little face was pinched, and he ate the bread and butter the landlord gave him, as if he hadn't tasted food during the whole day. I don't believe he *had*," added Joseph, emphatically.

"Poor little fellow!" sighed Mrs. Carter.

"I shall call and see him to-day, and ascertain, if I can, all about him, and try to send him home, where his home is—and, in the evening, I will tell you more about him. It's my turn in, to-night."

"I shall be all curiosity to hear," rejoined Mrs. Carter.

The meal was finished, and Joseph rose from his seat at the table. "Come, Billy—come, Nelly," said he, addressing the children, as he put on his overcoat, preparatory to going out; "get ready for school, dears. Billy, I shall expect you'll read me that geography lesson to-night, when I come home;—and, Nelly, I must hear you repeat that little piece of poetry you learnt last week."

"Yes, papa," exclaimed both the children in a breath, as they came to receive the customary kiss; and away they ran through the snow to the school near by, while Joseph hastened to his employer's store in South-street; and Mrs. Carter, having put aside the breakfast-things, and arranged the necessary affairs of the little household, set herself busily to work at her needle; for she added her mite to the scanty income of the family by taking in sewing from the dry-goods stores.

Joseph Carter hastened to the store of Mr. Blunt, an eminent shipping-merchant in South-street, and, having taken a load of goods on his cart, proceeded to the pier to get them shipped: this job done, he bethought him of his little protégé of the previous night, and on his way back diverged from the direct route to make a call at the public-house in Cedar-street.

"Well, Mr. Howsen, how does the little boy get on that I left here last night?" he asked of the publican, who was standing at his door.

“Oh, quite spry and lively like, and a eating like anything; my old woman gave him his breakfast this morning, and to see how he went into the bread and butter!—’seems to me he’s been a’most starved!”

“Ah! may-be, may-be—poor thing! but, has he told Mrs. Howsen where he came from, or how he got to be out in such a night as last night was?”

“No; we can get nothing out of him. I guess, Carter, you’ll have to deliver him up to some magistrate, who will either find his friends, if he has any; or provide for him some way or other.”

“I’ll have a talk with him first myself,” said Joseph, alighting from his cart, and entering the house;—“and, Mr. Howsen, draw me a mug of ale; for I’m all of a heat—I’ve had a heavy load to deliver at the pier this morning.”

The ale was drawn, and while Joseph seated himself in the little bar-room, the landlord went in search of the child, and returned in a few moments, leading him by the hand.

He certainly looked to be a less pitiable object than he had appeared the night before; for his clothes had been dried and smoothed, and his tangled hair combed, and his face washed: but still, setting aside his destitute condition and his childish age, there was little in him to excite interest. He had told the landlady of the hotel that his name was Henry Selby, but had refused to answer any other questions. It was evident from his meagre, bony frame, and his pinched features, that he had been inured to a life of semi-starvation; and from the marks of weals and bruises upon his arms and shoulders, it was easy to infer that he had been subjected to ill-usage. His little bare feet were covered with scratches, and though well enough formed, they presented unmistakable marks of his having been unused to wear shoes. His hair (had he been the offspring of decent personages) might have been styled auburn; and, if regularly smoothed and well kept, would have added grace to his appearance; for it was silky and abundant, and hung over

his shoulders in natural curls; but now it required a stretch of the imagination, not to call it red; and its tangled masses, in spite of the kindly efforts of the landlady to train them into order, dangled elf-like over his brow, and by no means added to the effect of a set of gaunt features, aged in appearance beyond his years, and a complexion freckled by exposure until it had become perfectly mottled.

"Here he is," said the landlord; "and a pretty specimen of human natur' to look at, ain't he? Nobody is likely to adopt him, I guess, let 'em be ever so much in want of a boy to bring up. If I were you, Joseph, I'd take him off, and give him a few cents; I'll add a few more to 'em. He's had a good breakfast; set him down somewhere or other, and let him go to his old trade of begging or street-sweeping, or stealing, I shouldn't wonder. You've done your duty by him, and that's all that any body can be expected to do these hard times."

Joseph had taken no notice of these remarks from the landlord; but calling the forlorn little object to him, had commenced questioning him, but at first without producing much more result than had the questioning of the landlord and his wife.

"What is your name, my dear?" he asked.

"Henry Selby."

"How old are you?"

"I don't know."

"Where are your parents?"

No reply. The child gazed vacantly in the face of the querist.

"I mean who is your father or your mother?"

Still the child made no reply for some moments, until the question being repeated, he answered—

"I don't know—I ain't got any! other boys as I know has; but I ain't got any."

"But you must have lived with somebody. A little boy like you must have had some one to take care of you, however

badly. Tell me now—who have you been living with? and how came you to be out in the streets in the snow last night?”

“I used to live with an old woman; but I ain’t lived with anybody a good long while.”

“And where did you live?”

“At the Points.”

“And how came you to leave the old woman you say you used to live with?”

Again the child was silent, until the question having been twice repeated, he looked up in Carter’s face, and said—

“If I tell you why, you won’t take me back again to her?”

“I don’t know; that will depend upon circumstances. You know you must have somebody to take charge of you.”

“Then I shan’t tell you,” said the child, who possessed a readiness of speech and a precocity beyond his years.

“Well, Henry, if you don’t tell me I shall have to take you to a Justice, who will perhaps send you to prison as a little vagrant, and how will you like that?”

“I would sooner go to prison than go back to Mother Shipley,” said the boy passionately, bursting into tears as he spoke. “They can only flog me there, and they will give me plenty to eat. Jem Wilton told me so, and he’s been in prison many a time.”

Joseph Carter felt that he had gained a point in eliciting even this burst of passionate feeling from the child, and he hastened to follow it up by saying in a soothing tone of voice—

“Come, come, my dear, don’t cry; tell me why you left the old woman, Mother Shipley, as you call her; and if you had good reason for it, you shan’t go back again.”

“I ran away because she beat me; see here (pointing to the weals and bruises upon his shoulders,) it’s a long time ago now, and the marks pain me yet.”

“Poor thing!” said the compassionate cartman, as he examined the marks of cruelty; “why did she beat you thus?”

“Because I was hungry and took some rags and sold ’em to get money to buy something to eat.”

“But don't you know that it is wrong to steal, even if we are hungry?”

“No—Mother Shipley used to steal, and I used to steal for her, and so did other boys and girls. The rags was mine as much as they was her's. I gathered 'em for her.”

“Poor child! you have been trained in a sad school; how do you know that Mother Shipley is not your mother?”

“Because she told me so; she wasn't my mother any more than she was the other boys' and gals' mother.”

“And since you ran away what have you been doing for a living?”

“Nothing,” replied the child, doggedly.

“Nothing! but you must have done something; how did you get food and lodging, if you did nothing?”

“Sometimes I begged, and gentlemen would give me a cent, and sometimes I swept crossings; but the weather was too fine for me to get much sweeping. And when I seed any thing and nobody seed me, I stole it and sold it.”

“And where have you been lodging since you ran away from the old woman?”

“I have been lying about in places. I used to sleep under a door-step down by the Battery; and yesterday it snowed, and I swept crossings all day, but I only got two cents, for the big boys and gals pushed me away, and at last they took my two cents from me; and when I went to the doorway to sleep, it was wet and the rain was dripping through, and I was shaking with the cold; and so I walked up Broadway, crying, till you found me. I cried cos I hadn't had anything to eat all day.”

“I guess you won't make anything of that young 'un; he's a reg'lar hard case; better send him away about his business,” said the landlord.

“No—I won't do that just yet, at any rate,” replied Joseph. “I must go back to the store; I'll leave the poor thing here awhile, until I think what can be done.”

It was with the greatest reluctance that the landlord and

landlady of the tavern would allow the child to remain any longer ; but Joseph at last prevailed upon them, promising to call and take him away in the course of the day ; and having gained his end, he went back to South-street.

Fortunately for Joseph—at least he thought it fortunate on that day, for his thoughts were running, in spite of his work, upon the forlorn, pitiable object he had left at the tavern—there was not a great deal for him to do : so he was free to leave—yet still, as he bent his steps in the direction of the tavern, he could not decide what it was best for him to do.

Sometimes he thought that he was foolish to trouble himself any longer about the child. “There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, as badly off as he, in the city,” he thought, half aloud. “I have aided him, poor thing ! and given him a night’s lodging, and for once have provided him with a full meal. I have done my part. If everybody was to do as much for others, there would soon be an end of this distress. I have a family of my own to support, and have to work hard enough to support them. I think Howsen gave the best advice when he recommended me to send him adrift again—but yet, I have children of my own, and supposing anything should happen to me, or to their mother, and they were left—my poor little Nelly might become like this poor stray waif of humanity ; and if spirits, after death, are permitted to look down, and see what is going on in the sphere they have left, and watch over those whom they have loved here below, how happy should I be, how grateful to the man or woman who would rescue my child from the path of vice ! this poor fellow is doubtless an orphan ; perhaps his parents are watching me.”

He had reached the corner of Cedar-street, and was about to turn down ; for a moment he hesitated, and then hurried along further up Broadway. “I will go and see Justice Slocomb, at any rate,” said he ; “perhaps he will advise me how to act.”

A few minutes’ walk brought him to the residence of the Justice, in Park Row ; and he stopped and knocked at the door.

"Is the Justice at home?" he asked of the servant; and having been answered in the affirmative, he gave his name, and was admitted.

"Well, Carter," said the Justice, to whom he was known, "what is it you want? are you applying for a renewal of your appointment as city watchman. I am well satisfied with your conduct, and it has already been decided that you shall be retained."

"I thank you, sir," said Joseph; "but I did not call on that business. I heard of that yesterday, and am very grateful for the good opinion that the gentlemen of the Board entertain of me. I called, sir, respecting a poor child whom I found last night, starving with cold and hunger in Broadway. He has no parents, sir, and no home; and I was thinking, perhaps you could advise me what to do about him."

"Why—where is he, Carter?"

"I got him shelter at Howsen's, in Cedar-street, last night, sir; and he is there now. I gave him his supper last night, and Mrs. Howsen gave him his breakfast this morning; and now they advise me to send him adrift. I thought I would take the liberty of calling upon you, and asking your advice. Perhaps you can tell me what had best be done?"

"Indeed, Carter," replied the Justice, "I think Howsen's advice was good. I don't see that we can do anything in this case. You see, if we did, we should soon have our hands full."

"And must the poor boy be cast adrift again, to starve or thief—to go from one vice to another, till he meets a premature grave?"

"I fear there is no remedy, Carter. As to starving, there's no fear of that: these little vagabonds are always ready with some pitiful story or other; but I warrant me, they always pick up enough to eat and drink, even if they thief for it."

"But is not that a dreadful thing to contemplate, Mr. Slocomb? There surely should be more provision for these cases."

"The thing is impossible whilst they are so numerous. When the case is very urgent, and the party strongly recommended, we do what we can ; but we cannot attend to all."

"But this poor child, sir," pleaded the watchman—

"Is just in the position of hundreds of other poor children—neither better nor worse," interrupted the Justice. "The city cannot provide for all the poor and destitute. I cannot, of course, provide for every beggar child that is picked up in the streets, and I don't suppose you, with your scant means, and having children of your own, would care to adopt such a child as he you describe, and make him a companion and an instructor in vice and crime to your own children?"

Joseph Carter did not reply to this speech ; but bidding the Justice good day, he left the house.

"A strange man, and yet an honest, kind-hearted, trustworthy fellow that Joseph Carter," said the Justice, as he watched the retreating form of the cartman from the window. "He has, however, strange ideas of benevolence. If he were a rich man, he would be one of those singular beings who pride themselves upon their philanthropy ; but the idea is preposterous, for a man in his position to take up the cause of every little vagrant urchin he picks up in the street."

As Joseph walked away, he kept revolving in his mind what had best be done with regard to the little boy . "I see," said he to himself, "that no one will take interest in him, and yet I cannot bear the thought of sending him adrift again. Still I can't support him—nor would Mary choose to have him about the house, mingling with our children, if I could."

Still the thought seemed to cling to him, that he was an outcast, thrown by Providence in his way ; he did not know how to act, and in this dilemma, instead of going to Cedar-street, as he had intended, he turned off in the direction of his own house—for it was near the dinner hour—and he knew that his wife would be expecting him.

During dinner, Joseph continued very thoughtful ; his wife feared he was ill, and at length asked him the question.

“No, Mary, no,” he replied, “I am well enough, thank God. But I was thinking, as I looked at our children, how thankful we ought to be that we are enabled by our joint labors to provide them food, and clothing, and lodging and schooling, and what a shocking thing it would be if it should please God to take us from them before they are able to provide for themselves. They might be reduced to starvation, Mary, and be led into temptations of every kind—into vice and crime.”

“Lor! Joseph,” exclaimed his wife, “how strangely you talk. I declare you make my flesh creep to hear you. What *could* put such thoughts into your head?”

“The thought, Mary, of the sad condition of the poor little creature I told you of this morning. He might perhaps, for anything we know, have been the child of parents who thought as much of him as we do of our darlings; and now what is he? Mary, let us pray that our children be preserved from temptation.”

“Ah! poor thing!” rejoined Mary Carter, “it is pitiful to think there is so much distress in the world. We are only very poor people, Joseph, and yet we have enough to support us in comfort; there are thousands and tens of thousands worse off than we. What does the hymn say?”

“Not more than others we deserve,
Yet God has given us more.”

We ought to be thankful.”

“So we ought—more thankful than we are; and yet Mary, it always appears to me to be a selfish sort of thankfulness that leads us to rejoice that we are better off than others, quite as good in the sight of God as we.”

There was a silence of some minutes; both Joseph Carter and his wife were absorbed in the thoughts that this conversation had given birth to.

At length Joseph, looking earnestly at his wife, observed—
“We had one more child, our youngest darling, who has been

removed from us—as we believe, wisely removed—and yet Mary, we could have wished the babe to have lived. We have to work hard; but we have found and still should find sufficient food for our family, however large.”

“I trust and believe that we should, Joseph; but how strangely you talk to-day. I don’t like to hear you speak so. Surely you must be ill, or downcast in mind.”

“No, Mary, I told you I am well as ever I was; but I was thinking, that for a time, at least, one more mouth in our family to feed, would make no difference. I can’t bear the idea of sending that poor child adrift again. It seems to me that he has been delivered into my hands, to snatch him from the dangers which threaten him, and that I should be committing a sin to cast him off.”

“Joseph!” said his wife, in a tone of remonstrance and alarm, “you cannot surely know what you are saying. If it should be the will of heaven that we should have more mouths of our own family to feed, Providence would provide us with the means; but it is not expected that such as we can provide for the children of others. And then think, husband! the idea of bringing such a child into our family, as a companion to our children, even if we *could* afford it.”

“It is that of which I am thinking, Mary. There lies the difficulty; but suppose, just for a day or two, we give the poor boy shelter? He must otherwise be sent into the streets again; and he is young—a mere infant—he can’t be confirmed in any sinful courses as yet; a little training might make something out of him still. In the meanwhile I will speak to Mr. Blunt; he is a good, kind-hearted gentleman, and will advise me what to do; but to-night, Mary, at all events, sooner than cast the poor stray waif adrift, let me fetch him home.”

“But his clothing, Joseph! Are you sure he is clean?” remonstrated the wife.

“Well, as to that, Mary, I wouldn’t like to say too much; but you can wash him well, and Billy’s clothing will fit him.

You can give him the jacket and trowsers Billy has laid aside, because they are too small. This little fellow is much thinner than our Billy, although he is as tall, perhaps."

"I wouldn't put him to sleep with my children, any way," answered Mrs. Carter.

"Then, Mary, we could make him up a bed on the floor, in the corner," persisted the husband.

"And he might use bad words, and Billy would learn them," remonstrated the wife.

"We must correct him if he does: but I will warn him; he doesn't seem to be deficient in sense; indeed, he has more sense than most children of his age. Poor thing! he has been obliged to use his wits to manage to live, while more fortunate children were playing."

Mrs. Carter continued her remonstrances and objections for some time longer; but she saw that her husband was resolved, and besides, he pleaded so earnestly, reminding her that her own children might yet stand in need of a helping hand from strangers, and spoke of the cruel usage that the child had evidently met with, with so much feeling, that the woman's and mother's heart at length softened, and Mrs. Carter consented to give shelter to the poor outcast, for a day or two, until Joseph and his friends could devise some other means of providing for him.

Having thus gained his point, Joseph started off to Cedar-street, and told the landlord of the tavern that he had come for the child.

"I'm right glad of it," said he; "to tell the truth, I had begun to think that you had left him on our hands, and we should have packed him off to-night, I can tell you. Such a mischievous little vagabond I never came across in all my days—and as to eating, why he eats as much as a boy of twice his age; he would eat a body out of house and home, if you'd let him have all he craves for. But what are you going to do with him, Mr. Carter? If you are going to drop him, take my

advice, and drop him where he won't easily find his way into this neighborhood again—for depend upon it, if you don't you'll have him prowling around your beat; and I can tell you, he can't come here any more. There's sixpence, child," he continued—addressing the boy, and presenting him with the coin—"and now be off with this gentleman, and don't come back no more, or else it will be worse for you. Be thankful that you've fared so well."

"No fear," said Joseph; "I'm a going to take him home with me for the present. You'll be glad to go home with me, won't you, my dear?" added he, addressing the child.

The little fellow for the first time gave him a grateful and confiding look, and placing his small hand in his, cowered close to his side, as if frightened at the tavern-keeper. He did not speak, but the pleading look and the soft pressure of that little hand were more eloquent than words.

"Whew-w-w!" whistled the landlord, while Mrs. Howsen lifted her hands in surprise, and exclaimed, "Laws me! to think of taking home a beggar's brat into the buzzom of an honest family. Well, that comes of having children. Thank God! I never had no children."

The watchman did not reply, further than to ask if there was anything more to pay for the food and shelter the child had had.

"Why no," replied the landlord; "for the matter of that, the little vagabond's welcome to what he's had; I don't want to take pay for such a trifle; but I tell ye what, Joseph Carter, I wish you joy of your bargain."

Joseph led the child to his house in Mulberry-street, and presented him to his wife.

The good woman had certainly not been prepossessed in the little boy's favor by the description her husband had given of him; and when she saw him, her prejudice seemed to rise anew.

"Gracious, Joseph!" she cried, "What a dirty, beggarly-looking little creature. And what a wicked-looking eye he's

got. I'm half sorry now that I agreed to take him in. Do see Mr. Blunt, and advise with him about him."

"Whosoever giveth a cup of cold water to one of my little ones—" you know the promise, Mary?" said Joseph Carter.

And Mary Carter strove to overcome her antipathy and repugnance, and took the hand of the poor deserted little creature. And Joseph, satisfied that his wife's better feelings once awakened, she would be kind to the poor child, left him in her charge, and went to his work. And Mary Carter washed and clothed the poor homeless wanderer, and then observing him to be wearied, laid him down to sleep—yes, laid him down to sleep on her own children's bed!

This was the first introduction of Henry Selby to the home of the Watchman—Joseph Carter.

CHAPTER III.

JOSEPH CARTER RESOLVES TO KEEP THE CHILD.

“We have a shelter while you have none; part of the little we possess belongs to you; for you are poorer than we.”—MADAME COTTIN.

WHEN Joseph Carter reached the merchant's store in South-street, he found his employer seated in the counting-room. He resolved at once to speak to him about the child.

“Can I speak a few words with you, Mr. Blunt?” he asked respectfully, advancing to the door of the office.

“Certainly, Joseph; step in and take a seat. What have you to say?”

“I merely wish for a little advice, sir. You are aware that I eke out my small income by doing duty as a watchman three and four nights in the week alternately.”

“Ah!” said Mr. Blunt, interrupting him, and misinterpreting the cause of his address. “And you find the duty too arduous. No doubt it must be so. And you wish to procure more steady and remunerative employment during the day, and so be enabled to dispense with this night duty. Well, I'll think it over and see what I can do for you; at present I see no opening in my store, but I highly approve of your general conduct, and am assured of your honesty and industry. I will speak to some of my friends.”

“I thank you, sir, for your kindness; but I was not intending to trouble you about myself. Thank God, I earn good wages in my occupation as a cartman, and enjoy good health. The stipend I earn as one of the city watchmen I set aside for the purpose of educating my children and procuring such little extra comforts and luxuries as render my home more agreea-

ble. My wife, too, though I say it myself, is an industrious woman; and as our family is at present but small, and as we have lost our baby, she has considerable time on her hands, and always has plenty of work to do for the stores. So—as long as God spares us our health, we shall do well enough. But last night, sir, I found a small child, I should think not more than five or six years of age, sitting crying on the step of a doorway, drenched with the sleet, for it was a hard night, and shivering with cold, and the poor little fellow, was nearly famished, as I afterwards found out. I took him to Howsen's tavern, in Cedar-street, and got his clothing dried and provided him with some food and a night's lodging, and to-day, after a good deal of coaxing, I learnt from him that his name is Henry Selby, and that for some days past he has actually been living in the streets, sleeping in the open air and trusting to chance for food. He would perhaps have died before morning had I not discovered him. He says he has no parents. He does not appear even to recollect his parents at all, and he has been living in some den in the Five Points, with an old woman, whom he calls Mother Shipley, and who, to judge from the child's story, keeps a number of children to beg and steal for her. He ran away from the old woman because he was used cruelly, and it must have been hard usage that would cause so young a child to leave even such a home as that; indeed his little arms and shoulders show ample evidence of the treatment he has been subjected to. They kept him at the public-house till this forenoon, when they refused to keep him any longer, and would have turned him adrift had I not taken him home. I cannot blame them for it; for, to tell the truth, the poor boy has been so neglected and is so ill-favored and dirty, that he was not a pleasant inmate; besides, he was nothing to them; but I had found him in the streets, and it went against me to send him back to perish, perhaps. So I have taken the liberty to ask your advice as to what I had best do."

"It would be difficult for me to decide, Joseph," replied Mr.

Blunt. "You had better, perhaps, make the circumstances known to a magistrate. He may be able to advise you better than I."

"I have done so, sir. I called upon Justice Slocomb, and he told me he could do nothing. 'There were hundreds of such cases,' he said, 'and it was impossible to attend to them all.' I thought that was a poor argument why he could attend to none, but he would not interfere."

"And so you took the child to your own house?"

"Yes, sir; I had some difficulty in persuading my wife to allow him to be brought, for, though Mary has a kind heart, she did not like the idea of such a child as this little boy being brought as a companion to our own children; besides, sir, I am not in a position to support a strange child. But Mary promised at last to let him stay a day or two, and I said I would call and see you about him."

Mr. Blunt was a benevolent, pious, and withal a wealthy man; but the very fact of his being known as such, led to his being called upon to exercise his charity largely; besides, he was immersed in business, and already was compelled to devote more time than he could wisely spare to philanthropic objects. He sat silent for some moments after Joseph had done speaking, and then said:

"You have done a good action, Carter, and I think all the better of you for your humanity; but really I scarcely know what to advise you. If you could find out the woman with whom the child has been living—perhaps she is his mother after all—it would perhaps be best to send him back to her. It is hard to see so much misery and poverty, but it is impossible to give assistance to all. I have more to do that way now than I know how to manage. Perhaps you had better make inquiries about him, and meantime, since you say you have taken him to your home, let him remain there for a day or two. However, I will see that you are not taxed for his support. Here are five dollars for you to spend upon him, and reimburse yourself

for any expenses you may have incurred, (tendering Joseph a five dollar bill,) and I will speak to Mrs. Blunt. She may perhaps find him some old clothes of the children's which I will have sent to the store, and you can take them home with you to-morrow."

"Thank you, Mr. Blunt, I shall be glad of any spare garments that you can send the poor fellow, for his own clothes are a heap of rags and filth; and I need not tell you that my own children need all I am able to supply them with; but I had rather not take the money, sir, indeed I had. It would be hard with me if I could not afford the little matter of food that such a mere baby can consume. I will talk over with my wife what you have said."

"I appreciate your motives, Joseph," returned Mr. Blunt; "still I had rather you would take the money. No? Well, be it so, then; but I must assist your generosity so far as to send you some old clothing for the poor child. And, as I have said, I think it would be advisable for you to seek out this woman, of whom the child speaks, and ascertain if she is not some relative. If she be, I see no other alternative than to send him home again."

Somewhat disappointed, Joseph left the office, and went about his duties until evening, when he returned home to enjoy the rest he needed, for it was his night off duty.

The child had slept soundly during the greater portion of the afternoon, and when Joseph reached home, had arisen and was sitting with a clean face and hands, and well-brushed hair, and attired in tidy and wholesome, although well-worn garments, before the fire, talking with the other children, who with their mother were waiting his arrival to join them at the supper-table.

Joseph was somewhat surprised when he saw the child looking so neat and clean. He declared that he should not have recognized him. He was still anything but a pretty, or even an interesting child, and yet, this was owing, perhaps, a good

deal to his gaunt appearance, so different to the usual aspect of childhood, for his features were not individually bad, and the appearance of low cunning which they possessed, and which was doubly repulsive in one so young, seemed to have been imparted to him in consequence of his associations since the days of his infancy, rather than to have been a natural expression. And as Joseph looked at him, the thought came into his mind, "Would it not be a sinful act to send him back again to those haunts of vice from which he has been, perhaps, providentially rescued?"

The other children came to their father to receive the customary kiss; but little Henry sat thoughtful and sullen, and seemed to take no notice of the arrival of his benefactor.

"He is a strange child," whispered Mrs. Carter to her husband. "He has hardly spoken a word since he woke up. I have questioned him; but have hardly been able to obtain an answer from him. What did Mr. Blunt say?"

"I will tell you by-and-by, wife," said Joseph, "after the children have gone to bed. Let's have supper now, for I am both tired and hungry."

He sat down to the table. "Come, Willy—come, Nelly," said he, speaking to his own children; "come to supper, dears—and you, too, little Henry Selby—are you hungry?"

"Yes," said the child. "I think I am always hungry."

"Come, then; that is a disease that readily admits of cure, when one has the proper medicine to take. Come, and seat yourself beside Willy there."

The child sullenly took the chair pointed out to him, and, without waiting, or asking permission, seized hold of a huge piece of bread, and proceeded to devour it ravenously.

Mrs. Carter looked at her husband. "Did you ever see such a rude, unmannerly, ungrateful little creature?" she whispered.

"We must recollect, wife, that he knows no better; he has never been taught to act otherwise."

“But to see him devour his food more like a pig than a christian child! why, I declare, he has eaten more to-day than Willy and Nelly together; and he does not even seem thankful for any kindness that is shown him.”

“Perhaps our own dear children would have been as rude and unmannerly,” said Joseph, “had they had no better care taken of them than this poor unfortunate; and as to his feeding so ravenously, recollect how long he has been in nearly a starving condition.”

“True, husband,” said Mrs. Carter. “Poor fellow! it is pitiful to see him; but what can be done with him?”

Nothing more was said till the supper was finished; and while his wife cleared away the supper-things, and got the children ready for bed, Joseph occupied himself with the perusal of the newspaper.

The children knelt at their mother’s knees to say their prayers, and having said them, kissed their parents, and retired to their bed. A little bed had been made on the floor for Henry Selby; for, although Mrs. Carter had laid the child to rest on her children’s bed during the afternoon, she could not overcome her natural repugnance to permit him to sleep in the same bed with them during the night.

She endeavored to get the child to recite the Lord’s Prayer, but all her endeavors were vain; he would not utter a word—either through obstinacy or stupidity. It could hardly have been the latter, though; for the child, young as he was, was precocious, and possessed, apparently, far greater acuteness than is common in children much older than he.

Joseph Carter had laid aside his newspaper, and had sat listening to Mrs. Carter’s fruitless endeavors to teach the child to pray. He called him to him, and he obeyed the call. He seemed to take more kindly to him than to any one else.

“Henry,” said he, gravely, but kindly, “why do you not do as Mrs. Carter wishes you?”

“’Cos I don’t want to,” answered the child.

“Why not?”

“I don’t know—I don’t like to.”

“Have you never said your prayers?”

“What?” inquired the child.

“Have you been never taught to pray?”

“No.”

“Do you know what I mean?”

“No.”

“Have you never heard of God, or of Jesus Christ, or the Bible?”

“No.”

“Henry, you were almost starved with cold and hunger, when I found you last night, crying so piteously on the door-step. Who was it directed me to find you—and so, perhaps, to save your life; for you would have died from exposure before morning?”

“I don’t know. It wasn’t Mother Shipley, I know,” replied the child.

“No. It was God who directed my steps that way at that time. Are you not thankful that He sent me to provide you with food and shelter?”

“I don’t know; I never saw Him.”

“Are you not thankful that you have had a good supper, and have a room to go to, instead of being out in the cold, sleeping on a door-step this night?”

“Yes,” said the child, after a pause—still, as though he did not rightly understand what he was saying.

“Well, it is to God you must be thankful, not to me. He sent me and put it into my heart to assist you; and perhaps, little Henry, He means to do yet something more for you, if you will strive to deserve it.”

“I don’t know Him—I never seen Him,” said the child. “He don’t live at the Pints.”

“He lives everywhere,” answered Joseph—“though, poor ignorant child, I fear you are right in saying, that in that abode

of wretchedness and sin He is little known." But aware that it was useless at the present time to attempt to reason with the child, he contented himself with saying—

"Now, Henry, listen to me. You saw Willy and little Nelly kneeling at their mother's knee, thanking the good God, for the blessings they enjoy; for He sends blessings to them as well as to you and everybody. Now, like a good little boy, kneel down beside me, and repeat after me the words I utter, and then you shall go to bed and have a nice sleep; and in the morning you shall have a good warm breakfast."

"And as much bread as I like," inquired the child.

"Yes, as much as éver you can eat. Now kneel down, like a good boy."

The child knelt, and with difficulty repeated after Joseph the Lord's Prayer.

"That is so far well, for a beginning," said Joseph, when he had concluded. "Now kiss me, and go to bed; and recollect it is God who will take care of you during the night."

The child did as he was requested, and was sound asleep almost as soon as he had lain himself down.

"Something may yet be done with that poor, forsaken creature, by means of kindness, I can see that," said Joseph to his wife, when, from the child's slow, regular breathing, he found he slept. Poor thing! I feel my heart yearn towards him. I should be sorry indeed to send him back to his wretched home again."

"What did Mr. Blunt say?" asked Mrs. Carter.

"He said, like Mr. Slocumb, only in a more kind manner, that he did not see what could be done for the poor fellow. He advised me to try and find out where the old woman of whom he speaks lives, and to see whether she is his mother or a relative; and if he be, advises me to send him home to her again."

"And shall you do so? It seems a pity; but I don't see what else can be done. If the magistrates can do nothing, and a rich man like Mr. Blunt, who you say is so good and charitable, can do nothing, I don't see how poor folks like us, who

have enough to do to support and educate our own children, can be expected to do anything."

"Mary, Mr. Blunt has scores of objects already upon whom to exercise his benevolence. He cannot be expected to do all. Whatever we may do for this poor outcast now cannot be any great burthen to us, and by-and-by we may be able to find some one who will relieve us of him."

"But, Joseph! Surely you don't think of adopting such a child as that. Think of the example to your own children. It would be wrong—sinful—for us to keep him in the house."

"And still more sinful, Mary, in my opinion, for us to turn him away—unless we were confident that he could find some one to care for him, better than he has hitherto been cared for. However, we will say no more about it to-night. Mr. Blunt has promised to get his wife to send him some clothing to-morrow, and he did request me to accept a five dollar bill, to defray any expenses we might have incurred in his behalf. So you see, Mary, that he is not selfish, and that he did not expect him to become chargeable to us alone. I would not accept the money, but I shall take the clothing. To-morrow, if I can find time, I will endeavor to seek out this woman; and when I have seen her, shall be better able to judge what had best be done. Meanwhile we must give the poor little wanderer shelter. See how calmly he sleeps, wife. Poor little fellow! I warrant me that's the best bed he ever slept in."

"I do pity the poor child, from my heart," was Mrs. Carter's reply; "and shall be willing for him to remain until something can be done for him; but, Joseph, you know he would not be a fitting companion for our children, even if there were no other objections to our maintaining him?"

Joseph Carter did not reply to this. "Let's to bed, wife," he said. "I feel very tired. I'm right glad that I haven't to go out to night."

In the course of half an hour all the inmates of that humble yet peaceful habitation were wrapped in slumber.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIVE POINTS.

“If in the vale of humble life,
The victims sad of Fortune's strife,
Friendless and low, we meet together,
Then sir, your hand, my friend and brother.”

BURNS.

JOSEPH CARTER had various jobs to do on the following morning, which he could not afford to put aside for the purpose of carrying out his intentions of the previous evening; but after dinner he found he had a little leisure time on his hands, and instead of devoting it to sleep, preparatory to his night vigil, as was his wont, he resolved to seek to discover the woman whom little Henry Selby had called Mother Shipley. He called the child to him, and questioned him further relative to the locality of his former abode; but so fearful the poor little creature seemed of being sent back again to his persecutor, that he relapsed into his former taciturnity and sullenness, and it was with difficulty Joseph could gather anything from him. By dint, however, of kindness, and promises that he would take care he should not be ill-treated, he at length learned that the old woman lived in the classical neighborhood called Cow Bay, and thither he wended his way in search of her.

The Five Points at the period of which we write, was a dangerous neighborhood to enter, even during broad daylight; but strong in the knowledge of his good purpose, Joseph resolved to venture.

When arrived there, it was still with difficulty that he discovered the woman of whom he was in search. Some of the wretched beings whom alone he found, and from whom alone he could make inquiry, mocked and jeered him. Some threat-

ened him, and bade him decamp; some thought he was seeking to make an arrest, and gave him false information; some asked him for drink, as the only bribe by which he could gain his object, and some promised to guide him if he would inform them for what purpose he had come amongst them. This Joseph would not do, and it was an hour before he could discover Mother Shipley's abode; and when he did discover it, and entered its gloomy, crumbling walls, his heart almost misgave him, strong, bold man as he was; for it seemed to be one of the very strongholds of wretchedness beyond conception, and crime that slunk here in security from discovery. He had a family at home, and he felt how easily he might be murdered here, without even a probability that his fate would ever be known. He were safer, he thought, amongst a horde of savages, in some distant land, than here, scarcely a stone's throw from Broadway, with its pride and wealth and beauty. Through dark, dark passages, into which the light of day appeared never to have penetrated, the atmosphere of which was pregnant with foul miasma, and the walls slimy with mildew—up rickety, creaking, dangerous staircases, the landings of which were occupied by half-nude men and women, whose countenances gleamed with ferocity, and were so swollen and disfigured with disease, vice, drunkenness and bestiality, that they had lost every trace of the "human form divine," and who scowled at him as he passed, like wild beasts, eager to make him their prey;—again through more dark passages which opened into rooms, the doors of which stood off their hinges, and from which issued sounds of drunken merriment and shrieks of pain, and hideous laughter, and oaths fearful to listen to, and that made his blood curdle and his hair stand on end—higher and higher still, amidst like gloomy, hideous sights, he went on his way, until the lad whom, at last, he had bribed to show him Mother Shipley's room, pointed to a door, the panels of which were broken, and told him that there she lived. "But," added the urchin, with a laugh, "she'll most

like be drunk by this time, and I guess, whatever you are arter, you won't get much out of her."

Joseph Carter gave the lad the sixpence he had promised him, and endeavoring to swallow his feelings of disgust, entered the wretched apartment. It was occupied by some half-dozen children, chiefly girls, the counterparts of Henry Selby (in regard to their miserable wo-begone aspect) on the night he was picked up by the watchman. They were busy sorting rags and refuse of every description, which they had gathered in the streets, and which sent forth a stench so death-like, that it almost overpowered the visitor. These children were indulging in lewd jokes, and swearing and quarreling after a fashion that sickened Joseph to hear, and they did not spare their jokes upon him when he entered. On heaps of rags and other waste materials which appeared to have been sorted and stowed in the corners of the room, were stretched three females, apparently sleeping away the fumes of drunkenness; for they merely raised their sleepy, watery eyes as they heard his tread, and muttering some unintelligible words, composed themselves to sleep again. The oldest and ugliest, and most wrinkled of these libels of their sex and of humanity was pointed out to Joseph, as the person of whom he was in search.

"Is your name Shipley, my good woman?" he asked, endeavoring to suppress the feeling of disgust that he felt.

"What do you want to know for?" she demanded.

"I have reasons, which you will learn hereafter; but I mean you no harm; so you need not be afraid to tell me."

"Give us something to drink, then."

"You cannot get drink now; and you have had too much already."

"Then, sorra a bit will ye know anything, till ye plant a quarter for some drink, by-and by;" and the hag turned round and sunk her head on her loathsome pillow.

"I will give you the quarter you ask, if you will answer me one or two questions, honestly."

“Will ye?—then hand it along.”

“Stay; you must take my word, and reply to my questions, first.”

“And then you will cheat me out of the money?”

“No; I promise you that I will not; and again I tell you that I seek to do you no harm.”

“Well, then, they call me Mother Shipley, because of all these childher that I looks after; but that ain’t my right name,” said the hag, with a frightful leer. “Now, what good have ye got by learning that?”

“That is óne thing that I wished to know; but you must answer me more questions yet. Have you a child here they call Henry Selby?”

“No; he used to be here; but it’s weeks since the young imp of Satan ran away. He’s dead, for anything I know or care;—drowned himself, maybe, because I guv him a bating, the vagabond. He was a good riddance, for he was the worst of all this set, and they be all young imps of the d——l.”

“Then you have no desire to see him again?”

“Haven’t I?—By me sowl, if I catch hold of him, I’ll tear his hair out of his head;—look here—he threw a stool at me, afore he cut off, and knocked me down,—or he wouldn’t have gone away so easily;” and she showed the mark of a severe contusion on her brow. “Wouldn’t I like to skin the young villain?” and she clutched the air with her skinny fingers, as if in anticipation of the punishment she intended to inflict upon the child, if ever she got him into her clutches again.

“You are not the mother of the child—that is, of Henry Selby?”

“Me! do I look like as if I was the little wretch’s mother? His mother killed herself with drink, after her husband was hanged. Ha! ha! do ye hear that?—But why do ye ax me? sorra another question I’ll answer.”

Joseph Carter had heard enough; he felt a sensation of unutterable horror and disgust as he gazed upon the bestial

wretch lying before him. He threw her the quarter-dollar he had promised, and turned to leave the room.

The old hag clutched the coin, and shouted, "Now for drink—drink—drink—till me brain's distracted, and Belzeebub takes possession of me!"

As Joseph was hurrying away from this frightful scene, he turned and said, "I would ask you one more question: What do you employ these children in, and how came they under your care?"

"Go and find out," was the reply. "I shan't answer another question, to plaze ye. Ye'd better get away as quickly as ye can."

So Joseph thought; and finding he could get no further information, he hastened down the stairs,—his ears greeted by shouts and blasphemous imprecations, as he descended. He did not feel safe until he had reached the open street, and he seemed to feel a relief, as though from suffocation, when he snuffed the comparatively purer air—foul as that was. He hastened into Broadway. "That child, with my consent, shall never be sent back to this horrible abode," he said to himself, "if I have to support him myself."

He went to the store of his employer. The bundle of clothing had been sent, as had been promised, and he carried it home with him to his wife.

He then related to her what he had seen, and reiterated the observation:—that he could not send the child back again to that abode of sin and misery.

"But, Joseph," said his wife, "what are we to do with a child, who has been brought up in such a place, and amongst such wretches? I ask you, can he be a fitting companion for our children?—a fit inmate of our house? Poor as it is, it is decent."

"He is not—not now, at least, but we can strive to make him so, Mary. What happiness it would be, if we could rescue him from the life of shame and infamy to which he seemed

doomed ; perhaps Providence has ordained that it shall be so. At all events, we must support him for awhile, until I can look about and find what can be done in his behalf. I will speak to Mr. Blunt again."

Mrs. Carter was fain to acquiesce ; indeed she sincerely pitied the poor helpless child. It was only her love for her own children and her fears lest they would be contaminated by the presence and companionship of this child of vice and crime, that led her to be so reluctant to give him shelter. She felt, and so did her husband, that they were not in a position to support the offspring of strangers unknown to them, and, perhaps, indeed most likely of debauched and depraved characters. Joseph had not told his wife what the old woman had said of the fate of the child's parents. He did not think it necessary, for it might not be true ; but she agreed with her husband that they could not conscientiously send the child back. Nay, common humanity, setting aside christian charity, forbade it.

And so Henry Selby became an inmate of Joseph Carter's family. Day after day, for some time, Joseph and his wife talked over various plans by means of which they could get quit of what they felt to be a grievous burthen ; but they could arrive at no conclusion. Henry continued to reside with them, and in time came to be considered as one of the family, or, at least, as one whom it was a duty and a pleasure to teach and to endeavor to train up in the paths of virtue and religion ; but they found the task, indeed, a difficult one. The child was deceitful and treacherous, given to falsehood and to theft, and as mischievous as he well could be ; and still it was a satisfaction to them to perceive that a gradual, though sensible improvement took place in his character and disposition, and he was soon taught to abstain from foul language. Moreover, it was singular to mark the change that took place in his personal appearance. From being slovenly to a degree, he became really tasteful in his attire and person, and indeed showed so decided a passion for dress and finery that Joseph

feared that this was an inherent foible in his character. He was no longer the ugly, ungainly child he had appeared when first he was rescued from the streets; his form had filled out to the roundness befitting his years, and his features could no longer be called plain. His hair was red, it is true, but it promised to darken as he grew in years; and his clear blue eyes were certainly a redeeming feature in his face. With better training, he had almost lost that look of cunning which at first had imparted such a forbidding aspect to his countenance. Though not even now a pretty, he was still a neat, nice-looking little boy.

So months passed away—Joseph Carter being still occupied in his daily duties as a cartman and in his nightly vigils as a guardian of the city. All seemed going well with him, and he had forgotten altogether to speak again to Mr. Blunt with regard to little Henry Selby, when an event occurred which totally changed the aspect of affairs.

One night, about six months after Henry Selby had become an inmate of the house in Mulberry-street, a fire broke out in Broadway. It was on a night when it was Joseph Carter's turn of duty as a city watchman. He had raised the alarm and the fire companies had responded to the call. The fire was nearly got under, and every one was endeavoring to save the property that had not been injured by the flames or by the water. Joseph had entered the building for this purpose, when a falling beam struck him on the shoulder and felled him to the ground. In a condition of intense bodily suffering he was removed to his home, nor was his mental anguish less, for he felt that at least for a long time he would be prevented from following his calling, and he knew that his family would suffer. Ah! in case of accident, the poor are doubly injured, for they feel a mental torture that increases their bodily agony, which the rich are spared—the knowledge that poverty, perhaps destitution, with all its horrors, awaits them and all those most dear to them.

It was found that Joseph had received a compound fracture of the fore-arm, in addition to several severe contusions; and it was feared that he had also received some internal injury. He had laid by a little money; it was very little, still it was sufficient to save the family from immediate want; but this was soon expended, and then came grim poverty with its train of attendant evils. He was told that his situation as watchman should be kept open for him for a reasonable time; and Mr. Blunt, who, in his avocation as a cartman, had been his principal employer, hearing that he was really seriously ill, called to see him and to offer him assistance. He had probably forgotten the fact of his having been spoken to about the little boy, for he noticed the three children standing in the room.

"Ah, Joseph!" said he—"have you three children? I thought you only had two living. I see three here, and two of about the same age; are they twins? They don't resemble each other at all."

"One of them is not my child, sir," said the sick man. "You recollect my speaking to you of a little boy I found perishing in the street, some months since. This"—pointing to Henry Selby—"is he."

"Indeed! Why, he is really a fine child. And have you and your wife actually kept this poor child in your family? It was very remiss of me. I had forgotten all about the circumstance. But come—I must bear my share now, and lighten you of your burthen. I will take care of this child. He will not be of any use just yet; but I will send him to school, and let him live in the kitchen with my servants, until he is able to do something for himself. What say you, my dear?"—addressing the child—"will you come and live at my house?"

"I would rather stay with Uncle Joseph," he replied—bursting into tears, and throwing his little arms around his benefactor's neck. He had learned of his own accord to address Carter as Uncle Joseph, and to call Mrs. Carter aunt. It was the first burst of real feeling the child had ever shown

Both Joseph and his wife had often expressed the opinion that he was totally devoid of feeling or of gratitude; and they were both much affected on finding that these sentiments were not wanting in him. But the offer, under the present circumstances, was too good a one to be lightly refused. They reasoned with the weeping child—and at last, promising that he should often come to see them, and perhaps, when Uncle Joseph got well, come to live with them again, they prevailed upon him to consent.

Mr. Blunt sent for him that evening, and he was thenceforward regularly installed as a denizen of his kitchen—he continuing to send him to the school, whither he had for some months past gone regularly with the Carters' children.

Joseph laid long on a bed of sickness: but he was eventually restored to health and strength, although his shoulder and arm were always weak afterwards. But here we will leave him for a time, while we take occasion, in the next chapter, to introduce certain other characters to the notice of our readers.

CHAPTER V.

THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING CREATES AN ENDURING FRIENDSHIP, SO PRONE ARE THOSE IN MISFORTUNE TO FLOCK TOGETHER, AND TO CLING TO EACH OTHER.

“Misery makes strange bed-fellows.”

UP and down, through street after street, looking with a longing eye at the young men busily employed in the various stores, and thinking how gladly he would now take the humblest employment, how gladly he would become porter, messenger, anything that was honest, if he could only get the *chance!* Wondering why, in so large a city, where there was so much work done, so much work to do, he could obtain no engagement, and feeling sick at heart and soul, as he saw how many there were in the same position as himself, wandered Charles Edwards, an emigrant, who, flush with hope, had set foot in the United States for the first time, some two months previously—confident in his own mind that not only would the services he could perform be readily accepted and well remunerated, but even eagerly sought after. Alas! how had his hopes fallen. Well he knew those who like himself had had their bright anticipations destroyed. He had seen the well-known faces, radiant with hope when they first met his eye, gradually growing despondent and careworn; he had noticed the well-brushed and glossy clothing, by degrees, scarcely perceptible at first, but perceptible enough now, growing shabby and seedy, and the once buoyant, elastic step, assuming a careless gait, such as characterizes those who have no definite object in view. When he had first set his foot in the city of New York he had been struck with the number of idle, yet active,

intelligent-looking young men, congregated on the Battery, and he had thought how well off every one must be in this great city, how careless of labor, when they could thus afford to spend so many idle hours. But day after day, after his weary and fruitless round to seek for an engagement, he resorted to that well-known lounging place to rest his weary limbs, in the only resting place that he could find without money to pay for it, except his boarding-house, and he did not like to go thither except at meal times and of an evening, for he wished to keep up appearances as long as he could; he was already two or three weeks' board in debt to his landlady, and he fancied she began to look coldly upon him and to mistrust his weekly excuses, that he was *expecting* to get a good situation in the course of a day or two, when it should be his first care to reimburse her. It would never do to remain idle at home, although he was worse than idle when abroad, for his labor, his weary wanderings, brought him no return, but deeper dejection. No, to have remained at home, would have been at once to betray his hopeless condition to his prying landlady (little was he aware that she already knew it;) besides, although each failure brought him fresh dejection, each new trial gave him fresh hope; and he had little now but hope, the last remaining friend of the unfortunate, to sustain him.

Still, although he had formed the acquaintance of two or three of his fellow-sufferers, by meeting with them day after day on his favorite seat on the Battery; though each intuitively knew the condition of the other, and each mutually pitied the other's excuses, it was astonishing how they strove to disguise their position, and told each other how, the next day—yes, and the *next* day again, they expected to get such and such a situation, and still kept on telling, though each day passed like the other, and still saw them at its close seated on the same seat, and telling a similar story.

Charles Edwards had possessed a watch and chain when he first arrived in New York, but the watch he no longer wore,

although the chain still did duty, keeping needless guard over the empty vest-pocket. Among his fellow boarders, although he did not know it until he had been for some weeks a resident of the boarding-house, was a young man in a similar position with himself. And one day at the dinner-table this young man, whose name was Hartley, asked Charles what was the hour. Of course, all eyes were directed to the pocket in which the end of the chain was inserted. Charles blushed and stammered. "I have left it at the watchmaker's," he said; "it has been sadly out of repair lately."

"And you still wear the chain for a sham!" was the thoughtless reply, and various jokes were passed, which struck like daggers upon the feelings of the sensitive young man. He knew he had told a falsehood, because he lacked moral courage to tell the truth; he felt that the truth was suspected, and still he had not the moral courage to avow it. It had gone to a watchdealer's, if not a watchmaker's, who had so ample a supply of those articles of utility and ornament, that he might have supplied the ordinary demand of the city for watches.

How many a bitter pang had it cost Charles Edward, before he could muster up courage to enter the precincts of that strange repository of heterogenous materials, a pawn-broker's shop? How many a time, when he thought he "had screwed his courage to the sticking point," had his heart failed him, and he had deferred the sacrifice till another day? How he fancied that the eyes of all the passers-by were fixed upon him, as he passed apparently carelessly by the "three golden balls," on the opposite side of the street, casting a furtive, sidelong glance at the emblems of the "Lombards," and yet striving to look as though all the "golden balls" in the world were nothing to him? and what a sickening sensation arose in his breast as at last he made the dread resolve, and walking hastily along the back street in the rear of the shop, he made a sudden plunge, as he reached the dark, open doorway; and hastily ascending the stairs, as though the property he wished to pawn,

to satisfy his present needs, were not his own, and he was fearful the police were at his heels—he rushed breathlessly into the narrow dark box, still keeping back from the counter, ashamed to make known his business. How strange appeared the shameless carelessness of the habitués of this dreadful place, to his imagination, who, scorning the secrecy of the boxes, crowded before the counter and teased the busy shopmen with their incessant demands to be attended to, or indulged in facetious jokes and pleasantries with each other and the clerks; and most of these persons lost to the feelings of shame, were women! and the articles they had brought to pledge, were what? Worn articles of clothing! domestic utensils! household furniture, of so little value that to sell it out and out, would bring the sellers but a few cents!

The shop was emptied and refilled several times before Charles was seen, in the dark corner where he had ensconced himself; but at length, a lesser rush than usual being at the counter, one of the young men came to the box.

“What can I do for you, sir, to-day?” he asked, to Charles’ surprise, in a respectful tone, very different to that he had used when dealing and bantering with the motley crew without.

“I should like you to oblige me with the loan of fifteen dollars upon this watch, sir,” replied Charles. “I should only want it for a short time—for a few days—until I get a remittance from home; the fact is, I—I—have lost my pocket-book, and finding myself in a strange hotel, I—”

“Ah! I see, sir,” answered the shopman, with a glance of mingled pity and contempt, at the same time taking the watch in his hand, and in a moment, as if by intuition, ascertaining its value, “a patent lever, I see—gold cases—good, but old-fashioned. These watches, sir, are quite a drug just now—could show you a case full of them, and sell you the best for fifteen dollars. Gentlemen do meet with mishaps, sometimes. Sorry to hear, sir, that you have lost your pocket-book—hope

it will not inconvenience you long. Say ten dollars, sir, and I shall be glad to accommodate you."

"The watch cost me sixty dollars," replied Charles. "I am afraid that ten dollars will hardly be sufficient to meet my necessities until I hear from my friends. Could'nt you—"

"Could'nt say another dollar, sir, upon my word. What name shall I say?"

Charles still hesitated. He really needed just fifteen dollars; but the shopman noticing his hesitation, turned to another customer, with his obsequious, "Now, sir, what can I do for you to-day?"

Scarcely daring to come out without the money, and well aware that he could not muster courage to go through a similar ordeal elsewhere, on that day, Charles hastily said, "I will take the ten dollars. You will take good care of the watch until I release it?"

"The best possible care, sir. What name shall I say?"

"Charles—no—James—"

"Any name and address will do, sir. Gentlemen who have met with a little mishap, don't like their real names to appear on our books. John Jones, Astor House—that will do, sir!" and handing Edwards the duplicate and the ten dollars, the young man laid the watch on a shelf, and hastened to attend to another customer, and Charles proceeding to the door, looked hastily around him, until he thought he saw a good opportunity, and then darting out, mingled with the passing crowd, striving to look as unconcerned as possible, although his cheeks tingled with shame.

However, one little valuable after another went in a similar way, until the watch-chain was left alone in its glory. It was a bitter task to part with this; for appearances could then no longer be sustained; but, at length, it was necessary, absolutely necessary to dispose of this too. Charles by this time had become so far accustomed to the humiliation of these stealthy visits, that he sometimes ventured to cast a cautious glance

around him, and into the adjoining box. On the occasion of his pledging his chain, he saw that the pawn-broker was engaged in valuing, according to his own estimation, a ruby pin, which Charles thought he had seen before. He stole a glance at the owner. It was George Hartley, his fellow-lodger. The eyes of the young men met; there was a mutual start—a mutual mantling blush of shame; but neither of them spoke a word. They received the sum of money offered them by the pawn-broker, and left the shop together.

“So, Mr. Edwards, I have found you out, and you have found out me,” said Hartley, after they had proceeded some distance, in silence; “but I knew well enough how it was, when you said your watch was at the watchmaker’s. After all, there is nothing for either of us to be really ashamed of: I am, like yourself, looking out for something to do, however humble it may be; and like you, I suppose, looking out vainly. God knows what it will come to. The money I have got for my shirt-pin will just pay my board-bill, and I have nothing else I can spare to raise more.”

“And I, too,” said Charles—“I, too, Mr. Hartley, am reduced to the last extremity. When I came here from Canada, I thought I could readily obtain employment as a book-keeper; now, any employment would be acceptable.”

“That was the case with me, when I first came here. It was in the busy season, and, perhaps, I could have obtained some common situation; but I had a few dollars, and I scorned anything less than what I considered a respectable engagement. I wish I could get the humblest employment now. I wish I was a mechanic; they have, at least, a better chance than such as we, for getting work.”

“And yet, at our house, there are three or four mechanics out of work. It seems to me that everything is overdone in this crowded city,” replied Edwards.

“You say you came from Canada? I came from Ireland—from Dublin,” said Hartley.

“Yes; I came here from Montreal; and I am heartily sorry now that I left it.”

“You were in employment there?”

“Yes.”

“Are you a married man?”

“Yes; and have two children—there’s where the shoe pinches.”

“How came you then to leave Montreal?”

“For the same reasons that a good many others leave it. Because I was not content with the salary I got, which, to tell the truth, was little enough; and I hoped to better myself here.”

“For that reason I left Dublin,” returned Hartley. “I was amongst my friends, and could always earn enough to support myself in a humble way; but we hear, in Ireland, such wonderful stories told by the emigrants, that it fires us all with a desire to try our fortunes here. I hope that mine is an unusual case of hard fortune,—or there is little truth in the representations of my countrymen.”

“If we may judge by the numbers we meet, whom we know to be in a similar predicament with ourselves, ours are by no means rare instances of mishap,” answered Edwards. “I tell you what conclusion I have arrived at: I believe that this is a good country for laborers, who have been used to out-door labor, and who do not cling to cities, but spread themselves far and wide throughout the country. Such, I truly believe, can always be sure of earning a good living, and, perhaps, of eventually becoming independent; but everybody, even the Americans themselves, crowd to the city, and there is not, nor cannot be, employment for all. The Americans themselves, clerks, mechanics, and laborers, are crowded out and crushed by the competition of foreigners.”

“I fear it is so. Thank God! I am unmarried, and have nobody to care for but myself. When I first stepped on shore, I had really got into my head that I should be stopped as I was

passing along the streets, and asked whether I wanted a situation? I had resolved not to throw myself away, by accepting the first offer that was made, but to look out for one that I thought would suit *me*. I wish now *I* would suit anything at all that can come to hand."

Charles smiled sadly. "Such is the case with most of us. I had a situation of three hundred and fifty dollars a-year in Montreal, and with that income there, small as it was, I could live more comfortably than I could, as I should judge, with five hundred here; but, I limited my demands to five hundred dollars to begin with, and after spending a few days in looking about me, and seeing the city, I thought I would answer some of the advertisements I saw in the daily papers. So, I replied to one which stated that the services of a competent accountant were wanted in a commission house, where he would be required to know the business of the Custom-House, and to make himself generally useful.—'A moderate salary,' it added, 'would be given at first.'

"Thinks I, 'That's just the place for me. I'm thoroughly acquainted with the routine of Custom-House business, and a commission house will suit me, until I am better acquainted with the way of doing business here. Five hundred dollars is a moderate salary enough, and the very mention of the fact, that a moderate salary only will be given, will prevent there being too many applicants;' for, you see, while looking over the papers after the advertisers for employeés, I had noticed that there were a great many advertising for employment, and the knowledge of this had disconcerted me a little.

"I went to the place; it was in Coenties Slip. I got there before the proprietor arrived, and was somewhat annoyed to find nearly a dozen applicants already waiting. Presently the merchant came—a sharp, business-like looking man. He brushed hastily by us, without noticing us at all, as it seemed, and retired to the inner office. In a few minutes a boy came

out. 'Are you waiting to see Mr. Boyer about the advertisement he put in the *Courier and Inquirer*?' he asked.

"'Yes—yes,'—shouted half a dozen voices at once—mine among the rest.

"'Then come in, one at a time, 'cording to order; first come first served, you know; start fair old fellers,'—and he laughed as if he anticipated some fun. Well, I told you, though I had come so early, I was the last of the bunch; and one by one, the applicants went in, leaving me to the last. However, all were heard, and at last my turn came. I entered the inner office, and presented my testimonials.

"'So you come from Canada, I perceive, young man?' said Mr. Boyer.

"'Yes sir.'

"'What business have you been employed in there?'

"'I have been assistant book-keeper in a shipping house, and have also been employed as a copyist.'

"'Humph! Are you a native of Canada?'

"'No sir, I am an Englishman.'

"'How long have you been away from England?'

"'Twelve years sir,' I replied. 'I left England when quite a youngster.'

"'So I should think. How old are you?'

"'Thirty years.'

"'And you have been in Canada?'

"'Ten years.'

"'And you hope to benefit your condition by coming here? Well, I don't doubt you are right. This is a great country young man, and we are a great people. Everybody can get along here, if they are only smart. But you say you have been a copyist—of course you write a good hand?'

"'I wrote a few sentences on a sheet of paper.'

"'Very fair that,' said Mr. Boyer. 'Now young man, what salary do you expect, to begin with, supposing I engage you?'

“ ‘I had three hundred and fifty dollars in Montreal, sir,’ said I, ‘and I think I could manage with five hundred for a beginning here.’

“ ‘Whe-e-ew!’ whistled Mr. Boyer. ‘Upon my word, you are *very* moderate in your demands, young man. Five hundred dollars! Why, I can get an experienced hand for less than that!’

“I hinted that I might accept four hundred.

“ ‘I tell you what it is, young man,’ said Mr. Boyer, ‘it’s my opinion you had better go back to Montreal. You must suppose we Americans have got nothing to do with our money but to throw it away. I had fixed on giving two hundred dollars for the first year—or, I might have said two-fifty, for a competent, experienced man, used to the city trade. Good morning. I fancy one of the young men who have gone out will suit me.’

“I left the office, somewhat crest-fallen, and a young man, who had been told to wait outside, was recalled, and accepted, at a salary of two hundred dollars a-year.

“I tried one or two others with like ill success, and then I commenced advertising—but only to find that I was spending my money to no purpose. I did not receive one single answer, though I advertised half a dozen times, and now I am beginning to despair—though some persons, whom I knew in Montreal, have been fortunate in getting good and remunerative employment.”

“I have been fully as unfortunate as yourself,” said Hartley. “After hunting after employment in New York until my funds were getting low, I thought I would try Philadelphia; but I found that I had only spent my money for the journey thither in vain. There was less chance for employment there than in New York—if that be not a paradox—seeing there seems to be none here. I did, however, nearly get an engagement in Philadelphia. A trunkmaker advertised for a salesman—offering

seven dollars a week. I thought that was better than nothing, and offered my services, and they were accepted."

"They were?" exclaimed Edwards. "How did you lose the situation? I wish some one would offer me seven dollars a week—I would gladly take it. I see nothing before me but starvation here—and I have no means to go back to Canada. Besides, I sold off the best part of my furniture, in order to provide funds to come here, and sent my wife and family into lodgings. God knows how they are doing. My wife, poor thing, doesn't complain; but I can tell by the tone of her letters that she is *hoping* day after day, that I will send her some money, or send for her and the children to come on here."

"My services were accepted, as I said," continued Hartley; "but my dear fellow, I only held the situation for a few hours. The proprietor, after instructing me how to keep his books and make sales, if purchasers should call, went out, leaving me alone in the store. The little book-keeping that was to be done was soon completed, and then I set myself down, kicking my legs in a chair, and waiting for customers; but none came, and I therefore had nothing to do. Thinks I, 'George Hartley, you hav'nt got a very lucrative situation, that's a fact; but you've got a mighty easy one;' and so I sat idle till dinner-time, when my employer returned—the boss, as they term the master here."

"Well, young man," said he, 'how's trade been to-day—have you made any sales?'

"None at all, sir," I answered.

"Trade *is* mighty dull—that's a fact," he replied. 'But go and get your dinner, and I'll keep shop till you come back, and be smart, for I haven't had dinner myself yet.'

"Well, I started out to the nearest eating-house, and got myself something to eat, keeping as much within bounds as was possible; and then hastened back to the shop.

"Well," said the boss, 'you've been pretty slick about your dinner—that's sartain; but, mister, what's your name?'

“George Hartley, sir.’

“Well, George, seeing as there ain’t much doing in the way of trade—s’pose, in the afternoon, you take the plane and just go over them box-lids there, which, you see, needs smoothing,’ pointing to a heap of lids in one of the corners of the shop, buried up in shavings.

“I knew as much about a plane as a cat does about a razor ; but still, I thought the job was a simple one enough, and would serve to while away the time ; for I found it precious dull work, waiting, doing nothing in the shop. So, I set to work ; but, at the very first motion of the plane, I drove it so deep that I spoiled the symmetry of one of the lids. I tried another, and succeeded, as I thought, better ; but when I had finished, and stood back to see the effect, I was horrified at witnessing the havoc I had made. The chest-lid looked, for all the world, as if it had been ploughed in ridges ; and while I was still regarding the destruction I had caused, who should come in but the boss !

“That’s right, mister,’ said he ; ‘I like to see young men busy ;—but, Jehoshaphat ! what in the name of mischief have you been doing ? Moses ! but you’ve spiled that ’ere chest-lid, entirely !’

“And another one, too, sir, I fear,’ said I ; for I was desperate at the thought of the mischief I had done, and I pulled out the other lid from the heap of shavings.

“You should have seen how the old boss stamped and swore.

“You’ve done more mischief, mister,’ said he, ‘than a hull week’s wages ’ll pay for. I guess I sha’n’t want you here any longer. You can go ; but who’s going to pay for them ’ere spiled kivers ?’

“I don’t know, indeed,’ said I. ‘I have no money ; besides, I did my best to obey your orders.’

“Did I order you to go and spile my property ?’ he asked.

“No, sir,’ I replied ; ‘but you bade me employ myself in work that I knew nothing about. I never handled a plane be-

fore in my life. I engaged as salesman, not as a journeyman-carpenter.'

"And what need, do you think, have I of a lazy chap hanging on about my store, merely to sell a chance chest or trunk? I want a handy chap as can turn himself to anything. I never saw no good come of you chaps as wasn't bred up to no trade. You can go, mister, and be mighty glad you've come off so cheap. I could make you pay for that 'ere spiled property.'

"It's hard stealing the breeks from a Hiellanman,' thought I, recollecting the old proverb; but I reflected that I had really damaged the old man's property, and so I went off, without saying another word; and, that evening, I pledged my watch, and returned to New York—and here I am."

"And here am I," rejoined Edwards, "and I sincerely wish I was anywhere else in the wide world. Oh! what a fool I was to give up a sure situation, however poor, for a mere chance, and such a chance as it has turned out to be."

The two young men walked on, silently and dejectedly, towards their lodgings in Greenwich-street. At length, Edwards, more for the sake of breaking the silence than for the sake of information, said:—

"Have you no friends or relatives in the United States, Mr. Hartley?"

"I believe I have an uncle and an aunt, somewhere or other, in this country; but where, I know not. They came over from Ireland a long time ago, and I have never heard of or from them since. True, I have not made much inquiry respecting them; for I do not anticipate, even if they are living, that they are in a position to do me much service."

They reached their lodgings without saying anything further. Both had gone abroad on the same errand, for each had received a gentle hint from the landlady, that their board for three weeks was due. The sacrifice of the long cherished chain and the breast-pin, had been the result. The articles had been kept as long as possible; for their absence was a perpetual

reminder of the poverty that had now assailed the owners. We can afford to wear an old coat, an old hat, worn boots, faded attire; we can dispense with personal adornment when we do so of our own free will and pleasure, knowing that we can dress well if we choose; but to those who have been used to dress respectably; whose position in life, however humble, has compelled them to keep up appearances, the sacrifice, one after another, of those trifles which they may never be able to replace, and which have cost them so much to obtain, inflicts a pang which the wealthy can never know, and can therefore form no idea of.

Charles Edwards and George Hartley, were now reduced to the lowest ebb. They had no better prospect—nay, not so good a prospect of procuring employment now, than they had had when first they landed in New York, flushed with hope and eager anticipations; for now their appearance began to betray their poverty, and who is desirous of giving employment to the needy? What merchant will engage a poorly dressed clerk when so many well dressed *gentlemen* are ready to attend his beck and call?

But for these young men, now when their last dollar was expended, and all seemed hopeless, better days were yet in store.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PARENTS OF THE DESERTED CHILD—THE DEATHS ON BOARD
THE EMIGRANT SHIP—THE KIDNAPPER.

“The plague seized them. It was the result of mismanagement, and non-attention to the commonest laws of nature. She will not permit these to be violated.”

THE HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE.

SOME years prior to the date of the conversation recorded in the preceding chapter, Barnard Hartley and his wife had left Ireland for that eldorado of the West to the Irish people, the United States of America. Bernard Hartley had for many years rented a small farm, which his father and grandfather had rented before him, in King's County, Leinster, on the banks of the Shannon. There he and his ancestors had lived happily for many years, and would have lived happily still, nor thought of forsaking the soil of Green Erin even for the freer air of America, had not the lordly proprietor of the estate of which Barnard's small farm was a portion, forsaking the good old example set him by his ancestors, and, instead of living as they had done, in the midst of their tenantry, encouraging them by their example, and looked up to almost reverentially by them, adopted the principles of absenteeism, *one* of the sources of the woes of Ireland, and gone to reside in London, leaving his estates under the arbitrary charge of an agent, who, with the object of increasing the rental, and thereby of adding to his own per centage, and perhaps, appropriating something more, let the estates out in portions to “middle men,” as they are termed, who again in their turn, raised the rents of the tenants beneath them, pressing so severely upon them, that it was with difficulty they could now exist on the property which for years

had afforded them not merely a living, but a superabundance. Barnard Hartley was in the course of a few years reduced from the position of a comfortable, well-to-do farmer, to that of an impoverished laborer, renting the farm, certainly, as of old; but continually getting poorer and poorer, until want so stared him in the face, and so blank and dismal looked his future, that he had taken the liberty of remonstrating with the landlord himself. Lord —— had coolly replied to his letter, informing him, that he trusted implicitly to the agent, and left all to his management; and the agent coming to hear that one of the tenants had dared to complain of him to the landlord, pressed him still more hardly, until Barnard was at last reduced to penury. Seeing no promise of redress—no hope for the future, he had reluctantly resolved to leave the spot where his earliest breath had been drawn—where his infantile and boyish years had been passed—where he had courted and claimed the hand of the fair Alice Meehan, the belle of the surrounding country—where he had lived and thriven until he had reached the middle term of life—where the bones of his fathers for many generations had been laid. To leave old Ireland and seek his fortune, with his wife, and his only remaining child—for he had lost three, who were buried beneath that loved soil he was leaving—in the distant land of America, of which he had heard such glowing accounts, and where he had often been advised to emigrate to, but had until now steadily refused—for “please God,” said the honest man, “I will live and die, me-self, me wife, an’ me child, on the dear old sod on which our ancestors have lived for centuries, and beneath which—God rist them!—their bones lie in peace, and where, I hope, mine some day will lie wid Alice’s and the boys’, beside them.” But his trust had failed him, and at last the sad day had come when he must bid farewell, in all human prospect, forever, to his native land, and seek to earn the living that was denied to him at home, on a foreign soil. Barnard Hartley sailed from the port of Limerick, for New York, and from that period none of his

friends had heard of him. It was this recollection which had caused George Hartley to remark to Charles Edwards that he did not believe *if his relatives* were living, they were in a position to befriend him, and he spoke advisedly ; for to the credit of the Irish character be it said, they are always prompt to inform their friends if fortune favors them, and to invite them to share her gifts. The inference was just, that they were dead, or in a condition of poverty.

The novel-writer has this advantage, shared in by the novel-reader—that he is not always obliged to wait till time lifts the veil of obscurity, and explains what to the actual mover and doer in this world is shrouded in darkness. It is as well that we explain to the reader at once wherefore it was that Barnard Hartley and his wife, contrary to the general practice of their countrymen and women, had never let the folks *at home* know of their welfare or of their disappointments—they were dead. Their grave was in the depths of the Atlantic. The moaning of the winds borne across the heaving waters of the ocean, had sung their requiem, and the shrill mournful shriek of the sea-bird had been for them a wail, more melancholy than ever came from the lips of *crooners* at a wake in their native land. They had not lived to see the land of promise to which they were hastening.

The good ship Margaret, of Limerick, sailed from that port for New York, having some four hundred emigrants on board, in the fall of the year 18—. Some years ago, emigrant ships were even worse provided than they are now, and that were needless. It was soon discovered that the Margaret was badly commanded, badly manned, and badly provisioned. The winds, too, were adverse, blowing strongly from the westward, and the vessel consequently made but slow progress on her way—while the continual storms, the crowded state of the vessel, and the want of proper food being provided, and proper attention being paid to ventilation, and indeed to every general arrangement and discipline, rendered the mortality exceedingly large.

The vessel became waterlogged on the Banks of Newfoundland, and the crew took to the boats, leaving the hapless, helpless passengers to themselves. For days they drifted about in the fog—fortunately it was not the season for ice, or their doom might soon have been sealed. Death was busy among them, until their numbers were twice decimated; and when at last the survivors of the unfortunate passengers were picked up by a passing vessel, it was found that they amounted to no more than three hundred out of the four hundred who had left Limerick, and of these three hundred nearly another hundred died during the protracted passage made by the vessel which rescued them to her destined port; but few more than two hundred set foot ashore in New York, and of these a good proportion were children and young persons. Death had reaped his harvest among the matured and the aged, and had spared youth and childhood. Among those who had died after they had been removed from the Margaret, were Barnard and Alice Hartley; but the child had been spared, and was taken charge of by a young woman who had come from the same locality in Ireland, and who had promised the dying mother that she would be while she lived a second mother to the infant. Henry Hartley, the child of Barnard and Alice Hartley, was scarcely two years old when his protectors landed with him on the quay of New York. Faithfully the compassionate young woman fulfilled her trust while she lived; but the hardships she had endured during the voyage had undermined her constitution. Unable to struggle against poverty in her weakly condition, she was reduced to the very extreme of distress. Still she would not forsake the babe; and within a twelvemonth after her landing she too died in a miserable lodging in the lowest part of the city, leaving the orphan child to the tender mercies of strangers. That infant, left thus destitute and friendless, was the boy Henry Selby, introduced to the reader as found by the honest watchman, perishing with cold and hunger on the doorstep in Broadway.

We need scarcely add, that he had been adopted by a vile old woman, who gave him the surname of Selby, and who, at first, made him the pretext for asking charity. Throughout the coldest days in winter, scantily clad—throughout the hottest days in summer, exposed to the sun's ardent rays—amid rains and storms and frosts, the poor babe was borne, his cries unheeded or rather encouraged, in order to elicit charity from the passers-by, until he grew too old to enact his part, and his pretended parent grew too old herself to brave the weather; and then, with several others, he was taught to work and steal for the vile creature who had kidnapped him, receiving in return scant food and ragged, filthy clothing, and an abundance of ill-usage. What wonder that Henry Selby should, at the age of six years, have grown to be the rude, ignorant, repulsive child he was? What wonder that he knew not anything of the joys and delights of childhood, of religion, of God? of naught, but what a natural instinct teaches to the lowest of the brute creation? What wonder that for so long a time they who had shown themselves his most generous friends, should deem him deficient in gratitude, wanting in every kindly feeling? That he had at last, when the hour of parting from his sick benefactor came, flung his arms around his neck and begged to be allowed to remain with him, was however proof sufficient that every human feeling, if deadened, had not been lost in the child's breast—that none can sink so low that a tender chord cannot be reached—and that however brutalized be the human heart, some portion of the divine spark will still remain, even among the most abused and forsaken of God's creatures.

CHAPTER VII.

CHARLES EDWARDS AND GEORGE HARTLEY AT LENGTH OBTAIN
EMPLOYMENT.

“The darkest hour is ever that
Which ushers in the dawn.”

WE mentioned in a preceding chapter that better days were in store for Charles Edwards and George Hartley, both of whom had been so rudely buffeted by the world since they had been in New York.

One morning, shortly after the conversation we have recorded took place, as they walked to their lodgings together from the pawnbroker's shop in Chatham-street—they had set out, as usual, “the *town* before them where to choose,” yet scarcely knowing or caring whither they directed their steps. While passing through Wall-street, looking with a wistful eye upon the heaps of gold and silver and crisped bundles of bank bills that lay exposed, as if of no use, in the windows, and thinking how valuable to them, in their destitute condition, would be but one of the golden coins in those tempting, glittering heaps, Edwards was accosted by a friend he had known in Montreal—one of those fortunate ones, who, as he had remarked to his friend, had thriven by coming to New York. Edwards had more than once called upon him, and asked his assistance, in so far as to help him to employment; but he had been but coolly received. The prosperous young man, no doubt, thought his *ci-devant* friend would, if he took too great an interest in his welfare, seek to borrow money of him; and therefore he wisely took to himself the old adage:

“He who doth his money lend,
Will lose his money and his friend.”

and not only closely buttoned his breeches pocket, but as far he could, without actual rudeness, showed his former companion the cold shoulder.

This morning, however, he stopped of his own accord, as they drew near each other; perhaps it was because he had on for the first time a new overcoat which he wished to parade—for the weather was growing chilly, and he noticed that Edwards had no overcoat at all—(it had gone the way of the watch, during the mild weather,) while his frock-coat showed evident marks of wear, and of economy, mingled with unsubdued pride, in the inked seams, which he innocently hoped nobody would discover, though their dull hue was as distinguishable as the sun at noon-day. Or, not to be too uncharitable, we will suppose that this friend really wished his ancient but impoverished companion well; and hearing that a situation was vacant in a large house in the city, told him of it, in order that he might make early application for it.

“Ah, Edwards, how do you do?” was his greeting. “Why it’s an age since I have met you. How do you get on. Anything in view yet?”

“Nothing,” replied Edwards, disconsolately.

“Nothing! and you have been here three months and more. Why, I wasn’t here three weeks before I got employment. You are too bashful, man. You should have more brass; go in everywhere, and tease them until they do something for you. Why, bless me, if I had shown too much mock-modesty, I should now be still wandering the streets, as you are. That reminds me, by-the-bye, I heard yesterday that Wilson & Co., the great bankers and brokers, wanted a clerk. In fact, they applied to me to take the situation; but I refused. You see, it is but a junior’s place, and there is little hope of rising in a house like that, into which the first merchants in the city would be glad to get their sons. I have eight hundred dollars a-year where I am, at Dowlas & Co.’s, the importers, and they won’t give more than five or six hundred, at the most.”

“Do you think there is any chance of my getting the place, if I apply for it?” asked Edwards.

“Why, I should say not. You will excuse me. Your appearance, you see: that old hat. My dear fellow, everything in New York depends upon appearance, and more especially on the appearance of one’s castor. You used to be a spruce-looking fellow in Montreal. I wonder you don’t dress up a little here. You are getting dreadfully slovenly. ’Pon my soul, you are. You should dress better—indeed you should. What’s that; nine o’clock striking? I ought to be at the office. You must excuse my abruptness. Good-bye. Recollect the situation at Wilson & Co.’s—though there’s no chance of your getting it, if you apply for it in that old beaver.”

And the gay clerk hastened away to his employer’s office.

“What a conceited booby!” exclaimed Hartley, as he turned round, and watched him going down the street, glancing at the reflection of his person in the plate-glass windows. “But it is such fellows as he who manage to get on in the world. As he says, ‘A little brass’ in one’s face, and a little swagger and impudence in one’s manner, go a long way.”

“I knew him in Montreal, when he had scarcely a decent garment to wear,” replied Edwards, in a disconsolate tone.

“But what about this situation at Wilson & Co.’s; you will of course apply for it?”

“No; I shall only meet with a refusal; perhaps with insult. Potters, fool as he is, spoke truly. Appearance is everything.”

“You don’t mean to say that you will let the chance slip by?”

“I do. I am weary of being refused; weary of trying to succeed. If, indeed, it were in some smaller house; but at Wilson & Co.’s! No, it would merely be a waste of time, besides running the chance of additional disappointment.”

“I think you are acting foolishly,” said Hartley; “but, since you will not apply for the berth, I will.”

“You!”

“Yes, I.”

“You will be refused.”

“And if I am, I shall be no worse off than I am now, and shall be satisfied that I have left no stone unturned. I am an Irishman, Edwards, and I stick to Hope as my sheet-anchor, to the last. But you are resolved not to make application? You have the first right to do so, you know.”

“I am resolved not to apply there. Did not Potters say he knew I should fail? Has not he himself declined to accept the situation?”

“So he says! perhaps he never had the chance. I shall try, at all events, if you will not.”

“I shall not.”

“Then, good morning. We shall meet at dinner-time, and I will tell you how things turn out.”

Hartley parted with his friend at the top of the street, and went direct to Wilson & Co.’s, while Edwards pursued his customary useless morning walk; and at the dinner hour they met again at the boarding-house.

“Well,” said Edwards, when they had retired after dinner to the little chamber they occupied in common: “how did you succeed at Wilson & Co.’s?—A flat refusal to engage you, of course?”

“No, by no means. I was received very kindly; had a long talk with one of the partners, and am to call to-morrow morning.”

“You don’t mean to say you are engaged? What a fool I have been!”

“Not exactly engaged: but I am to write a letter, to show my handwriting and style, and to deliver it this afternoon, and to-morrow I am to call and see Mr. Wilson again.”

“You are fortunate so far,” said Edwards; “but it will

come to nothing. It is merely a waste of time. What did they say to you?"

"I went in, and fortunately happened to speak to young Mr. Wilson. 'I understand, sir,' said I, 'that you are in want of a junior clerk?'"

"'We were thinking of engaging one,' said he; 'but we have not advertised, nor don't intend to. How did you learn that we wanted to engage any one?'"

"'I met a young man, who is employed in the house of Dowlas & Co., sir, and he said such was the case.'"

"'Ah,' said the gentleman, 'I recollect now. I was saying something of the kind to Mr. Dowlas, yesterday, and I asked him if he knew of a young man he could recommend. The clerk must have heard our conversation. So you have applied for the place, eh?' and, as I thought, he looked rather suspiciously at me.

"'Yes, sir,' I replied.

"'What are your qualifications? Where have you been engaged? Who were you with last? and why have you left your situation?' he asked, all in a breath.

"'I have never been in any situation in this city, sir,' I answered. 'I am from Dublin, and have been now nearly four months seeking, in vain, for employment.'"

"'Indeed!' said he; and again he gave me a searching glance, as though he would look me through. 'I should think that an honest and capable young man, well recommended, need not be for four months vainly seeking employment here.'"

"'Ah! sir,' I said, 'you have never known, and can never know the difficulties that the friendless stranger, without means, has to contend with, in this city. I would have been happy to have accepted the humblest honest occupation, if I could have obtained it.'"

"'I like that expression, 'honest occupation,' said he—'but I fear you will be hardly qualified to fill the place we want a young man for. You have testimonials, of course?'"

“‘From Dublin, sir.’

“‘From Dublin? None from any one in the city?’

“‘How can I have, when I have never had any occupation here, sir,’ I said.

“‘True,’ he replied; ‘but I fear testimonials from Dublin will not be of much value. However, let me see them.’

“I showed him letters from Hackett & Sons, of Dublin, and he carefully perused them—scrutinizing the handwriting closely.

“‘These testimonials speak well of you, young man,’ said he, ‘and I happen to know Mr. Hackett. This is his handwriting and signature.’ (The Wilsons are from Dublin, I hear.) ‘If, from further examination, I find you are equal to what Mr. Hackett has said, I may be able to do something for you. Now go home, and write me a letter—short, concise, and to the purpose. Write just as well as you can, both with regard to style and handwriting; bring the letter here this afternoon, and leave it; and to-morrow morning, at ten o’clock, precisely, call here, and I will talk with you further.’

“I thanked him, came home, and now I am going to write my letter.”

“You are fortunate in more ways than one. I was foolish, in not applying myself,” said Edwards; “but perhaps I should have been rejected. The fact that this gentleman is acquainted with your late employers in Ireland, will go far in your favor.”

“I hope so,” answered Hartley, as he set to-work to write, and Edwards, taking his hat, strolled out again, to trudge the dreary streets.

Hartley delivered his letter, and full of hope that his application would be successful, he returned home, and gave himself a holiday for the remainder of the day, much to the annoyance of his landlady, who, not knowing anything of his prospects, imagined he was growing idle, and expressed her opinion to the housemaid, that that chap Hartley was getting lazy, and she re-

solved in her own mind, that if he did not pay his next week's board, regular, he should tramp. "She wouldn't put up with no such idlers in her house, she wouldn't."

Edwards came home at supper-time, unsuccessful as usual; and both retired to rest at the usual hour—ten o'clock—when all lights were put out.

On the following morning, Hartley, whose anxiety respecting the fate of his letter, kept him from sleeping, rose early, and the two friends did not meet until after dinner, when they both again found themselves in the chamber.

"Well, Hartley," said Edwards, "how have you succeeded? what was the fate of the letter upon which you built such hopes?"

"I am engaged as assistant book-keeper at Messrs. Wilson & Co.'s Banking-House," replied Hartley.

"You don't say so?—Engaged!" exclaimed Edwards.

"Engaged, Charles; and I am to go there to-morrow morning."

"You are fortunate, George. I might have had the chance; but I wilfully refused to avail myself of it. Nevertheless, I wish you joy. Now, let me hear how you got on."

"Well," said Hartley, "I called at ten o'clock at the office. I was waiting opposite at nine, and I saw Mr. Wilson go in;—but he said ten o'clock, and I was determined to be punctual to his hour, not mine. As the clock of Trinity Church struck ten, I entered the office, and asked if Mr. Wilson was within, although I well knew he was there.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Will you tell him Mr. Hartley has called?" I said. One of the clerks went in and delivered my message, while the others, occasionally glancing at me, whispered together. I have no doubt they were wondering what so shabbily dressed a fellow as I, could want with Mr. Wilson. Presently the clerk returned and said, that Mr. Wilson requested me to step into his private room.

“I went in.

“‘Mr. Hartley,’ said he, ‘I am well pleased with your letter, and I have resolved, on the strength of that and my old friend Hackett’s recommendation, to give you a trial. You can take your place at the desk to-morrow. By-the-by, we have said nothing with regard to salary. What salary do you expect?’

“I answered that I would leave the amount of salary to him.

“‘No,’ said he; ‘that is one of your old country notions. We don’t do things in that way here. Name some certain sum, and I will then say whether I deem it a just remuneration for the services I expect of you.’

“I was in a quandary, Charles, I can tell you. I was fearful of naming too little, and equally fearful of naming a sum that he would think too much. I thought of the respectability of the house, and at last said,

“‘Will five hundred dollars a-year suit you, sir?’

“‘Are you a married man, Mr. Hartley?’ he asked.

“‘No, sir,’ said I.

“‘I am sorry for that,’ he replied. ‘We would sooner that all our clerks were married men. We have more faith in their steadiness. Had you been a married man, I should have offered you seven hundred dollars to begin with; but I think six hundred is sufficient for all the reasonable expenses of a young man in your position—five is too little: and, furthermore, if you behave yourself well, and give satisfaction at the end of the year, you will receive a compliment on the occasion of our making up our accounts at Christmas. We give that to all our clerks:—but take my advice, Mr. Hartley; get married as soon as possible. You will find it better in every respect, and a saving, believe me, in the end.’

“I promised to take the advice so kindly given, especially as I lost a good hundred dollars a-year through my single blessedness. That’s the whole of my story. You see, it was to some purpose we met Potters yesterday; though, by right, you should have got the situation, Charles.”

“By no means. I was foolish, in not making the application, I grant; but, perhaps after all, I should have not succeeded as well as you. Six hundred dollars a-year! do you say?”

“Yes, six hundred! Is it not a munificent sum?”

“It is. What would I give for half that, for the sake of my poor wife and family?”

“And if you had obtained it, the salary would have been seven hundred.”

“Well, well, I am glad you have got it, George. Let me hope, since you have succeeded, that something may be in store for me.”

The conversation ceased, and the next morning Hartley went to his new situation, and through him Edwards was not long before he obtained employment. A member of the wealthy house of Oliver & Co., wholesale druggists, called at Messrs. Wilsons, on business, and happening to mention in Hartley's hearing, that he was in want of a young man, as an assistant in his establishment, Hartley took the liberty of recommending his friend. The result was that Charles Edwards was presently engaged, at a salary of five hundred dollars a-year.

He shortly afterwards brought his family to New York, and here for the present, we shall leave the two young men, while we return to the watchman whom we left, just rising from a sick bed.

CHAPTER VIII.

HENRY SELBY'S DEPARTURE FROM MR. BLUNT'S HOUSE.

“Ye whose clay-cold heads and lukewarm hearts can argue down, or mask your passious, tell me what trespass it is that man should have them?”

STERNE'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

ALTHOUGH Joseph Carter was again enabled to perform the duties of a watchman and attend to his employment as a cartman during the day, he had received so much injury from the accident at the fire, that he was never afterwards the healthy, vigorous man he had been. Still for some years he followed his usual course of life—the only difference being that he was sometimes compelled to remain at home, instead of going out with his cart, after he had had to perform night duty. His wife very much wished him to send in his resignation to the Corporation, and to attend solely to his daily avocations; but the office of watchman was a tolerably remunerative one, and as we have heretofore observed, Joseph had an object in view in retaining it, namely: the setting aside the money thus earned, for the purpose of educating his children.

After this fashion things proceeded until Carter's son was thirteen, and his daughter Ellen nine years of age, when thinking it was time to put his boy to learn some vocation, and finding that his little fund was amply sufficient to enable him to continue his daughter at school for some years longer, he resolved on the expiration of the term then pending, to resign his humble official duties. Henry Selby still remained at Mr. Blunt's. At first, as the worthy merchant had anticipated, he was of very little use. As Mr. Blunt's cook-maid used to say, “the little brat was neither fit for use nor ornament.”—

But he was sent regularly to school until he was ten years old, when he was employed in such offices about the house and garden of his employer as suited his tender years.

He frequently called to see the watchman to whom he was so much indebted for rescuing him, in all human probability, from a career of wretchedness and vice, and perhaps from an early and ignominious end. He ever showed gratitude to the watchman, after the first occasion of his having made such a demonstration, when he was about leaving his benefactor's house to go home with Mr. Blunt; but to him alone was this feeling exhibited. He was a tolerably good boy—setting aside his occasional mischievous pranks in the kitchen—which, perhaps, had he been other than what he was, would scarcely have been noticed to his detriment; but towards Mr. Blunt himself and the members of his family, he maintained a stolid behavior, which was by no means calculated to make him a favorite. Mr. Blunt was often urged to discard him, by his friends; and though he turned a deaf ear to this advice, he frequently lectured the lad seriously—urging upon him the propriety of his being grateful for the benefits he was receiving, and of his showing a cheerful countenance when called upon to render any service, and also inculcating pretty strongly the virtue of obedience; the result of this was that he grew seemingly more hardened than ever. He did what he was told to do; but not as if it were a pleasure to him to do it—rather as if it were an unpleasant task, which, the sooner it was got over, the better. To one only being besides Joseph Carter, did he appear really attached, and that one was Ellen, the cartman's daughter. Her he appeared to love with all the ardor of childish affection, and upon her, on the occasion of his visits to the family in Mulberry-street, he bestowed all the little trifles and trinkets he was enabled to procure, with the small amount of pocket-money which fell to his share.

And the little girl was grateful for this attachment, and would take his part, when her mother would remark to her

husband, that she believed the child to have come of the vilest of parents, for he appeared deficient in all those qualities which render childhood amiable.

“Henry Selby is so often teased, dear mother, about being ungrateful and sullen,” the child would say, “that it is no wonder he is so to those who torment him; but I am sure he is grateful to papa. He always looks so pleased when he comes into the house and finds him at home; and how kind he is to me. See, to-day he brought me this work-box, bought out of his own money, and he hasn’t much to spend. If people would let him alone, and not always be telling him how good he ought to be, he would be cheerful with every body, I believe.”

And Henry, it would appear, possessed something of the same feeling himself, for he would remark to the housemaid, who was his only confidant in Mr. Blunt’s establishment, and who would sometimes remonstrate with him herself on the subject:—

“If they would only let me alone and not be telling me to laugh whether I like or no, p’raps I should please ’em better; but Mr. Blunt is always scolding and lecturing me; and Elwood (Mr. Blunt’s son,) always speaks to me as if I was a beggar in the streets; and Mrs. Blunt—I know she hates me—and I won’t try to please ’em any better. I don’t want to stay here at all; I’m almost big enough to go to sea, and I want to go to sea; I don’t want to grow up to be Mr. Blunt’s nor nobody else’s servant.”

“Still you should be thankful to Mr. Blunt for what he has done for you—sending you to school, and taking care of you, and all that,” the housemaid would reply.

“And so I am; p’raps some day Mr. Blunt will see I am: but I can’t be always telling of him so.”

“But how much more comfortable you are here than you would be aboard ship, where they beats the boys about and sends ’em up the great high masts, and keeps ’em up all night

in the cold and rain—better to be a servant, a slave, than that, Henry,” the girl would argue.

“No it ain’t, and I won’t stay to be brought up to be a servant neither,” the boy would reply. “I can’t go and be no trade that I should like, because I haven’t got any body to take care of me whilst I’m learning it; but I can go to sea, and p’raps some day be captain of a ship of my own. I’ve seen captains down at Mr. Blunt’s office, and I’ve heard ’em say that they once was only boys aboard ships.”

The servant always found it was useless to argue the point; besides, she did not believe the child was in earnest, and though she was more partial to him than any one else belonging to the household, she was more than half inclined to think, herself, that he was an ungrateful little fellow, whom it would be difficult to make anything of.

During these four years a great change had taken place in the boy’s appearance; his form had filled out and he had grown tall, very tall for his age, and his light red-hair had become several shades darker, and might now very fairly pass for dark auburn. His complexion was remarkably fair and clear; the tan and freckles which had disfigured it had disappeared altogether; his features, though not regular, were of a bold, manly cast; and his limbs were well moulded; he promised to become, if not a handsome, a very personable man. His progress at school had been rapid, and much as he was disliked at his home, he was a favorite with his teachers, who said anything could be done with him with gentle treatment, and who held him up as a model to the other boys.

One night Mr. Blunt gave an entertainment at his house, and for the first time Henry Selby was ordered to attend the table. He obeyed, although evidently with a reluctance, which elicited two or three severe reproofs from the merchant. Elwood Blunt was at the table; he had never liked the boy, who had always been a sort of “butt” to him, and noticing his dislike

of the occupation, he took occasion to give him several orders in a particularly imperious manner.

When he was dismissed from the room, the chambermaid noticed that he was more than usually discomposed, and she kindly asked him what was the matter.

"I won't stay here any longer, that I won't," was his passionate response. "Mr. Blunt has been scolding me before all the strange company; and Elwood thinks he can treat me like a nigger slave, because his father has kept me so long. I wish Mr. Carter hadn't never found me, then I should have died."

"Don't say so, Henry," said the girl. "I am a servant, you see, and you don't hear me complain. Servants must learn to obey orders."

"You are a woman," was the boy's reply. "I shall be a man, if I live—and men ha'nt no right to be servants, and I won't be."

"Well, I'm sure!" exclaimed the kind-hearted, well-meaning housemaid—vexed, in spite of herself, at the boy's impertinent response—"I'm afraid, Henry, you won't come to no good."

"Not if I stay here, I'm sure I shan't," was the reply, as the boy brushed out of the kitchen, and went up stairs to his bedroom.

In a few moments he returned, and advancing to the chambermaid, said;—

"Sarah, you have always been kind to me when nobody else has. If soon you should find me gone, don't think badly of me. And if Mr. Blunt should call me ungrateful, and you should hear him, tell him what I told you to-night, that I hoped he would live to alter his opinion."

"Why, what does the boy mean?" asked the astonished servant maid.

"I mean what I say. You will understand it soon enough," he answered; and, without waiting for a reply, hurried from the room.

"I can't understand that boy," said the housemaid to herself,

when he had left. "Sometimes I do think his heart is in the right place; and yet he is a strange child."

An hour afterwards, just as the family of the Watchman were about retiring to rest—it was Carter's night on duty, and he was from home—there came a loud knock at the door, which was opened by Mrs. Carter; and to the surprise and consternation of all, Henry Selby entered, with a bundle in his hand.

"Why, goodness! Henry. What brings you here at this hour?" said Mrs. Carter.

"To bid you good-bye for a long time," was the boy's reply.

"To bid us good-bye! Why, where are you going?"

"To sea."

"To sea!" exclaimed Mrs. Carter.

"To sea!" exclaimed Ellen. "Why, Henry, what are you going to sea for? Don't go—you'll be drowned, sure."

"I wish I was going with you," said William Carter, from beneath the bed-clothes—for he was already undressed—"I should like to go to sea, only mother won't let me."

"Hold your silly tongue, child," said Mrs. Carter to her son. And then addressing Henry, she continued:—

"What has put this foolish whim into your head, Henry? Does Mr. Blunt know you are going?"

"No."

"Nor my husband?"

"No; nobody knows, but the mate of a ship—who promised to take me on board, one day last week, when I was down at Mr. Blunt's store."

"And you are going away without Mr. Blunt's permission, and without bidding Joseph good-bye! who has been so kind to you. Oh, Henry! I fear you are a wicked boy."

"Mama," said Ellen, in her sweet, childish accents, "I don't think Henry means to be wicked. Do you Henry?" she added—addressing him, and taking his hand in hers.

“No, Nelly—and they will all know that by-and-bye”—he replied. Then speaking to Mrs. Carter, he continued—

“Aunt, I do wish to see Uncle Joseph before I go, very much—and I will see him if I can—but I called here to-night because I knew he was away, on watch. I was afraid he would send me back to Mr. Blunt. But, tell him I thank him for all his kindness to me, and that I shall never forget him, nor you; nor *you*, Nelly”—and he threw his arms around the little girl’s neck, and kissing her, burst into a flood of passionate tears.

Mrs. Carter was softened by this display of childish feeling—for Henry was still but a child of ten years old, though tall and stout enough to appear fourteen.

“I think you are doing very wrong,” she said, “but you will not take my advice. I am afraid Mr. Blunt, and Joseph too, will think very badly of you.”

“I can’t—help—it. I’ve tried to—but—I can’t help it,” he replied, still sobbing. “Good-bye—good-bye, Nelly.” And he rushed from the room.

Tears stood in Mrs. Carter’s eyes, and little Nelly was weeping bitterly; but after a time they retired to rest.

Shortly after Henry Selby had left the house, Joseph Carter saw a lad on the opposite side of the street, gazing earnestly at him. He had a bundle in his hand, and the Watchman naturally suspected that he was some young thief, who was scrutinizing him—and he struck his club on the pavement, and started in pursuit.

A handkerchief was waved towards him, and then the boy fled down the street at full speed, and turning down a by-street, was soon lost to his pursuer.

Meanwhile, another watchman had come up, responding to the signal of his comrade.

“What is the matter, Carter?” he asked.

“Why,” replied Joseph, “I fancy some young vagrant has been thieving, for I saw a boy on the opposite side of the street with a large bundle in his hand, and I’m sure he had no busi-

ness out at this time of night; he couldn't be a-going of any errand after ten o'clock, and the young rascal, whoever he was, ran away when I called to him, and had the impudence to flaunt his handkerchief at me."

"Which way has he gone?"

"Down Liberty-street; but he ran like a colt when I pursued him, and before this is half a mile off."

The guardian of the night returned to his beat, and Joseph met with no further interruption that night.

When he returned home in the morning his wife told him of the visit she had had on the previous evening.

"That explains it," said Joseph. "It was Henry, poor fellow, who waved his handkerchief at me. I do wish he had spoken to me; he needn't have been afraid of my sending him back, if he didn't want to go, though, perhaps, I should have done wrong in not detaining him; I thought he was some young thief."

"Let us hope he has had no occasion to leave Mr. Blunt so suddenly," said Mrs. Carter, her rooted distrust of the boy returning in full force. "Perhaps, husband, your suspicions were correct."

"Oh, mamma!" said Ellen, "Henry Selby a thief! I'm sure he ain't, mamma."

"You wrong that boy, wife," replied Joseph. "He is a strange child, but I would stake my life upon his honesty—aye, and his gratitude too. He is misunderstood."

"So *he* seems to fancy, child as he is," returned Mrs. Carter. "Pray God you may be correct in your opinions, husband."

"Nelly and I will place faith in him until we are satisfied he is unworthy, won't we, Nelly?" said Joseph, addressing his daughter.

"Yes, papa; I don't think Henry is *very* wicked," said the artless child.

"Well," resumed Joseph, "I shall see Mr. Blunt in the course of the day, and then I shall perhaps hear some explana-

tion of what now appears mysterious. Perhaps, after all, the boy has not gone. It may have been only a childish whim."

The wearied watchman sat down to his breakfast, for it was now summer-time, and his family had risen when he came off his beat. And then he took a few hours rest; after which he proceeded to Mr. Blunt's store.

The first exclamation from Mr. Blunt when he saw Joseph enter was—

"So, Joseph, that boy Selby's off."

"Indeed, sir!" said Joseph, who thought it best to know nothing of the matter.

"Yes; he started off last night, it appears; and from a letter, written in a great, round, school-boy's hand, which he left in his bedroom addressed to me, he tells me that he has gone to sea on board the *Sea Gull*, which sailed this morning at daylight for the East Indies. He tells me in the letter that he thanks me for my kindness to him, and says he shall never forget it, and that some day he hopes to prove his gratitude, but that he has long resolved to go to sea. That is all the explanation of his conduct that he gives. I'm afraid, Joseph, he's a bad boy."

"Let us not judge him harshly, sir. May be he'll turn out a bright man. He didn't take anything away with him that wasn't his own, sir?"

"No, Carter, not a pin's worth. My wife would have it that he had stolen something, and strict search was made, but he has taken nothing but what is his own. Even the best suit, that I got him, and that he put on yesterday for the first time to wait at table in, was left. He especially stated that he had left it because he thought he had no right to consider it as his own. I thought of bringing him up as a house-servant, but really the boy has such independent notions, that perhaps it is best that he should rough it a little. A sea voyage will bring him to his senses. Still I believe the child, wretched as was his condition when you first found him, is honest."

“Let us be thankful for that, sir,” said Joseph. “He might have grown up to be a thief had he been left to his own evil courses. That thought, sir, repays me amply for my trouble; and I *do* hope and think that he will turn out better than most people seem to fancy.”

“I hope he may, Joseph,” answered Mr. Blunt, in a somewhat doubtful tone, and thus the conversation ended.

The merchant entered his office, and the cartman went to his work.

In a fortnight from the period of Henry Selby's departure, he was almost forgotten by all except the Watchman and his little daughter Ellen.

CHAPTER IX.

NO MAN IS INDEPENDENT, HOWEVER WEALTHY, WHOSE EXPENSES EXCEED HIS INCOME—THE POOR MAN IS RICH WHO LIVES WITHIN ITS BOUNDS.

“ Argent ! Argent ! sans toi tout est sterile
La vertu sans Argent, n'est qu'un meuble inutile.”

GEORGE HARTLEY went gladly to his new situation; at first, all seemed to him *couleur de rose*. He had been introduced, shortly after his engagement, to a young lady whom he married within six weeks from the introduction; and having rented a small cottage in the suburbs of the city, he felt himself comparatively independent. Besides this, he had the satisfaction of being instrumental in procuring a situation for his late companion, Charles Edwards—not a very lucrative one, it is true, but at any rate sufficiently remunerative to enable him to bring his wife and family from Canada, and support them comfortably until something better should turn up: it was that of assistant book-keeper at the establishment of a wine-merchant named Oliver, who was a customer of the firm with which George Hartley was connected.

The first quarter, however, had barely elapsed, before Hartley found that although to him, who had lived in Ireland, six hundred dollars a-year sounded large, one hundred and fifty dollars went but very little way towards defraying the expenses of a family for three months in New York, even if there were no children, especially if any pretensions to what is termed *respectability* were made. Rents were higher, clothing was more expensive, and more often required renewing; food and fuel were

dearer, and greater style, was *considered necessary* than he had been accustomed to. He discovered that New York was the most expensive city in the world to live in, and that there was a continuous strife among those moving in the same social sphere to outshine each other, and to appear to have the most means at command. The furniture that might have suited a merchant in Dublin was not good enough for a clerk in New York, and an European lady of fortune could go abroad less expensively attired than his wife could do in that city. He either had not the moral courage to practice self-denial, or he was too easy a husband to resist the importunities and complainings of his wife so soon after marriage, and ere the honeymoon was hardly expired. And he soon discovered that she was fond of ornament and show; and the result was, that at the expiration of half a year, having completely decorated his house with new furniture, on credit, and having been straitened to redeem from the pawnbroker's the few articles of value he had pledged, he found himself in debt to nearly the amount of a year's salary, the payment of which, if his prospects did not brighten, would necessarily entail upon him the most rigid, nay painful, economy for years to come.

As to Edwards—a married man likewise, and with two children, to support—his expenses far outran his income; like too many other men on small salaries, by some means or other unknown to the steady and industrious, he found very little difficulty in running into debt, and he was soon worse off in reality than when he was destitute of employment at his lodgings in Greenwich-street. Over-expenditure, caused by extravagance, had rendered both young men as miserably poor as they had been when first introduced to the reader. *

“My dear,” said Mrs. Hartley to her husband, as he sat one evening making up his accounts, about six months after he had gone to his situation; “My dear, the Thompsons have been getting new curtains for their front parlor windows, and Mrs.

Ellis has the sweetest new cashmere shawl I ever set eyes upon."

"Indeed, my dear," was the reply of George, who still went on with his accounts.

Mrs. Hartley sat silently for a while; but it was evident from her fidgetiness, that she had not told her husband this piece of feminine intelligence to rest satisfied with a simple "indeed!"

"Ellen," said George, at length looking up from his papers, "I wish the next time you go out you would tell Mr. Riley to send in the coals I ordered; he will be forgetting the order, and I see they are likely to be very high this winter."

"Really, George," replied Mrs. Hartley, "I am ashamed to go out with the shabby shawl I had in spring."

"In the summer, my dear," interrupted her husband. "You know I bought you the shawl after we were married, and that was in June; I should think it ought to last you at any rate this winter."

"I think, George," returned Mrs. Hartley, "you like to see me dressed more shabbily than the neighbors; I declare I am quite a sight when I go out. I met Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Thompson one day last week in Broadway, coming out of Stewart's; and after I had bowed to them, I saw them whispering together, and I'm sure it was about my dowdy appearance they were talking."

"And if they were, talking does no harm."

"Oh! no—that is just like one of your unfeeling speeches—'talking does no harm'—folks can make as much fun as they please of your-wife."

"I don't see, Ellen, that they can do either you or I any great harm by making fun of us, as you call it. You know as well as I that we must practice economy, and that of the strictest, or get irretrievably in debt."

"And be meaner than our neighbors, and become the laughing-stock of the street?"

“Yes, if they choose to laugh.”

“And you don’t mean to get new curtains for the parlor this winter?”

“No, Ellen; you know as well as I that the furniture we have now is not paid for, nor do I know when it will be. It would be madness for me with my small salary to run more deeply into debt.”

“I am sure, for Mrs. Ellis told me, that Thompson hasn’t over eight hundred dollars a-year, George, and yet their house is better furnished than ours.”

“There is some difference, Ellen, between six hundred and eight hundred dollars a-year. In salaries so small as mine two hundred dollars is a very material increase; besides, the Thompsons’ and the Ellis’s have been a long time married, and they have not been put to the expense of purchasing a large quantity of furniture all at once as we have. There’s Jane’s month up to-day, and I find when I’ve paid her her wages and such little bills as must be settled immediately, I shan’t have one cent of my six months’ salary left; not a penny to go to satisfy Wilson for the furniture. I don’t know what he’ll say.”

“Well, we *may* do without the curtains, though ours are so shabby that I am ashamed of them; but, George, you know I must have a new shawl.”

“My dear, you cannot have one just now, that’s certain,” said Hartley.

“Then I can’t go out with Mrs. Ellis as I promised to next week. I know what she’ll say.”

“I don’t know why you can’t, Ellen. Ellis is in the same office with me. He is the book-keeper and knows exactly how much my salary is, and the circumstances under which I engaged. His wife knows as well as you that I can’t afford to buy expensive articles. I think the shame would lie in their knowing that we were careless about getting into debt.”

Mrs. Hartley sat sulkily for a few minutes, during which

period her husband called up the servant-girl and paid her her month's wages.

"I think Jane could have waited for *her* money at least, when you know how useful a few dollars would be to me just now, George; but it's just like you. You take pleasure in denying your wife every little indulgence. I was going to ask you to hire a piano, but I might as well ask the man in the moon."

"A piano, Ellen! why, what are you talking about?" exclaimed the astonished husband; "why, you don't play!"

"It's time that I was taking lessons, Mr. Hartley; besides, a house looks so beggarly without a piano; one can't ask one's friends to play. There's hardly one of our acquaintances but has a piano-forte in the house. I suppose you don't mean either, to give a party in return for Mrs. Ellis's. You are resolved to annoy me every way you can."

"Ellen, you are talking nonsense. Give a party! hire a piano, to stand useless in our parlor! Why you must be out of your senses; haven't I told you that I have not a penny in the world to call my own until the next quarter's salary is due? I beg of you, if you cannot talk more reasonably, to be silent. I am tired of hearing such absurdity."

Words might have waxed high, had not further colloquy been interrupted by a ring at the door-bell, and the entrance of the servant-girl, who said that Mr. Edwards had called.

"How annoying," said Mrs. Hartley, *sotto voce*. "What can he want here at this time of night?"

"Yes," answered her husband, "very annoying;" for neither were in a mood to entertain visitors. "Show Mr. Edwards in, Jane."

"Ah! Edwards," he exclaimed, as the young man entered, "I'm glad to see you. Sit down—what's new?"

"Nothing that I am aware of," replied Edwards, rather moodily.

Mrs. Hartley, after exchanging a few words of conversation

with the young man, rose and left the room. . She was in no mood to do the hostess agreeably, and she wished her husband to perceive it, so she retired to nurse her wrath.

“Hartley,” said Edwards, as soon as the door was closed, “can you lend me ten dollars till next week, I am in especial need of it; that in fact is what has brought me here to-night.”

“I cannot, indeed, Edwards. I have not half that sum in the world. I am sorry—I should wish to oblige you if I could.”

Edwards looked disappointed, and as if he thought that his friend could lend him the money if he chose. He did not, in fact, care to disguise his displeasure; and after making a few careless remarks, he rose to leave.

Hartley felt distressed both at his inability to refuse his friend, of whom he thought highly; and also at the idea that he should think he had purposely refused his assistance, for he perceived what was passing in Edwards' mind.

“Shall you be at the store at ten o'clock to-morrow?” he asked.

“Yes,” replied Edwards.

“Then I will see what I can do. I can, perhaps, borrow the money for you.”

Edwards' countenance brightened. “Ten o'clock?” he repeated. “Yes, if you call at ten, not later, it will do.”

“You will of course repay the money when you promise, because you know I shall have to borrow it, and of course shall be expected to repay it punctually?”

“I will repay it as I have promised; but for Heaven's sake, Hartley, don't be later than ten o'clock.”

“Not if I can help it,” answered Hartley, and Edwards shook his hand and took his leave.

There was something so strange in the young man's deportment; he was so gloomy and morose; so different from his usual bearing, that Hartley could not help observing it. But he had been so annoyed during the evening, in consequence of the little quarrel he had had with his wife, that he soon forgot

all about his friend, and after sitting a short time waiting in vain for Mrs. Hartley's return, he went to bed, probably to be regaled with a curtain lecture before he slept. Whatever occurred in that private sanctuary, we know not; but the next morning Mrs. Hartley was all smiles and good humor, and George, on his way to the office, called in at a dry goods store, with the proprietor of which he was acquainted, and ordered some shawls to be sent to his house for his wife to choose one from. Of course, to be *charged* to his account.

Hartley reached the office at eight o'clock, and remembering his promise of the preceding night to Edwards, he succeeded in borrowing the money of Ellis, and then saying that he had some business of importance to attend to, he was about to quit the office and proceed to the store where Edwards was employed, when one of the members of the firm entered, and walking straight to his desk, requested him as the least busy of the clerks to copy some letters for him.

Hartley, of course, was obliged to comply, and he was thus detained till noon, when having half an hour's leisure, he took his hat and hastened to the store.

"Is Mr. Edwards within?" he asked of the proprietor.

"No, sir, Mr. Edwards is not within; he has left," said the person addressed, abruptly, and then recognizing Hartley, he added, "Ah! Mr. Hartley, you are just the man I wanted to see. I engaged Mr. Edwards upon your recommendation, thinking that your knowledge of his character was satisfactory, and believing you to be trustworthy, in consequence of your being in the employ of the highly respectable firm of Messrs. Wilson. I am very sorry to inform you sir, that I, and I *hope you likewise*, have been deceived in Edwards. He has deceived me—robbed me, sir—I have turned him adrift, and he may be thankful he is not now in the Tombs."

"Mr. Oliver," stammered Hartley, "I am shocked, and as much astonished as yourself. You wrong me by insinuating that I must have known Edwards to have been undeserving.

You know that I told you how I became acquainted with him, at the time you engaged him. I did not vouch to his good character, although I said, as I believed up to this moment, that I thought him honest and in every way trustworthy. I have called now to lend him money which he sought to borrow of me last night: but I had it not then in my house. I promised to be here at ten o'clock this morning, but I have been unavoidably detained."

"Excuse me, Mr. Hartley," replied the merchant. "I was annoyed at the idea of being swindled, as I find I have been, by a young man whom I wished to befriend; and I spoke harshly, without thinking of what I was saying. It is true that you told me how your acquaintance with Edwards came about. But you say he wished you to be here at ten o'clock. May I inquire the amount of the sum he wished to borrow from you?"

"Ten dollars, only," answered Hartley.

"Ten dollars, at ten o'clock! Humph—the scoundrel. Could he have obtained that sum at that hour, I should still have been ignorant of his roguery, and he might have gone on still robbing me with impunity. He was desired by me to put some cash in the safe last night before leaving the store, it being too late to take it to the bank, and he did so before I left, taking the key of the safe with me. He must have abstracted the ten dollars I found missing when I came at ten o'clock this morning, at that time, and was in hopes to have got it from you, so that when he was told to count it and take it to the bank this morning, the tale would be correct. As it was, I might have been deceived and have thought that I had myself been mistaken, had I not noticed his disturbed manner. I said nothing: but dispatched him to the bank as if I suspected nothing wrong, and while he was away closely examined his books. My principal book keeper has been ill for some weeks past, and his duties have devolved upon Edwards. I found that ever since the period of his first taking hold of them, he has been robbing me. Every entry is falsified, and accounts

remain uncredited, which to my certain knowledge are paid. I challenged him with the fraud when he returned, and he then tremblingly confessed his guilt. I was on the point of sending for an officer and having him arrested; but he pleaded earnestly, said it was his first direlection from the path of honesty—I hope it is—and unwilling to ruin the young man forever, I perhaps foolishly, allowed him to go away unmolested, having first exacted a promise from him that he would remain at his lodgings, so that I could find him if I wished. I don't suppose he will do so, though I shall think better of him, if he does. The amount is not a very great deal, or I could not afford to be thus, perhaps, improperly lenient."

"May I ask what is the amount, sir?" asked the astonished Hartley.

"I cannot say exactly; but some two or three hundred dollars; I should hope three hundred dollars would cover it. But what a young man in his position could have done with even that sum; what he could have done with the ten dollars he abstracted last night, I cannot conceive, unless he gambles. At what hour do you say he called upon you last evening?"

"About nine o'clock."

"And I left the store at five o'clock; the money must have been squandered between six o'clock, when the store was closed, and eight."

"Have you noticed that he has been dissipated of late, sir?" asked Hartley.

"No, I can't say that I have: but I have remarked that he was gayer in his attire than the emoluments of his situation justified; in fact, that he is inclined to be extravagant; but I thought, perhaps, he might have had other means besides his salary at his command. A remittance from home, or something of that kind. He has told me that his friends are well off, and his letters of recommendation are good. He has been living beyond his income from the period of his first engagement, I have no doubt. Mr. Hartley, you are a young man:

let me give you a piece of advice, and I hope you will profit by it. Never on any account get into debt, or live beyond your income."

Never live beyond your income! Never get into debt! How that simple yet judicious advice smote upon the heart of George Hartley! Well he knew and sorely he felt, that he had already, though scarcely six months in his employment, sunk himself so deeply in debt, that he saw no means of extrication, and vainly he wished now that he had withstood the foolish desire to appear as well off, and to have as showy a house as his neighbors, without regard to the peculiarities of his position compared with theirs. He confessed to himself that he had really lost in comfort what he had gained in show, and that he would have been much happier, much easier in his mind, if his parlors contained more humble furniture, and his pockets more money. He had not, as poor Edwards had done, given way to temptation; but he felt that he had put himself in the way of doing so, and that already the chivalric principles of honor in which he had been educated, and which had supported him in his hour of trouble, if not wrecked, were sensibly weakened. He thought of Edwards, and shuddered as he thought what he himself might have become.

His first impulse was to call upon his unfortunate and guilty companion, and ascertain from his own lips how deeply he had committed himself; but cooler reflection at his desk, convinced him of the inadvisability of thus acting. Perhaps Mrs. Edwards was unaware of the evil courses of her husband, and he did not wish to excite her suspicions. Nevertheless, he wrote a letter to Edwards, stating the cause of his detention, and relating to him the conversation he had held with his employer; and he furthermore said that if he (Edwards) thought proper to call upon him, he should be glad to see him. That evening he calmly and quietly informed his wife of his resolve to retrench his expenditure; he showed her plainly that it was impossible for them to go on as they had been doing. He

fully explained his position and circumstances to her ; and she, being really very fond of her husband, listened patiently and promised to aid him. He then felt that he should have had the moral courage to do this before ; that the fault of reckless extravagance lay at his door, for he had, in the first instance, urged by his fondness for his young wife, taught her to be extravagant in her desires, by foolishly making her presents that he could not afford ; and she, unused to calculating her expenditure, unacquainted with the real value of money, and imagining that a larger sum than she needed to spend at one time, would afford an indefinite future supply, had looked upon his salary of \$600, as if it were five times that amount.

But fortune is fickle in her favors, as the reader will perceive hereafter, and even now, at the moment when the cloud hung heaviest over Hartley's head ; now while he was scheming and devising means how he should manage to extricate himself from the labyrinth of debt in which his own folly had involved him, she was ready to heap her gifts upon him.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," says the immortal bard of Avon ; and when Hartley had engaged himself with Messrs. Wilson, he had, unknowingly to himself, drifted into that flood. He had thought it first an eligible situation, and then he had become discontented with it, and almost wished he had become connected with some less wealthy firm ; for he had little hope of rising there to a superior post, at least for years, since the upper clerks were all of long standing, and, in most instances, connected by family or friends with the principals. He often wondered how he had obtained the situation at all, when so many men, having means of subsequently pushing them forward, would have been glad to have seized upon it as a stepping stone for their own sons—and he recollected that Edwards might have applied for and obtained it. To be sure he had refused to make application of his own free will, still he (Hartley) felt in a manner grateful to Edwards, since it was

through his acquaintance with him, that he had heard of the opening. And this indistinct feeling of gratitude it was, which still led him to take a strong interest in the unfortunate young man.

On the evening of the second day after Hartley had dispatched his letter to Edwards' residence, and when he had almost given up the expectation that he would reply to it, he was disturbed from the perusal of a volume he had borrowed from a fellow-clerk, by the ringing of the door-bell. Something intuitively told him that it was Edwards who had rung; and without giving the servant time to answer the ring, he arose and opened the door himself. He had judged rightly; it was Edwards.

"Hartley!"

"Edwards!" each exclaimed in a breath; and the former took the latter by the hand, and half-pulled, half-led him into the hall.

"Come in Edwards—come in. We have just finished tea; but Ellen will order some to be brought up. I have been expecting you to call these last two evenings," said Hartley, when he had closed the street door.

"No—No—" was the reply. "I had rather not see Mrs. Hartley. She knows nothing of what has occurred—of my having left my situation?"

"No—nothing."

"Still, I would rather not meet her now. Hartley, I should like to speak with you alone. I could not face *her*."

Hartley stepped into the parlor.

"Ellen," said he, "I have some business to transact with Mr. Edwards. We will go up stairs, where we shall be alone, and if any one should call, say that I am engaged."

* Then taking a candlestick in his hand, he retired and led the way up stairs, followed by Edwards.

They entered a private room, and Hartley having closed the door, desired his unhappy friend to be seated.

Hartley was greatly shocked at the change which two or three days had made in Edwards' appearance. His face was pale and haggard, his eyes wild ; and he feared, from his looks, that he had been attempting to drown the stinging reproaches of his conscience in drink. He was confirmed in his suspicion when Edwards again spoke, for his utterance was thick, and he scarcely appeared to know what he was saying.

At first he hesitated and hung his head, shamefacedly, before the penetrating but pitying gaze of his friend : but after some moments, he assumed a tone of forced bravado, and said :—

“So, Hartley, you know all. Old Oliver has told you all the evil of me he could, I suppose ? If you had been true to your promise this would not have happened.”

“It might not have happened so soon, Charles,” said Hartley, somewhat severely, for he was indignant at the tone of hardihood and the reckless demeanor of Edwards—“but he did tell me *all*, as I hinted to you in my letter, and had it not happened as it has done, it might have been eventually much worse for you. Charles, you speak disparagingly of Mr. Oliver. You must be aware that most men would have caused you to be arrested, and you would have been ruined forever.”

“As well have been arrested and sent to jail as a thief—yes, a *thief!*—I am a thief, ain't I?—as to be sent off to starve. I have eaten nothing to-day.”

“But you have been drinking, Charles. Drinking deeply, I fear ?”

“And if I have ? Drink is the only thing to banish reflection.”

“But your family, Charles—think of your family ; your wife and children. Does your wife know of—of this ?”

“She knows I have left my situation ; that is all. I did not tell her that : but for twenty-four hours I did not go home—and Mary went to the store, to learn what had become of me. They told her I had left.”

“You say you have not eaten anything to-day ; surely, you

are not yet reduced to such misery? Your family is provided with food?"

"Yes, for the present. I don't know how long it will be so, though; but I feel no want of food. I *have* been drinking, and I shall drink myself to death. George, I am desperate!"

Hartley saw how much he was excited, and forebore to speak any longer to him in the deprecating tone he had hitherto done.

"You must not talk thus, Charles," said he. "Think of your wife and family. You owe a duty to them. What will become of them, if you give yourself over to despair?"

"I know not. Any way they will share my disgrace. Old Oliver means to prosecute, of course. I promised not to leave the city, and I won't. He may cause me to be arrested when he pleases; the sooner the better."

"I think the course he has taken ought to lead you to infer otherwise, Charles. Mr. Oliver is known to be a good and benevolent man. He will not harm you if you do not injure yourself. By all means remain here as you promised him; but Charles, promise me this; abstain from drinking, or you will go body and soul to ruin."

"And what would you have me do?" asked Edwards—his assumed bravado suddenly forsaking him, and, as is often the case in maudlin drunkenness—his demeanor assuming an opposite phase, he burst into tears.

"Go home to your family, and remain there for the present."

"And tell my wife what has happened? Never! I would drown myself in the Hudson first. I never could face her again."

"You need not tell her all; she may never hear of your disgrace, if by your conduct you do not compel others to reveal it to her."

"And what am I to do at home? How am I to support my family? Am I to see them starve before my eyes? No,"

he exclaimed with sudden energy, "I will quit them forever first, and leave them to find out how I have disgraced them, when I am gone."

"Charles," said Hartley, "this is childish. You don't know what you are saying. Poor as I am, I will not see your family want food; I will see Mr. Oliver again, and talk with him. Let him know through me that you are repentant, and perhaps something may be done."

Edwards did not reply; but sat, rocking himself to and fro in his chair, the image of despair.

Hartley allowed him to remain quiet for some minutes, and then said, persuasively:—

"Tell me, Charles,—You know I wish you well,—what has been the cause of your conduct?—speak out boldly. I will not reproach you. I have been foolishly extravagant myself, and I feel it now: but, surely, there has been some other cause to lead you to the unhappy course you have been pursuing?"

"I have been gambling, George. I never intended to wrong Mr. Oliver of a penny. When I first abstracted money, it was to endeavor to win back what I had lost, and then to replace what I had taken; but I lost again and again: others won, but I never did; and so it went on—on—on—until I grew reckless—yet still I hoped to retrieve myself. On the afternoon of the day that I asked you to lend me ten dollars, I took that sum from the safe for the purpose of trying a new move, by which I felt sure I should win, perhaps all I had lost, back again; but still I lost. Had I obtained the money by ten o'clock the next morning, Mr. Oliver would have suspected nothing, and I might yet have succeeded—I feel sure I should; for the trick was shown me by one who assured me that it must, in the main, be successful; but you failed me, and all was blown, and my character blasted forever."

"Charles, believe me, it is better as it is. You wouldn't have won; and had you gone on plundering Mr. Oliver, you

must have been found out at last, and it would then, perhaps, have gone harder with you."

"It could not."

"It could, Charles, ten-fold! Promise me now that you will go home; stay—I will take my hat, and walk with you to your house; and make me a solemn promise that you will abstain from drink, and keep away from your evil companions,—and to-morrow I will see Mr. Oliver. Will you promise this?"

"I will, George; I will go home with you: but my wife must know nothing that has occurred, beyond the fact that I have left my situation. She is already aware of that, you know."

"Of course not," replied Hartley. "It is better she should not know."

They left the house together, and Hartley stepped in to Edwards' lodgings for a few moments, entering into conversation with Mrs. Edwards, and endeavoring to speak cheerfully. But he perceived that she suspected that something serious was the matter. The poor woman had evidently been weeping, for her eyes were red and swollen; but she strove to appear cheerful, and Hartley spoke hopefully of Edwards' soon getting another situation. Edwards was now sober, and after sitting half-an-hour, George rose to take leave. He beckoned Edwards to the door, and again exacting the promise he had required previously, he shook him by the hand, and returned to his own house.

CHAPTER X.

HENRY SELBY ENTERS A SECOND TIME INTO THE WORLD'S
STRIFE, ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT.

“’Tis said we venturous die hard
When we leave the shore ;
Our friends may mourn, lest we return
To bless their sight no more.
But this is all a notion
Bold Jack can’t understand ;
Some die upon the ocean,
And some upon dry land.”

DIBDIN.

HENRY SELBY, after having waved his adieu to his benefactor, the honest watchman, made the best of his way to the pier, where he had been directed to go by the mate, who had promised to take him on board the *Sea Gull* : he had some difficulty in finding the vessel ; but he at length discovered her, and got safely on board. To his astonishment, he found her decks apparently deserted, and all as still as death on board of her ; and yet he had been told that she was to sail at daybreak that morning. He began to fear that he had been misinformed, and was half-inclined to leave her and go on shore again ; for he anticipated from what he had told the housemaid in Mr. Blunt’s family, and Mrs. Carter, that search would be made for him in the morning : but as he was groping his way along the lumbered-up deck, he stumbled over a sleeping form, wrapped up in a heavy watch-coat, and he heard a gruff voice exclaim with an oath !—

“ You had better go below into the folk’sle, and sleep the

liquor off ye, than be tramping about the ship's decks this way. You'll be none too ready, I warrant, to turn out when the pilot comes on board, to haul the ship into the stream."

It was the ship-keeper who had spoken, who was thus performing his duty, after a fashion more agreeable to himself than it would probably have been satisfactory to his employers, had they seen him. He had imagined the boy to be one of the crew who had mostly come aboard in a state of drunkenness, and who were sleeping off the fumes of the liquor in the fore-castle.

Henry took the hint, and groping his way to the fore-castle, descended, and stumbling over several stupefied sleepers, at last discovered a vacant spot where he stretched himself, and with the freedom from thought or care which characterizes boyhood, was soon, notwithstanding the novelty of his situation, sound asleep—nor did he awake until he was aroused by one of the officers of the ship, who had entered the fore-castle, and was half persuading and half bullying the still stupefied seamen to go on deck. Henry ascended the ladder with the rest, and to his astonishment, he found that the vessel had been already hauled into the stream, the officers not choosing to arouse the seamen until there was no opportunity remaining for them to get on shore again. Soon a boat came alongside with three or four more sailors, who could not be found until the last moment, and who were, in general, hoisted up the side in a state of bestial intoxication. These new comers were tumbled below, and those who had been ordered up from the fore-castle, were directed to go aloft and loose the sails, while the pilot's crew hove up the anchor which had been dropped in the stream.

Henry stood staring about him like one bewildered, until he was observed by one of the mates, who ordered him to go aloft and loose the main-royal. Still he stood irresolute, being in fact totally ignorant of the nature of the order.

"Come, aloft with you, youngster!" said the mate. "What

the — is the boy staring at? Away aloft, and loose the main-royal, I tell you! Come, stir your stumps."

The boy stood stoek still, looking vacantly at the officer.

"Are you deaf?" thundered the mate.

"No sir," replied Henry.

"Then why don't you do as you are ordered? I'll see presently if a rope's-end won't quicken you!"

"Please sir," said Henry, "I don't know what you mean."

"The — you don't! Haven't you been at sea before?"

"No sir."

"No, eh? Then what were you sent on board for? Come, stir out of this. Away into the pilot's boat alongside! We don't want you here."

"A gentleman, who said he was the mate, told me to come on board, sir," said the boy, frightened at the bullying of the officer, and still fearful he would be sent on shore again.

"He did, did he? Well, then I suppose you must stay; though I can't see the use of lumbering up the ship with such a set of useless green-horns. Here, you see that stick up aloft, crossing the mast there above the rest? That's the main-royal yard, and the sail bent to it, is the main-royal. Now jump aloft, like a flash of lightning, and loose the sail, or you'll have a rope's-end laid on your back in less than no time. Off with you now, at once!"

Frightened at the threatening gestures of the man, the boy sprung into the rigging with the agility of a cat, and was soon on the royal yard—for he was active enough,—and though he felt a little fear, he found no difficulty in ascending the shrouds; but loosening the royal was another matter. He had but a very indistinct idea of the duty he was required to perform; but seeing the seaman below him untying the sails, as he thought, he set himself to work, at the same time clinging desperately to the yard as he swung by the foot-rope—for his head began to feel dizzy with the motions of the ship and the immense height from which he looked down upon the water.

The topsails and top-gallant sails were loosed and sheeted home. The boy sent up to the fore-royal yard had loosed the sail, and sung out to those below to "sheet-home," and then the officer who had sent the boy aloft, and who had for some time been busily engaged, was addressed by the captain, who was standing on the poop:—

"Mr. Thomas," said he, "what's the reason, sir, you don't set the main-royal? Is any one aloft, loosening it?"

"I sent a boy aloft a quarter of an hour ago," replied the officer. "I thought the sail had been set." Then shouting to the lad, he exclaimed:—

"What do you mean, you young vagabond, by hanging aloft there, and not loosening the sail? Why, by thunder, if the infernal young scamp has'nt ——"

He ceased speaking suddenly, and fell to the deck, the sail falling right on his head, and knocking the breath out of his body. Henry had loosened the royal, with a vengeance. He had not untied the gaskets, but the seizings which bound the sail to the yard, and down it came, still tightly rolled up, on the unfortunate mate. Fortunately but one end had struck him, and he was not seriously hurt; but the captain was in a towering rage.

"Come down here, you young imp of darkness—come down here," he shouted to the trembling boy, who frightened at the mischief he had done, hastened down from aloft.

"Come aft here, you sir," said the captain, seizing hold of a rope; "I'll teach you to play pranks on board my ship. You've half-killed the second mate, you young scoundrel;" and as the boy came aft he belabored his shoulders with the rope's-end.

"Oh, sir! oh! don't—oh don't! I couldn't help it, sir, indeed I couldn't; the gentleman told me to loose the sail, sir. Oh! pray don't, sir," he cried, as he writhed under the torture inflicted by the rope's-end, until he reached the quarter-deck.

"Who are you, and what brought you on board. It's a shame the shipping masters should be allowed to play such

scoundrelly tricks. However, you've had a flogging that'll teach you not to play such a trick again in a hurry, and you shall trundle ashore with the pilot; so gather your duds together as quick as possible, or I'll send you off without them."

"Please, sir, the mate told me to come aboard," said Henry, whimpering.

"The mate, eh; which mate was it picked up such a vagabond as you?"

"I don't know; it was the mate, sir."

The chief mate, who had been occupied in overlooking the fishing of the anchor, now came aft.

"Mr. Jones," said the captain, "this boy says the mate shipped him. He seems half a fool. Is it you he means?"

The mate looked at the boy.

"Yes, sir," he said; "this is the lad I was speaking to you about yesterday. He was sometimes in Mr. Blunt's store; you might have seen him there. He wants to go to sea—and, as you were expressing a wish to get another lad, I engaged him. I believe, however, the young fellow has run away."

"Why, he seems to be half a fool," said the captain; "he has just cast the main-royal adrift, and it fell on the second mate's head; fortunately not with its whole weight, or it would have broken his neck."

"He's the smartest lad I ever saw," said the mate: "you'd say so if you had noticed him in the store."

"Well, he may be," returned the captain; "but he has just given us a strange specimen of his smartness. However, since it is as you say, I suppose we must keep him on board." And then addressing the boy, he said—

"Be off with you, sir, and get hold of a chain hook, and help haul the chain along that you see the men stowing into the locker; and let me see you make no more blunders, or I'll flog you till I see your back-bone."

Glad to get away, Henry hastened to perform the duty assigned to him; and taking a chain hook, was soon busily

employed, although he was still sobbing, and writhing with the pain of the blows he had received.

In the hurry and bustle of getting the vessel clear off to sea, he was soon forgotten; and during the remainder of the day he was busied in such little duties as he was able to perform, assisting the crew in clearing the decks of the stores of all kinds that always lumber up a merchant vessel when it first leaves port.

Night at length came on; the crews were divided into watches; the first watch, from eight o'clock till midnight, being under the charge of the second mate. The vessel had cleared the land and was steering a south-westerly course; the wind had arisen, and it blew so strong that it had been found necessary to take in the top-gallant-sails and put a single reef in the topsails, and, although the sea was not very rough, it was sufficiently so to cause the ship to pitch uneasily as she cut her way through the water, and careened over with the wind strong abeam.

Henry Selby had been placed by the first officer in his watch, and consequently, he should have been in his bunk; but the boy had but a very indistinct idea of the duties he was to perform, or of the general routine on board a vessel at sea. As darkness came on, he began to feel fully, for the first time, the utter loneliness of his situation, placed as he was among rude strangers, on board a ship bound he knew not whither, and destitute of even the necessary clothing to protect him from the inclemency of the weather on the new element where his lot had been cast. The nausea of sea-sickness, too, came over him, and he felt alike physically and mentally depressed. He thought of the snug lodgings he had had at Mr. Blunt's, and he could not banish an unpleasant reflection from his mind as to whether he had not done a foolish action in thus leaving his home. He was wet with the spray which dashed over the bows of the vessel and flew aft in drenching showers, and chilled to the bone with the keen north-easterly wind, and he

crept for shelter into the cook's galley. While he was shivering there, the captain happened to go forward, and catching a glimpse of the lad in the shadow of the galley, he stopped short and caught hold of him by the collar of his jacket. "Who is this skulking here?" he called out to the second mate. "Look out, sir, that all your watch is upon deck. I will have no idlers on board my ship." Then perceiving the boy, he continued, "Oh, it's the youngster I was speaking to this morning. Now look you here, boy. What the — the mate shipped you for, I don't know! However, now you're here, you'll have to do your duty. Out of this at once, and never let me catch you skulking again! D'ye hear?"

"Yes sir," exclaimed the trembling boy.

"I don't think he's in my watch," said the second mate, in a surly tone of voice. "At least I know I never meant him to be; the first mate brought him aboard, and to my mind he should have him. He ain't of no use, any way."

"Whose watch are you in, boy?" asked the captain.

"I think the mate told me I was to be in his watch, sir," replied Henry.

"Then how is it you are on deck? I want every one to be on deck and wide awake, when it's their duty to be so, and I won't have any of the watch-below, on deck, at all, except they are called upon for extra duty. If I catch them on deck, I'll keep them there."

The boy made no reply. He scarcely knew the captain's meaning.

"Why don't you speak?" said the captain. "Don't you know it's your watch below?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir."

"I believe the boy's a born fool," said the captain.

"Or a rogue," muttered the mate, who still felt sore from the accident which had befallen him through Henry's ignorance in unbending the main-royal, and letting it fall on deck.

"Hark ye!" continued the captain, addressing the lad;

“you’re in the first mate’s watch, and you ought to be below sleeping now. It’s near ‘four bells,’ and at twelve the watch’ll be called, and you’ll have enough of the deck.”

“It’s of no consequence, sir,” said Henry, thinking that he should conciliate the captain by appearing willing to do extra duty.

“Don’t reply to me, boy,” answered the captain. “Go below, at once; take off those wet clothes and turn in till your watch is called.”

“I haven’t got any dry clothes to put on,” said Henry.

“The d—— you haven’t! What did you come to sea for, without your kit?”

“I don’t know, sir. I didn’t think of it, and I had no money to get any.”

The second mate sneered, and the captain muttered to himself, and then added aloud:

“Come aft to the cabin with me, boy. A pretty fellow you are to come to sea in this way, ain’t you? But I suppose I must find you something to wear, or you’ll be stiff before morning.”

Henry steadied himself as well as he could along the decks, and descended with the captain into the cabin, and the latter went to the slop-chest and brought out a couple of flannel shirts, a pair of wollen trowsers and a pea-jacket, and together with a Scotch cap, presented them to the boy.

“Now away into the fore-castle, with you,” he said, “and put some dry clothing on, and then turn in. Do you feel sick?” he added, noticing that the boy looked ill.

“Yes, sir, a little,” gasped Henry.

“A little! I should say a good deal, by the looks of you. Here, swallow this,” giving him a tumbler of brandy and water, “and go and turn in, and sleep till morning. I’ll tell the mate not to disturb you. But mind, after this, I expect you’ll do your duty.”

“I’ll try, sir,” said the boy, who felt considerably revived,

after drinking the brandy and water; and thanking the captain, he went forward, shifted his wet clothing, and was soon fast asleep.

In the morning he was again summoned to the cabin, and the captain, in the presence of the chief mate, questioned him further respecting his position on shore, and the reason of his wishing to go to sea; and the boy's replies were so prompt and spirited, that he began to entertain a better opinion of him.

"So you wish to see the world, and be a man, do you?" he said, after listening to Henry's account of himself. "Well, my lad, you've chosen a rough school to learn in; but if you behave yourself and learn to be a good seaman, you'll get along. I was once as friendless as you, and now I am captain and part owner of this vessel. You may be captain of a ship some day, if you mind what you're about."

"Please, sir, will you tell me where the ship's going?" asked Henry, as he was about leaving the cabin.

The captain and mate both laughed. "Why, youngster," said the former, "do you mean to say you don't know where we are bound?"

"No sir."

"Upon my word, you've cast yourself adrift to seek your fortune, after a most careless fashion. Well, we're bound to Calcutta. You know where Calcutta is?"

"It is the capital city of British India, and is situated a considerable distance from the mouth of the Hooghly river, one of the branches of the Ganges," said the boy, quite glibly, proud to display the knowledge he had acquired at school.

"You'll do," said the captain—"only learn your duty on board my ship, as well as you appear to have learnt your lessons at school, and we shall get on very well. Now go on deck and get your breakfast, and then the mate will set you to work."

Henry left the cabin, and after he had gone, the captain observed to the mate—

“The boy appears smart and willing enough. I was half inclined to send him ashore with the pilot yesterday; but I think better of him than I did.”

“I noticed that he was a sharp lad, at Mr. Blunt’s office,” returned the mate. “The poor fellow was taken all aback with the novelty of his position at first; but I guess he’ll make a sailor.”

The steward announced that the cabin-breakfast was ready, and the captain and mate sat down to the table, and the conversation soon turned upon matters relating to the duties of the ship.

CHAPTER XI.

A DARK CLOUD IS GATHERING OVER THE PROSPECTS OF THE
WATCHMAN.

The power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil;
 Here, firm I rest—they must be best,
 Because they are thy will."

BURNS.

"CARTER," said Mr. Blunt, one day, about three months after Henry Selby had gone to sea, "step into my office, while you are waiting for those goods to be packed. I wish to speak with you."

Joseph entered the private office with his employer.

"I want to speak to you, Carter," continued Mr. Blunt, "about your boy. Let me see—how old is he now?"

"Going on for fourteen, sir," replied Joseph.

"What do you think of doing with him? Have you put him to learn any trade yet?"

"No sir; and sometimes, I think I have done wrong in keeping him so long at school, considering my position in life; but I did wish my boy to be a scholar, sir, seeing that I hadn't much education myself, except what I picked up, as I may say, after I was a grown man. But now the boy—who is a cute, good lad—has got too high notions, I'm afraid. My wife's brother, who is a shoe-maker, doing a good business, in a small way, offered to take him and teach him his trade; but he don't seem to fancy the idea, and I'm afraid his mother backs him up in his proud notions; and yet I'm not in a position to place him in an office, or have him taught a profession."

"I was on a committee at the district school which your son attends, last week, Carter," said Mr. Blunt, "and I was much pleased with the appearance of the lad, and making inquiry, I heard an excellent character of him from his teachers. Now I'm in want of a boy in my office, to go of errands and do any little odd jobs that may be required of him, and perhaps, sometimes to assist at the books, if he shows himself smart and diligent. I was thinking of offering to take your son. William is his name, isn't it? What do you say?—are you willing he should make the trial?"

"Oh, sir," said Joseph, "nothing could have pleased me better, and I'm sure Willy 'll be ready to jump out of his skin for joy, when I tell him of it. It's just the situation he's longing for—though I never encouraged him in his fancies—and my wife will be delighted."

"The salary will be very little, recollect, Carter. I shall give him only fifty dollars for the first year—because, you know, for some time to come, he will be of little service; but if, after a year's trial, we agree together, and I find the lad turns out as I hope and believe he will, I shall give him a sufficient salary to support and clothe himself entirely, and maybe to help the family into the bargain."

"Thank you, sir—thank you," said Joseph. "If, Mr. Blunt, you had kindly offered to take the boy upon trial, for a year, paying him no salary, I should have gladly accepted the offer, although, to a poor man like me, fifty dollars is a good deal. At any rate, it will pay for Willy's board, sir, and I do hope you will be satisfied with him."

"Well, then, Carter, you can send him to me on Monday next. You are still employed as a watchman?"

"Yes, sir. I did think of giving it up last election, and my wife strongly urged me to do so; but the Board expressed themselves satisfied, and raised the salary a trifle, so I thought I'd stay on another term."

"You are an industrious man, Carter," said Mr. Blunt, smil-

ing; "take care you don't overwork yourself, though. Good morning. I see the goods are ready to be carted. Don't forget to send your son to me on Monday."

"Be sure I wont, sir," said Joseph, as he left the office. "Good morning, sir, and many thanks."

It was a happy time when Joseph got home that evening, and told his family that Mr. Blunt had promised to take Willy, and, as the honest cartman expressed himself, "make a merchant of him." Bright anticipations of the future flitted before Mrs. Carter's mental vision, and Willy himself, with the sanguine spirit of youth, commenced building *chateaux en Espagne*, of fairy brightness, such as youth have always built at some happy period of their lives, but the fleeting fabrics of which have seldom become materialized. It was Saturday night, and Willy received much wholesome advice, and many admonitions, with regard to his future career; and when the boy had at length gone to bed, late as was the hour Joseph went to his desk and took out a parcel containing his hard-earned savings, and abstracted therefrom sufficient to buy the boy an entire new suit of readymade clothing, with the double object of surprising him on the morrow, and rendering him presentable at the merchant's office on Monday.

And on the Monday the boy went to South-street, and was duly installed in his new situation, where for the present we shall leave him, while we return to other matters.

Shortly after the occurrence of these events, Joseph, while engaged one night in his watchman's duties, heard a signal calling for assistance from one of his comrades, and he immediately hurried in the direction whence the sound proceeded. He soon reached the spot, which was in Liberty-street, and he found there was a skirmish going on between two guardians of the night and a party of young men, who appeared to have but just emerged from a basement drinking-saloon near by. Joseph threw himself into the melee, and a violent struggle ensued, during which the party fled, with the exception of two who

appeared to be the leaders, and who, other watchmen having been attracted to the scene, were at length overpowered.

The complaint was then listened to. It was given by the keeper of the saloon, who charged the young men with having created an uproar in his place, and broken the glasses, at the same time refusing to pay the damages, and offering to fight it out in the street.

It was very evident to Joseph and his comrades that the two young men who had been arrested belonged to what are called the upper classes of society, as well from their attire as from their appearance, notwithstanding the state of intoxication in which they were. Those who had effected their escape, were, on the contrary, vulgar frequenters of these night-saloons, and spongers upon the liberality of the men whom they had left to struggle alone with the watchmen.

“By Jove!” said the taller and stouter of the two, looking round upon his captors, “you fought like heroes—upon the honor of a gentleman. Now, are ye veritable Charlies—that much abused, well basted set? Why, I’ve floored a dozen of your kidney in London before now. Come, let’s drown all animosity by drinking a glass of the landlord’s wine together. Brave men should bear no malice.”

“Yes! a glass of wine. I move an adjournment to the cider-cellar, my lords and gentlemen!” exclaimed the other, who was the most deeply intoxicated of the two, and who was embracing the watchman who had him in charge, by clasping both his arms around his neck.

“You’ll take a glass of water in the station-house, and learn to be contented with that to-night, I fancy,” said one of the watchmen. Then addressing the keeper of the saloon, he asked if he meant to press the charge.

“Not if the gentlemen pay for the damage they have done,” said the man. “I’d be sorry to be hard upon a gentleman when he gets, once in a while, ‘upon a bust.’”

“Where are the base caitiffs who fled in the hour of danger?”

Where are the trembling cowards who forsook their master, when yon—moon—which shone—last night—round—round—What is it George? Why don't you prompt me?" stammered the taller of the men, addressing his companion.

"My name is Norval on the Gr-Gram-pian—hills," said the one addressed. "These gen-gen-tlemen invite us—to drink—a glass of—wine—Put it to the vote—Ayes—Noes. The ayes—have it—by Jove!" was the reply.

"I wonder if they have much money about them," said one of the watchmen.

"Money—who says money—base trash. 'He who steals my purse,'" again stammered the taller man, at the same time pulling a purse apparently well filled with gold, out of his trousers-pocket and shaking it in the air.

"We had better, for security's sake, take them to the station-house," said Joseph. "They will surely be robbed else. They have not only a large amount of money, but valuable jewelry upon their persons, and watches in their fobs."

But the landlord of the drinking-saloon and the other watchmen now thought otherwise. Their opinions had undergone considerable change since they had discovered the quality and condition of the captives.

The landlord said that for his part, he wished the gentlemen no harm, if so be they were gentlemen. He had been mistaken in them, seeing them in the company of the vagabonds who had got away, whom he knew well. The gentlemen were welcome to stay all night in his saloon, if they pleased. He was sure they'd be more comfortable there than in the station-house—let alone the disgrace of the arrest—and with the object of bringing the watchmen into his opinions, he generously offered to treat them all round to "something warm," at his own expense.

One or two seemed inclined to capitulate, and to accept the landlord's proffered hospitality, and release the strangers, placing them under his charge. Others, however, well imagin

ing that the worthy landlord had an eye to the golden bait which had been so recklessly exposed, thought that they had an equal right to share in the spoil. Joseph perceived this, and noticed the landlord and his comrades whispering together, and glancing significantly towards the two men—for they had now descended again into the saloon. He resolved that if he could prevent it, they should not be robbed, and insisted upon their being taken to the station-house.

Mistaking his motive, the taller of the two gentlemen, resisted strenuously this argument, and swore he would not go to the station-house alive. Another row ensued, and the neighborhood being aroused, Joseph was enabled to carry his point, in spite of his comrades and the keeper of the saloon, who ground their teeth with rage, as they saw their expected prey dragged from them.

As it was, more wine was drunk by the gentlemen, and when at last, it was resolved, by the order of a magistrate, who had been attracted to the spot by the noise, to carry them to the City Hall, they were in a condition of complete insensibility, and had to be borne in the arms of their captors.

On the way, Joseph saw one of the watchmen draw the watch from the fob of the taller of the intoxicated men, and when they reached the City Hall, and an examination was made of the articles in their possession, in order that they might be kept safely until they were sober, Carter, who by the order of the clerk was conducting the search, mentioned carelessly, as though he had not suspected the real object of the purloiner,—

“That appears to be all they have in their possession, except the watch which you, Higsby, took from one of them, to prevent it slipping out of his fob. That’ll be sir,” turning to the clerk, “two gold watches, with chains and seals; one eye-glass; one diamond breast-pin; a purse, containing thirty-five five dollar gold-pieces and English sovereigns; and a pocket-book, with papers, and one Bank of England note, for £100.”

The man addressed as Higsby, pulled the watch from his

pocket and placed it on the desk, with the remainder of the articles enumerated. He well understood Joseph's thoughts; although the latter had endeavored to make *him* think that he believed he had really taken charge of the watch to prevent its being lost. He scowled savagely at him as he moved from the desk, and from that moment Joseph Carter had made an implacable enemy.

On the following morning, the two gentlemen, perfectly sobered, were brought privately before a magistrate, and in the presence of the watchmen who had brought them to the City Hall station-house, their property was restored to them, and they received a *mild* reproof from the Justice for their conduct.

"And now gentlemen," said the magistrate, "have you there all the property that you believe to have been in your possession last night?"

"Every thing, I believe—at least so far as I can recollect"—said the younger and shorter of the two. "As to the money, I neither know what amount I had about me when I left my hotel, nor what amount I spent; but I dare say it's all right. You will have no objection, sir, to my presenting these men with five dollars a-piece, for their trouble."

The Justice made no objection to this, and a gold piece was placed in each of the watchmen's hands.

"And you, sir," said the magistrate, addressing the elder of the two gentlemen, "do you find all your property correct?"

"There is missing," said the gentleman, "an agate breast-pin, which I would not lose for fifty times its value. It has been an heir-loom in my father's family for generations. However, it is gone, and all I can do, is to offer a large reward for its recovery. It must have been torn out during the struggle last night, and dropped in the street. I don't suppose it has been stolen or taken intentionally, since I see my friend has his diamond pin, which is intrinsically of much greater value."

"I am sorry for your misfortune, sir," said the Justice, who was noted for his urbanity and politeness to *gentlemen*, although he was reported to make up for it by his excessive severity towards poor, miserable wretches who had the ill luck to be brought before him. "I am sorry for your misfortune," he repeated, "and would advise you to cause an advertisement to be inserted in the daily papers immediately. If you offer a reward above the real value of the article lost, I think there is little doubt that it will be returned."

"I hope so," returned the gentleman. "I would freely give a reward of ten times its value, to have it restored to me."

"And now, gentlemen, you are at liberty to go. If you like to give me your names ——"

"Why ——"

"Never mind—never mind," said the obliging magistrate. "It may not be pleasant, and in that case——"

"Oh yes," replied one of the gentlemen, haughtily, "we have no objection to give you our names—none at all. Why should we? Let me see: My name's Smith, and my friend's name is Jones. Our friends, Messrs. Brown and Robinson, will be waiting breakfast for us, sir; so we will wish you good morning"—and the two companions smiled at each other, as though they had perpetrated a capital joke, although evidently the justice did not understand the gist of it; for he politely bowed them out, saying:—

"I wish you a very good morning, Mr. Smith, and you also, Mr. Jones, and trust you will suffer no inconvenience from your exposure and incarceration. If I knew where I could find you, gentlemen, I would make it my business to call and inquire after your healths—humph!"

"Where you could find us, sir? We shall be happy to see you, I'm sure. Where *do* we live, War—Jones, I mean? Let me see. Ah! the Washington Hotel—Messrs. Smith and Jones, at the Washington Hotel, sir, will be happy to see you, at any time you can find them there;" and so saying, and

laughing at their own wit, they were about leaving the room, when the landlord of the saloon interrupted them, and asked the justice whether he was not to be paid for the damage done to his establishment.

Further remark was however prevented by one of the gentlemen tossing him a couple of gold pieces, with which he retired, perfectly satisfied, and not without reason, since the damage so loudly spoken of amounted only to the breakage of some half-dozen glass tumblers; and the quantity of wine drank, or at any rate, paid for, more than doubly repaid the loss sustained: the barkeeper would have been glad, to have met with similar damage every night.

Hardly had the two strangers quitted the justice-room, the watchmen still remaining, when Higsby stepped up to the magistrate and whispered in his ear:—

“Mr. Crawley, I should like to speak with you alone for a minute or two. I think I know something of the pin the gentleman spoke of. We may manage to secure the reward, Mr. Crawley.”

“Hey—what do you say—secure the reward? Wait till a reward is offered. He has not advertised yet.”

“No, sir, I know that: but about this matter. Can I speak with you alone, or not?”

“Speak with me, Higsby? Oh! certainly. Alone do you say. Yes, I will dismiss the men? You can go,” he said, addressing the assembled guardians of the night. “I fancy you have made a good night’s work of it. No objection to such a windfall in the shape of two tipsy men every night, eh?”

“No, sir,” answered one or two of the men, as they left the room, and shortly Higsby and the justice were alone.

“What about this pin, Higsby?” said the justice, who had reasons for treating this man with greater favor than his comrades of the many-caped coat, and lantern.

“I think I know where it can be found.”

“You do! Where? You haven’t got it?”

“No—but—” and he bent his lips to the ear of the justice, and whispered :—

“Carter has.”

“Carter has the breast-pin! Impossible, Higsby! You are joking.”

“Carter has the breast-pin, and if you get a search-warrant out directly, you will find it in the breast-pocket of his watch-coat; but you must be quick, or he may place it somewhere else, or perhaps, in anticipation of a reward, and of being praised for his honesty, he may carry it to the owner. He’s just the fellow to play off such a piece of hypocrisy.”

Justice Crawley hated Carter, as much as he favored Higsby, and for the same reasons that Carter had incurred the dislike of Higsby himself, viz. : because he could not get him to swerve from the path of his duty, for political or any other purposes; and because, conscious of his own short-comings, he disbelieved in the virtue of others, and considered Joseph Carter’s honesty of purpose and strict attention to his duty, to result from hypocrisy, or, as he termed it, “cant.”

“That *would be* a capital joke, to catch Carter with the pin in his possession,” he said, gleefully. “Not that I believe he wouldn’t steal it, or anything else, if he got the chance, although he pretends to such strict honesty. But are you sure of it?”

“Sure that when he went out, just now, the pin was in his coat-pocket.”

“Why didn’t you say so before he left? I would have had him searched here, before the strangers, and in the presence of the other watchmen.”

“And then he might have said that he had taken it out of the gentleman’s cravat, and kept it in his possession for safety, intending to restore it, as I did the watch. Or he might have said he found it. Now the fact of his having left with it in his possession, is proof enough to condemn him, after he has heard the loss spoken of, and the assertion of the gentleman that he would offer a large reward.”

"True, true," said the justice. "I will make out a warrant, and you shall go to his house and make the search."

"Perhaps some one else had better be sent," said Higsby. "Carter and I are not very good friends, and it might look—"

"Ah! I understand you," interrupted the magistrate. "Well, I will issue the warrant. Send Allan and Dempster in here—they shall serve it. Where do you say you saw Carter secrete the pin?"

"In the breast-pocket of his watch-coat."

"Very well!" and the justice drew out and signed the warrant.

Meanwhile the two men designated by the justice entered, and were instructed how to proceed.

"As soon as you reach Carter's house, show him the warrant, and immediately one of you seize hold of his watch-coat,—if he has it on; if not, demand it—feel in the breast-pocket, and I have reason to believe you will there find the agate breast-pin the gentleman who was brought here last night, lamented having lost this morning. Bring it here, and bring Carter along with you, too!"

The men started to perform the duty, and meanwhile the justice proceeded with the other cases brought before him.

There was a delicate female, whose emaciated appearance told too plainly that she was far gone with consumption. The crime alleged against her, was that she had been found wandering the streets late at night, without being able to give any account of herself. She was so weak that she had to be supported by an officer of the court while undergoing her examination.

"What have you got to say for yourself, woman?" said the justice, addressing the poor creature.

"I have nothing to say, sir. I was disturbing no one; but sitting quietly on a door-step, when the watchman took me up and brought me here."

“Why weren't you at home? What o'clock was it, Higsby, when you arrested this woman?”

“Past midnight, sir.”

“Past midnight, eh? A pretty time of night for a young woman to be found sitting upon a door-step! Why were you not at home?”

“Alas! sir,” exclaimed the poor creature, “I have no home!”

“You have no home, eh? That's a likely story. How do you get your living? I needn't ask, though.”

The pallid face of the poor young woman flushed to the deepest crimson as she listened to the indelicate implication in these words; but she meekly replied:

“You are mistaken, sir, if you think me one of the unfortunates to whom I imagine you allude. I am a seamstress, and for many months past, I have earned a scanty living by my needle; but at last my health, never very good, failed me, and I was laid on a sick bed. I recovered sufficiently to enable me to seek employment again; but they told me at the store for which I had been working, that my place had been filled up, and they had nothing for me to do. They would not make any engagement with any one who was in such feeble health as me. I went to three or four others, and received a similar answer. Weak with my recent illness, worn out with fatigue, and dispirited, I returned to my lodgings; but while I had been absent, my landlady, with whom I was some weeks in arrears, had sold the poor remnants of my furniture, and I was told that since I had come back without obtaining work, I could remain there no longer, and the door was shut in my face. I had nothing before me but the streets and starvation. I wandered to the river—I walked up and down the piers, for hours. Something whispered in my ear, ‘Die! Religion is a fallacy; the care of a watchful Providence, a silly delusion. Does not reason say that those who are unhappy and unfortunate in the world, are better out of it? Die!—the water is deep, and

death will come speedily, and then utter oblivion. Futurity is but a dream. Once rid of life, and the hereafter is one of nothingness!’ Oh sir, I was almost wicked and weak enough to listen to these temptings of the fiend; but I struggled hard against them, and conquered. I left the spot; and wearied out, unable to go further, I sat down on a door-step, near the Park, where I was arrested by the watchman, and brought here.”

“You have told your story pretty well, young woman,” said the justice; “but, unfortunately for you, it happens to be one that I am too accustomed to hear. A good many tell me the same tale, ringing the changes upon it a little, for variety’s sake; but it won’t do with me. I shall commit you to jail for one month, with hard labor, as a vagrant, and I hope the lesson will teach you to act differently in future.”

“Oh, sir!” exclaimed the poor girl, bursting into tears, “I am not what you deem me—indeed I am not. I feel too that I have but a short time to live. I am dying now. Send me to a hospital—anywhere—and you will do me a kindness; but let not my last hours be spent in jail, amongst the outcasts of society. I am not a criminal, sir, and I am not able to labor.”

“Take her away, officer,” said the justice, hastily. “I can’t listen to this nonsense all day. Bring up the next case.”

The poor woman was carried rather than led out of the room; and a stout, burly young man, whose face was so disfigured by intemperance, and apparently also by the blows received in some recent quarrel, that scarcely a feature was distinguishable.

However, repulsive as was the man’s appearance, the magistrate recognised him.

“Ah! Snawley, my good fellow! you up here again? You must—you really must take better care of yourself, or you will compel me to the exercise of a severity that I should be sorry to exert. What have you to say for yourself? What is the charge against Snawley, Jackson?” addressing the officer.

“Going into a porter-house in William-street, and insisting

upon the landlord treating him and the crowd that was with him; and when the landlord refused, a-drawing out a bowie-knife, and a-threatening to rip him open with it. A fight followed, and all hands got mauled pretty sharply. They fit the watchmen called in to 'rest 'em. Look'e here, yer honor!" said the man, exhibiting a black eye in his own visage, "that chap hit me this blow himself, and would have stabbed Tom Rawkins, if somebody hadn't hit him on the arm and knocked the knife out of his hand."

"This is a sad account, Snawley," said the magistrate, with a benign smile upon his visage. "I am afraid, if you persist in these little eccentricities, you will compel me to act in a manner I should be sorry to do. If I let you go this time, you will take better care of yourself in future, won't you?"

"Why yes!" answered the man, surlily. "I warnt a-doin' nothin' as it was. Jack Meehan, who keeps the porter-house, has had heaps of my money, and he know'd I was hard up; he ought to have trusted me. He knows how it is with me when I've had a glass or two, and my dander gets riz. There aint no stoppin' this child then, there aint!"

"Well, Snawley," said the magistrate, "taking all things into consideration, I shall discharge you this time. Don't let me see you here again; and stay, here's a dollar for you—(handing him the money)—you say you are hard up. Now recollect what I have done for you."

"Trust me for that," said the hardened scoundrel, with a leer, and a thrust of his tongue against his cheek. "When you wants me, justice, say the word, and Bob Snawley's not the boy to forget his friends."

Scarcely had Snawley departed, before a woman, gaily attired, but whose clothes were torn and covered with dirt, was brought forward. She had evidently once been beautiful. She would have been beautiful still, but for the traces that dissipation had left upon her countenance, and the bold glance of her eyes, as she confronted the magistrate, and the other persons

present. She was charged with having been found intoxicated, and making a disturbance in Broadway; but almost without asking her a single question, she was discharged. And as the justice quitted the Hall, he saw the officers leading away the sick woman who had been brought before him half an hour before. She was weeping piteously; but she found no sympathy—the hardened rowdy and the debased woman of the *pavé*, were looking curiously on at her unavailing struggles to escape the clutch of the officers. She was sent to jail, and despite her feebleness, set to hard labor; and within one fortnight from that period, a cart brought to the door of the penitentiary a plain, rudely constructed coffin, and it carried away, in that coffin, the emaciated remains of that helpless woman, and within in an hour they were buried in Potter's-field.

While these scenes had been enacting at the justice-room, the officers had gone to Joseph Carter's house, where they arrived almost as soon as the watchman himself. He had but just entered and thrown off his watch-coat, which was hanging over his arm.

"We have a warrant to search your house, Carter," said one of the men.

"To search my house! for what?" asked Carter, in a tone of surprise.

"You will soon see," answered the man, who held a grudge against Joseph. "Just hand me here that coat you have on your arm, and perhaps our search 'll soon be over."

"Hand you my coat?" said Joseph, after looking at the warrant; "what can you want with my coat? Here, take it. I don't understand what you have come about."

The officer took the garment, and immediately, as had been directed, plunged his hand into the deep breast-pocket, whence he drew forth the agate pin, and held it up to view.

"P'raps now you know what I have come about," he said. "You recollect what the gentleman said this morning about the pin he had lost?"

"I recollect it well," said Joseph, calmly; but I have no idea how it came into my pocket."

"Dropped in by accident, as the Jew said when the pollis officer found a pair of brass candlesticks in his pockets, I suppose," chuckled the officer; "but come along, we must do our dooty, howsomever painful as it may be, as the judge says when he goes to sentence a man to be hanged. You must go with us to the City Hall, and answer for this here felony before his honor."

"Felony!" exclaimed Joseph, indignantly. "Do you apply that term to me," and his eyes flashed, and his nostrils expanded with passion, as he advanced to the officers, who stepped back simultaneously; for Joseph was a strong muscular man, and would have proved a formidable opponent.

"Hands off, Carter, hands off," said the man who had found the pin, and who had hitherto done all the talking. "You know we are only doing our dooty."

Joseph recollected himself, and calmly surrendered himself to the minions of Justice. "I am ready to go with you," he said, while his wife and daughter looked on terror-stricken. He observed them as he was crossing the threshold of the door, and turning back for moment, he whispered, "Don't be alarmed, I shall be back soon. There is some strange mistake."

"But the pin, Joseph! You did not, you could not have taken the pin?"

"As there is truth in Heaven, I know no more of it than you do, Mary. I cannot conceive how it came into my pocket, unless it has been placed there clandestinely."

"Thank God for that," exclaimed Mrs. Carter. "I believe you, Joseph—I never could think otherwise. You will explain all and soon be back, husband?"

"I hope so, Mary," said Joseph, as he left the house in the custody of the officers.

It was a humiliating position for Joseph Carter, thus to be dragged from his house in broad daylight and in the presence

of his neighbors, who—for slander and detraction fly apace—had by some means become cognizant of the visit of the constables, and who were watching from the doors and windows as they passed up the street with their prisoner, and the foul tongue of scandal found vent, and numerous expressions were heard, to the effect that they had long expected this. “They had no opinion, not they, of folks like the Carters, who set themselves up to be better than their neighbors. It was good for them. Pride must have a fall some day.”

Joseph was conveyed to the City Hall station-house, and locked up for some hours, when the justice again made his appearance, having a copy of the second edition of the *Herald* in his hand, wherein an advertisement had been published, stating that an agate breast-pin had been lost, as was supposed, in the neighborhood of Liberty-street on the previous evening, and offering a reward of two hundred dollars, double the value of the jewel, for its restoration; further stating that it was to be delivered to the superintendent of the City Constabulary at the City Hall, and no questions would be asked.

Higsby was waiting the arrival of the magistrate.

“So the advertisement is out, Higsby, as I expected,” said the latter as he entered the room. “Has that fellow, Carter, been arrested?”

“Yes, sir,” said Higsby. “He is now locked up in one of the rooms.”

“Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith have not been here, Higsby?”

“No, sir.”

“Did you call at the Washington Hotel, as I desired, and mention that you thought something had been heard of the pin?”

“I did, sir; but lor bless yer, there’s no such persons as they there. I thought at first they wos a gassing yer. Smith and Jones weren’t no more their real names than they be yourn and mine.”

“Well, I presume they will call here to make inquiry about the pin. Let this fellow, Carter, be brought up.”

Higsby left the room, and shortly returned, accompanied by a constable leading Carter.

“So, Mr. Carter,” said the magistrate, when Joseph entered. “You’re a pretty fellow to hold the office of City Watchman. You’ve been making a profitable trade of it, no doubt; but you’ve run the length of your tether at last. How can you account for the gentleman’s breast-pin being in your possession?”

“I cannot account for it,” said Joseph.

“No, of course not. It was quite an accident, of course.”

“Neither can I account for the suspicion falling so directly upon *me*. Had *I* stolen the pin, that would not have been the case. It looks very much as if some one had purposely placed it where they knew so easily where to find it.” And he looked full into the face of Higsby as he spoke.

“Oh, ho, Mr. Carter!” said the Justice. “We know you were always famous at an argument—but I fancy you will find it harder than you think for, to get over this. I shall commit you for trial. Nothing can be more definite. The stolen property was found in your possession, and every opportunity was afforded you for appropriating it, during the fracas of last evening.”

“It seems to me, Mr. Crawley,” said Joseph, indignantly, “that you are exceeding your powers. You certainly can commit me for trial; but you have no right thus to decide upon my guilt.”

“So! you are insolent, eh? Well, I fancy we shall be able to tame you! You had best be civil, for your own sake!”

“Mr. Smith—the gent as was here this morning—has called, to know if anything has yet been heard of his breast-pin?” said an officer—opening the door, and putting his head into the room.

“Desire Mr. Smith to step up stairs, Hallett,” said the magistrate; and presently that gentleman entered.

“You see I have lost no time in calling,” said he, as he advanced. “The advertisement was not printed two hours ago; but I have caused bills to be stuck up everywhere about the city, and I thought, perhaps, as the value of the article is so disproportionate to the reward I have offered, it might be already returned. To tell the truth, I am really exceedingly anxious for its recovery.”

“I am happy to say it is already found, and this person”—pointing to Higsby—“is entitled to any reward you may wish to give,” said the magistrate. “In fact, he is doubly meritorious, since he has succeeded in detecting a rogue amongst those to whom the guardianship of the city is entrusted; this man”—looking at Joseph Carter—“who was one of the party of watchmen who brought you here last night, took the pin from your breast, and it was found in his pocket to-day.”

The gentleman thus addressed looked keenly at Carter, who, in his turn, confronted his gaze with a steady eye. He then said quietly, “Did you take this pin from my person?”

“No sir, I did not, nor do I know how it came into my possession, although I have my suspicions.”

“Am I to understand that you wish to prosecute in this case, sir?” asked the magistrate.

“No, I shall not prosecute. I have recovered my pin; that is all I require.” Then again addressing Joseph, he said:—“Do I recollect aright; was it not you who remarked this morning, that my watch was taken from my fob to save it from being lost?”

“It was, sir,” said Joseph.

“Then all I have to say is, that although I allowed myself to be so disgracefully overcome with wine that I appeared insensible to what was going on around, I was able to notice and recollect most that was passing. I recollect my watch being removed from my person by this man here, who claims

to have procured me the ring. I recollect the manner in which it was taken, although I cannot remember when I lost the pin. Perhaps, sir, after having made this statement"—and again his glance fell upon Higsby—"you will think it advisable not to urge a prosecution against the watchman."

"Certainly not, if you object to it," said the magistrate—who saw how the tables were turning—"but," he added, hesitatingly, "the reward mentioned in this advertisement ——"

"Shall be paid," interrupted the gentleman—as taking out his pocket-book and counting the money, he handed it to Higsby—saying, as he did so:—

"I shall expect that, with respect to the *manner* in which the breast-pin was recovered, nothing will be said. It will perhaps be better for all present to keep their own counsel."

"Certainly, sir, if you say so," replied the obsequious and somewhat crest-fallen Higsby, as he pocketed the money—for he felt, in spite of his obtuseness, that he was suspected himself of having taken it and placed it in Carter's pocket. The gentleman then wished the magistrate good-day, and stalked haughtily out of the room—signaling for Joseph to follow him.

"I suspect there has been foul-play here," said he to the watchman, as they descended the steps together into the Park. I would not have paid that fellow the reward, had I not feared that, by withholding it, I might get you into further trouble. Now, sir, permit me to reward you for the recovery of my watch; for I believe, had it not been for your honesty, I should have lost both that and the pin."

"I cannot take any payment for simply doing my duty, sir," replied Joseph; "but I thank you sir for your good opinion."

"But you may suffer through the malevolence of these people. It is disgraceful to see such a man as that magistrate on the bench. Reports may get abroad unfavorable to your character."

"I am afraid," answered Joseph, "they have gone abroad already; but I will trust to the good opinion I have striven

throughout life to obtain, for integrity of character, to render them powerless."

"Then you refuse my offer?"

"Gratefully refuse it, sir."

"Nevertheless, you may want a friend. I am not a native of your city, nor am I an American; still I am in a position to befriend you, should you need help. I, of course, gave a false name and address to the magistrate this morning, and I do not wish it to be generally known who I am; but I will give you my card, hoping that you will not scruple to write to me, should circumstances occur that may render a friend necessary."

He presented a card to Joseph, as he spoke, and the latter glancing at the name, started with surprise. He was about to speak, when the gentleman took his hand and shook it warmly. "You will, of course, keep what you have so strangely become acquainted with a profound secret," he said. "Mention it to no one; but do not scruple to use me for your benefit, hereafter, should you need it. Good-bye." And before Joseph had recovered from his surprise, the gentleman was hastening away in an opposite direction.

To the great delight of his wife and child, Joseph made his appearance at home. Mrs. Carter was almost frantic with joy when her husband returned. He related to her all that had occurred, only keeping back the real name of the stranger, and endeavored to soothe the anger she felt when she heard how it had been sought to fasten a frightful crime upon him. He had been too much excited himself to be fit for labor that afternoon, and he spent the rest of the day at home. Fortunately it was not his turn to watch that night, and after returning thanks to the Great Being who had so signally interposed to save him from the machinations of evil-minded men, he retired early to rest.

But the tongue of slander had been busy, and he found that notwithstanding the manner in which he had escaped the snare

which had been laid for him, his enemies had partially succeeded. The next morning he received a notice to the effect that it would be advisable for him to resign his post as one of the city watch, since the Board had come to the conclusion to appoint younger and more active men; and although he was not sorry, in one sense, for this—for, as has been heretofore stated, he had wished to resign, and had accepted the office for another term against his own secret inclinations and against the wish of his wife—he felt that it was unpleasant to be thus summarily dismissed, knowing, as he did, the cause of the dismissal.

On reaching Mr. Blunt's store, in South-street, he noticed the laborers whispering together and casting suspicious glances upon him, as he passed, and his own son did not, as was his custom, come out of the office to greet him. He made an errand to pass by the window, and cautiously glanced in at the boy. He was weeping, and the father felt this to be "the most unkindest cut of all."

At ten o'clock, when Mr. Blunt came into the store, he sent to request Joseph to come to him, in the counting-room; and upon his entering, his employer bade him sit down.

"What is this I hear, Carter, about a robbery having been committed upon the person of a gentleman who was found intoxicated near your beat, the night before last? I cannot believe all that I have heard, is true, and I have so much confidence in you, that I wish to hear the details from your own lips."

Joseph told all, and told it so boldly and clearly, yet withal, so modestly, that he was readily credited. Mr. Blunt felt satisfied that he was telling the truth.

"I believe you, Carter," he said, when Joseph had finished his recital; "although strange tales to your prejudice have been industriously circulated amongst my servants, and William here, has almost cried his eyes out, poor fellow. However, you have rather gained than lost in my good opinion,

Joseph," he added, advancing and taking him by the hand; and then addressing the boy, he said, "go to your father, William, and tell him how thankful you are that the malevolence of his enemies has failed; and learn boy, from this event, the value of a good name. Had your father not established a character for honesty beyond suspicion, an occurrence such as this, would have been sufficient to have ruined him in the estimation of all honest men."

The boy dried up his tears and went to his father and kissed him, and Joseph, thanking Mr. Blunt for his consideration, and for the good opinion he entertained of him, went to his duties. But it was long before the mischief thus easily engendered, was repaired—so very much-easier is it to lose than to gain a good repute among men.

CHAPTER XII.

WHICH TELLS OF GEORGE HARTLEY'S SUCCESS.

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.”

SHAKESPEARE.

FOR several days subsequently to the interview with Charles Edwards, described in a previous chapter, George Hartley had been so busily occupied at home that, except at meal-times, his wife had hardly seen him for a moment. Several times she had endeavored to entice him into conversation, but in vain; he was so completely engrossed with his account-books, that not a word could be got out of him. Mrs. Hartley could endure it in silence no longer.

“George,” she said, one evening, “I am sure there is something the matter; you are poring so constantly over those nasty books.”

“Yes, my love,” was the reply.

“Then there really is something the matter? I hope nothing serious, George.”

“I am afraid it will turn out to be very serious,” replied Hartley, knitting his brows and compressing his lips.

“Dear George, you frighten me,” said his wife. “There is nothing wrong at the office, dear? You are not going to leave?”

“Oh no,” said George. “It does not affect me further than to cause me an extra amount of labor, which I don’t expect to be paid for; but you will know soon enough. I am bound to secrecy; but matters cannot be hushed up much longer. I

fancy you will see something about it in the papers to-morrow or next day."

"Bound to keep anything secret from your wife, George?" said Mrs. Hartley. "I'm sure nobody has any right to bind you to any such promise as that. I have a right to know all that concerns you."

"But, my dear, this doesn't concern me."

"You tell me so, for fear of alarming me."

"Nonsense, my dear."

"Yes, nonsense! That's always your way of answering me when I am anxious about anything; as if I were a child, and unworthy to share your confidence."

How much longer this dispute matrimonial was continued, matters not. It is sufficient to say that Mrs. Hartley gained her end, as she generally managed to do, and heard that night a piece of news that all New York was ringing with the next morning, when the following paragraph appeared in the papers:—

"We learn that a confidential employée in the extensive and wealthy firm of Wilson & Co., of this city, is suspected of having embezzled money to the large amount of between fifty and one hundred thousand dollars. We refrain from mentioning names or publishing further details at present, as the affair is undergoing a rigid investigation, and to publish premature disclosures, might defeat the ends of justice. It is said that the young man who has been guilty of this fraud, and who is very respectably connected, has left the city, and it is supposed has fled into Canada, or is on his way to Europe."

The fraud was so extensive and the family of the defaulter so high in the social scale—for notwithstanding the silence of the newspapers on that point, his name was pretty generally known—that for some days, the subject was the general topic of conversation, it not happening to be election time, when the excitement of rival parties, in favor of their particular candidate, absorbs every thing else, and renders even the most atro-

cious murders, or the most sanguinary war, mere commonplace-matters, in comparison to sending Bill Styles to Congress, or electing Jonathan Wild to the office of Mayor. And as the immediate subordinate of the defaulting clerk had been for several weeks confined to his bed by sickness, and George Hartley had during that period temporarily filled his place, he was the only one who could satisfactorily examine the books, and ascertain the real nature and extent of the embezzlement. Thus it was that he had been so busily engaged both at the office and at home, and sorely he grumbled at the hard work imposed upon him; for he did not allow himself to hope that he would receive any benefit from it. However, he did his duty ably and honestly, and a few days afterwards, his task having been completed, he returned home one evening evidently in high spirits. After tea, he placed a \$100 bill upon the table, to the astonishment and delight of his wife, who exclaimed—

“Why George! where *did* you get so much money?”

“To-day, my dear, not only have I finished my task in examining into Hallam’s fraudulent entries, but our yearly accounts have been balanced. You recollect I told you that I was promised a ‘compliment,’ if my employers were satisfied with me, although I placed little faith in the promise. Well, to-day we were called one by one into Mr. Wilson’s private office, and this \$100 was given to me, with some very flattering remarks upon my good conduct. I certainly did not expect at any rate more than \$25, or at most \$50, and I suppose this handsome present is intended as a recompense for the extra labor I have lately had to perform.”

“Now, George,” said Mrs. Hartley, coaxingly, “won’t you get me the new window-curtains I spoke about? and I do so want a new hat, dear.”

George smiled. “I fancy, my love,” he said, “that my poor \$100 bill would soon melt away, if I were to listen to your economical ideas of making the most of it. However, you

shall have a new ‘hat,’ as you call a bonnet, I presume, according to the latest fashion of the ladies’ vocabulary; but I do think the curtains will last out this winter, and you know how deeply we are in debt.”

Mrs. Hartley was so delighted with her husband’s ready concurrence in her latter request, that conscious as she was of being in debt, she said no more about the coveted new curtains, but busied herself with him in devising means how to expend the bulk of the sum—trifling, but a mine of wealth to them—so as to satisfy the most pressing of their creditors for the time being; and with the money for the purchase of the new bonnet in her purse, she retired to rest in a most happy humor.

We have mentioned that fortune, unknown to him, was hovering over the head of George Hartley, ready to shower her favors upon him. He was summoned the next morning into the presence of his employers.

“Mr. Hartley,” said the principal of the firm, “we mentioned to you yesterday that we were highly pleased with your general conduct since you have been in our employ. In consequence of the illness of Mr. Jones, you have had an opportunity afforded you of getting an insight into the nature of our business, which under other circumstances you might not have had for years. It was our intention, in case Mr. Jones did not recover—and we fear, poor fellow, he is dying—to have promoted you to his desk. The late unfortunate occurrence, however, has opened to your observation another and a more intricate branch of our business, and we are so pleased with your promptitude and industry, and with the skill you have shown yourself to be possessed of, that we have resolved to advance you to a much more important position. We could readily procure the services of older and more experienced men, who would gladly give security for their honesty, and thus prevent the recurrence of such a loss as we have lately met with; but we have decided to advance you to the desk lately occupied by

Mr. Hallam. Henceforward, consider yourself our cashier. Your salary will be eighteen hundred dollars per annum."

George Hartley was so surprised, so overjoyed at this fortunate turn in the tide of his affairs, that he was almost unable to speak. He essayed to do so; but his words were choked in the utterance; he stammered out some unintelligible words, expressive of his feelings, and hastily left the office; and it was not until he had remained at his desk for hours, thinking over his good fortune that he recovered his composure.

On his way home, he called at a dry goods store and ordered the curtains his wife so much coveted, resolved at the same time to surprise and gratify her, and to listen to her astonishment at his generosity, before he told her of his good fortune; and to insure its prompt delivery, he carried home the parcel himself, and untying it, spread it out proudly upon the table.

"Oh, George!" said Mrs. Hartley, "what beautiful curtains! How good of you to concoct this surprise for me, after telling me, too, you naughty boy, that you could not afford them this winter; but dear George," she added "I fear I was inclined to be extravagant, and perhaps you have debarred yourself of something you require, to purchase these curtains?"

"No, my love. I hope before long—not just yet, but before long—we shall be able to pay all our debts and to live in a better style than we have hitherto done."

"What do you mean, George?" asked his wife.

George told her of the good fortune that had befallen him, and the little woman was half crazy with joy. After she had in some degree recovered herself, she launched forth into such hopeful anticipations of the future, into such extravagant fancies as to what she would do; what a nice house, what handsome furniture they should have, and as to where and at what fashionable watering-place she should spend the next summer, that at length George laughed outright, and playfully reminded her that he had his increased salary yet to earn, his debts yet

to pay, and that eighteen hundred dollars a-year, would not make him a millionaire. However, the advance was so large and so unexpected, that both he and his wife were excusable in thinking somewhat extravagantly of their future income, although George could not help recollecting that he had once thought six hundred dollars a-year a small fortune, and as he remembered how his former Chateaux en Espagne had dissolved like a "baseless fabric of a vision" into thin air, he felt a foreboding that he might, with new desires of comfort and luxury engendered, find three times that amount all too little for his cravings. With a woman's cheerful hope and lively fancy, however, Mrs. Hartley saw her future path through life strewn with roses, and she, wisely perhaps, did not trouble herself about the thorns that *might* be hidden beneath the flowers.

There were many heart-burnings with regard to George's good fortune amongst his fellow-clerks in the office, some of whom, who had been employed there for years, and had held better situations than he, considering him an interloper, thought that they should have been preferred before him; and even amongst his acquaintances, who outwardly warmly congratulated him, feelings of envy were engendered; and Potter, especially, although he smiled and fawned and flattered, grumbled bitterly at the success of his former friend.

"Just my luck," he observed to a croney of his with whom he was conversing upon the subject, "just my luck! It was I who got Hartley into that office. 'Pon my soul I recommended him to the place, a paltry five or six hundred a-year, as I thought it would be. I never imagined there was such luck in store for him, or else, Bob, depend upon it, I would have accepted it myself. I was begged to accept it. I was indeed; and now, there he is installed cashier,—just because he happened to come from Dublin, where old Wilson was born; and now he'll be as proud as Lucifer, I suppose. You know the old adage 'set a beggar on horse-back,' " &c.

But George Hartley was in reality a fine, generous, whole-

souled Irishman; and although, perhaps, a trifle given to the extravagance, characteristic of his countrymen, he had not a particle of meanness or pride (and they are generally found in close companionship), in his disposition. He was rejoiced at his own success, and he had good and justifiable reason to be so; but he had not a thought of looking down upon his former friends.

Affording proof of this, he exerted himself to the utmost to conceal the disgrace that had befallen Charles Edwards, and obtaining the unfortunate young man's promise to repay him if he were able, at some future day, he managed to arrange matters with Mr. Oliver, who, on his part, was not disposed to be harsh, and promising himself to pay the amount Edwards had purloined, (Mr. Oliver generously allowing his own time to make the payment, in instalments,) the wine-merchant promised that he would not make his clerk's roguery public; and more, though he could not now conscientiously recommend him to other employment, if he showed signs of reformation, he would aid him with regard to his future prospects.

Having succeeded thus far, Hartley immediately called upon Edwards, and informing him of the success of his arrangements, he asked him what he thought of doing.

"I don't know," replied Edwards, in a desponding manner.

"Have you any hope of getting into another situation?" asked George.

"What! here in New York?" said Edwards. "Oh no, not here—I could not remain here—I should be ashamed to walk the streets. I could not face Mr. Oliver."

"You have nothing to fear from him, Charles," replied George. "But, if you would prefer to leave the city, I will try what I can do for you. I am in constant intercourse with gentlemen from all parts of the country, and I will mention you to every one who I think likely to assist you. But Charles, you must not be angry. I cannot recommend you personally. I will not say anything to your prejudice, but will merely men

tion that I am acquainted with you. Your future conduct, should I be happy enough to procure you employment, must be your recommendation."

"You turn from me like the rest," said Charles, moodily.

"Has my conduct towards you shown that?" asked George. "Charles, I will speak plainly with you. I was nearly getting myself into trouble, perhaps disgrace, through your misfortune, and can you ask me to recommend you—to speak for your character? Only my confidence in your promises of amendment, my sorrow for your wife and family, and my recollection of our former acquaintance, when together seeking employment, we wandered through the streets of this city, have led me still to interest myself in your welfare. And I am willing to add, that I have hopes for you, and that what has occurred, shall be forgotten by me."

"You forget that I might have been in your position," said Edwards.

"No, Charles. I do not forget that you *might* perhaps have obtained the junior clerkship at Messrs. Wilsons', had you chosen to apply for it; but you refused. I did not supplant you, and you are ungenerous in saying what you do. You say, too, that I am turning against you like the rest! Like whom, Charles? Mr. Oliver has not turned against you. He has acted most generously. I do not think you can say I have acted otherwise. Many would blame me for what I am now offering to do—for what I have done. But you will think differently by and by. Your temper is chafed just now. Think over what I have said, and in the course of a day or two, I will see you again. Good night;" and shaking him by the hand, Hartley left the house and went home.

Various opportunities offered, in George Hartley's new position of confidential clerk and cashier, in a house like that of Messrs. Wilson & Co., which would have enabled him to procure Edwards employment; but he wisely resolved that he would not mention his name in reference to any employment,

in which a breach of trust, with regard to money matters, was possible; but after a day or two, he succeeded in procuring for him an engagement as light porter in a shipping house in Boston; the member of the firm who offered to engage him, observing that if, after a fair trial, they found him active and trustworthy, they would probably promote him to a better situation—and Charles accepted the situation; for he had thought over what Hartley had said, and his conscience had told him that George was right, and that he had acted basely, and accused his friend wrongfully. Hartley, at considerable inconvenience to himself, just then, advanced money sufficient to enable Edwards to remove himself and his family to Boston, and within a week he received a letter from him, thanking him for his kindness, and assuring him that he was comfortably situated in his new employment, and was resolved that his friend should not suffer for his generosity.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WRECK AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

“The whale he whistled; the porpoise rolled;
The dolphin bared his back of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to earth the ocean child.”

OLD SONG.

“Then flew from sea to sky the wild farewell;
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave.

DON JUAN.

THE weather cleared up after the Sea Gull had been two or three days at sea, and nothing beyond matters of ordinary, every day occurrence, took place until the vessel had crossed the equator and was well on her way to the Cape of Good Hope. Henry had done his best to become acquainted with the ship's duties during the passage, and at the expiration of five or six weeks, he had become a handy, useful lad. He had ingratiated himself with the captain and first mate, and, although the second mate still felt sore at times, (for he was a cross-grained, surly fellow,) when he thought of the accident with the main-royal, even he acknowledged, that the lad was as good and smart a lad as one out of twenty that lumber up a ship's deck. But Henry's chief favorite and instructor, and almost constant companion—for they were in the same “watch”—was an elderly man named Jenkins—the best seaman on board—a thorough old sea dog, whose whole life had been spent upon the water, he having, as he asserted, been born aboard a ship in a gale of wind, and on that account, claiming for himself a cos-

mopolitan nationality, so to speak—for he asserted that his ocean birth made him, *pro tem.*, a native of the country from which the ship hailed that he happened to be on board of—and Jack Jenkins had been on board of all sorts of ships. He had served both in the English and American navies, and on board the merchantships of both countries, and if he might be believed, on board ships of every other country that boasted of a mercantile or national marine; and perhaps Jack's assertions were true, for he had sailed about the ocean for more than sixty years, and in that long period of time he surely had had ample opportunity of seeing the world. Like most men of his class, Jack Jenkins had an aptitude for "spinning long yarns," and generally speaking they were remarkable for their originality—for Jack had some queer notions of his own—and Henry was never happier than when, during the "middle watch," the ancient mariner would loll with him over the bulwarks, and tell him some of his strange stories, while he watched the phosphorescent gleam of the sea, as the vessel cut her way through the yielding waters. Jack Jenkins was unable to read, and thus Henry had at other times, on Sundays, and during the watch below, abundance of opportunities of reciprocating the favors of the old man by reading the Bible to him on a Sabbath—for let people say what they may, Jack at sea is religious, to a certain extent, and the Bible is seen more commonly in the hands of sailors at sea on Sunday, than in those of any other class of men on shore—and on week days by reading to him from the few other odd volumes to be found in the fore-castle, and which chiefly related to nautical affairs—such as histories of voyage, and common sea novels.

Jack had but one failing, if such it could be termed. He was a stout, podgy man, and possessed a high admiration of that which he considered education in others; but although endowed with a thorough simplicity of character, he entertained a most exalted opinion of his own natural gifts. Henry had been reading to him the narrative of "John Adams," relating

to Fletcher Christian, and the mutineers of the *Bounty*, and his imagination had become strongly excited by the account of the manner in which old Adams had trained up the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island, the descendants of the mutineers and their native paramours, in the paths of virtue and morality; and a strange fancy had seized hold upon him that he was well fitted to do the like benefit to the inhabitants of some one or other of the numerous Islands of Oceanica, or of the Eastern Archipelago. As the vessel neared the southern promontory of the African Continent, the weather began to grow more changeable, and one night when Henry and his aged messmate were on watch together, the wind sensibly increased within an hour after they had come upon deck. The ship was now rapidly nearing the African coast; but, although the sea was running high, forming those mountainous waves peculiar to that portion of Neptune's stormy domain, the wind was favorable and the ship snugly trimmed, so that no danger was to be apprehended. Henry had been taking his turn at the lee wheel, and on coming forward he found Jack Jenkins parading the fore-castle deck as steadily as he could with the heavy rolling of the vessel, and he joined him.

The night was pitchy dark, and the streaks of white foam which girded the tops of the lofty waves and marked the track of the vessel's wake, looked startling amidst the deep gloom, while the mad, headlong rush of the ship, impelled by the wild fury of the wind, now increased to a gale, was calculated to inspire feelings of considerable terror in the minds of those who were novices to the feelings of "they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters; for these people see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

The sight was sufficiently impressive, even to those habituated to it, and Henry looked around him at the "darkness visible," and watched the heavy rolling of the ship, while the wind whistled shrilly through the now almost bare rigging—

for the sail had been still more reduced while he had been engaged at the helm—with a feeling of mingled awe and admiration.

For some time the old tar and the neophyte in nautical matters paced the unsteady deck together in silence. At length Jenkins spoke. Notwithstanding the difference in their ages and experience, the old seaman treated the other with much more familiarity than boys are usually treated by seamen on board ship. Indeed this familiarity was also accompanied with a sort of deference to the other's opinions; for Henry, young as he was, was a scholar in the eyes of Jack Jenkins, and we have heretofore observed that he had a high admiration for education.

"A rough night this, bo'," he said. "I thou't as we should catch it soon; for the Mother Carey's chickens has been a-following on us up closely, and I allers finds as they bring a gale o' wind in their wake. What is your opinion, Henry, of the belief that sailors has, that the souls of them as has gone to Davy Jones' Locker, flies about in them 'ere small birds?"

"Don't you recollect, Jack," replied Henry, "what I was reading the other day? The book said it was a mere superstition, and that the birds were to be seen as frequently in a calm as in a storm. It said that they come in search of food, and that possibly, to account for the idea that they are more numerous in lowering weather than at other times, they may at such seasons find a greater difficulty in procuring the animalculæ that float on the surface of the water, upon which they subsist, and consequently approach closer to the vessels, in the anticipation of picking something up from the slops thrown overboard."

"Well bo', you've been at school, and are book-larned, and ought to know; but nobody shan't shake my belief in what I've stated—cause why? 'Cause I've sort o' had oc'lar demonstration, as the books say."

"I should like to hear you tell of it," said Henry, in antici-

pation of hearing a yarn, to relieve the tedium of the watch. "Suppose you tell me, Jack."

"Well, Henry, though I don't like to talk o' such matters in such stormy weather as this, and in the dark night, yet, as likely the books'd say that's superstition too, I don't mind telling you. You know I've been many a year at sea. Indeed the first recollection I have of myself, is being on the deck of a ship. So, you see I ain't likely to be superstitious in such matters; but that's neither here nor there. It's now some thirty years ago since I was aboard Nelson's fleet, when he scoured the West lugee seas, in search of Villeneuve, the French admiral and his squadron. That were afore ever I joined Uncle Sam's navy. But that's no matter. I had a 'chum' there, who was like a brother to me—more nor any brother I ever know'd; because I never had any brothers or sisters. Well, you know, the chase arter Villeneuve was useless; because, when he found Nelson were arter him, he dodged and sailed back to France with his fleet, in a very unhandsome-like manner, 'cause he must have know'd as the English admiral had come all that way a-purpose to fight him. Howsomever, we cruised up and down, and to and fro among the islands, and one day my messmate, whose name was Dickson, fell overboard from the jib-boom, just at 'seven bells,' in the 'dog-watch.' Well, the ship had considerable of headway through the water, and, as it were nearly dark, although we 'hove to,' and throw'd the life-buoy overboard, we never got no signs on him. The ship must have passed right over him; for he never rose.

"Of course I was much cut up, and so was the whole ship's company; for Dickson was a favorite on board. That night we sighted the island of Barbadoes, and were hugging the land pretty closely, and I was sent aloft to look out for the lights in the port we were approaching. Just as I hailed the deck, singing out that I see'd the lights, a heavy squall struck the ship and gave her a considerable lurch, and at the same moment

I heard a voice holler out right under me, just like that of Dickson's, and a Mother Carey's chicken a'most struck agin my face. Now I allers had a belief that that 'ere voice was Dickson's; for he was used to be the reg'lar look-out in the fore-top. More by token the next day, we stranded upon a shoal just outside the harbor, and it's my opinion that 'ere voice was a warning. I said as much to the leutenant of my watch, afterwards; but he laughed at me, and would have it that the voice was made by the old goat, who had her leg broken by the fall of a cask, occasioned by the lurch just at the moment I sung out; but I wants to know how a Mother Carey's chicken came to be so near me at that time o' the night, if it warn't Sam Dickson's spirit?"

"Well, I guess," said Henry, "the lieutenant was right, Jack, and that it was the goat made the noise, and I don't see any great wonder in a solitary sea-bird hovering about the vessel, although the hour was unusual."

"Henry, I'd have thought better of you bo'. That's just the way long-shore folks talk; but I won't believe but that 'ere voice *was* the voice of my old shipmate—'specially as we got ashore a few hours afterwards. Henry," continued Jack, after a pause, "you're only a youngster, yet somehow or other I've taken to you more than ever I did to any body, but poor Sam. I don't like to talk of these 'ere matters at such times—so we'll speak o' something else. I'm a going to tell you a piece of my mind, as I've never told to any body afore—'cause why? They'd maybe laugh at me, and call me an old fool; but you won't bo', will ye? You won't call old Jack Jenkins, as is old enough to be your granf'ther, an old fool?" and he patted the boy on the head.

"No," said Henry.

"Well then, ever since the morning you read out o' that book, about the people on Pitcairn's Island, I've been a thinking what a power of good *I* might do if I was to get to live ashore, and become king o' one them cannibal islands as I've seen in

the East Ingee seas, with nothing but naked savages on 'em. I might train 'em up like old Adams did the t'others, in the ways of vartue and religion, and so become a blessing to 'em. I've often thought, when I've been wandering up and down the deck, lonely-like, as how every man had some dooty to do in this 'ere world, if so be as he hopes to clear out with clean papers and a good conscience on his cruise to t'other one; and it appears to me as I had a 'call,' to civilize one of them 'ere islands."

Young as Henry was, the idea of the old seaman seemed to him so ludicrous, that notwithstanding his promise and his real respect for Jack, he could hardly help laughing; but he restrained himself, although he ventured on a joke, and said:—

“What, and marry half-a-dozen wives, and become a grand Turk on your own account, like the stories I sometimes read in the ‘Arabian Nights?’”

“I didn't mean 'xactly that,” continued the old man, seriously; “though I can't see any thing wrong in that view of the subject neither. Ye see I've studied it over in my mind bo'. I'm a man, altho' a sailor, which professes religion, and I knows that some o' the wisest men in the Bible had hundreds of wives and conkerbines. Now these 'ere last I allers set my mind agin, 'cause it's immoral; but I'm not so sure o' t'other, and though I'm not agoing to sot myself up with Scripture kings of ancient times, as had their hundreds of wives, being as how I'm only a boatswain's mate, yet I don't know, if it was for the good of the island, you see, but I might be able to mauage half-a-dozen, so as train them and their children up in the ways of vartue and religion. Any ways, it's not on that 'ere point, as I argues. It's just this, as I told ye bo': I feels a sort o' call to civilize an island.”

The wind had lulled considerably while honest Jack Jenkins had been displaying his peculiar views respecting his “call,” to his young friend, and it was evident that a change of weather was to be expected. Just as he had concluded his harangue,

the voice of the mate was heard from the quarter-deck, shouting :—

“Boatswain’s mate, call all hands!”

“Now you’ve got your call, Jack,” said Henry, mischievously, “and a call that I, boy as I am, think is more in your line.”

Jack did not reply; but going to the fore-castle hatch, he responded to the order of the officer by striking several heavy blows on the deck with a handspike, and shouting at the top of his voice :—

“All hands ahoy! tumble up there, lads! tumble up.”

The boy Henry was called aft to the quarter-deck. On reaching it, he found the captain, wrapped up in his boat-cloak and with his souwester on his head and his speaking trumpet in his hand, engaged in earnest conversation with the mate.

It was now almost calm, and the ship was rolling tremendously in the trough of the sea, having but little sail set aloft and no wind to steady her. It was with extreme difficulty the boy could keep his feet.

“Mr. Thomas,” said the captain to the mate, “the weather has a very strange aspect. The barometer, which has been very low during this westerly breeze, has risen considerably, and very suddenly. Had it risen slowly, I should have ascribed the rise to the fact of the force of the gale dying out; but in connection with this sudden lull, it looks ominous. An easterly gale, to last any time, is quite unusual at this season of the year; but I fear we shall have heavy weather from the eastward, which with this cross-sea will be anything but pleasant. If I thought it would last any length of time, I would not care, since it would blow us off the land, and the sea would gradually go down; but I fear another sudden change, and if it comes on to blow so that we cannot carry sail, it will, with the sea it will occasion, render the ship almost unmanageable. You had better furl the mizzen-topsail and mair-sail, sir, and keep her under the

two other close-reefed topsails and the storm staysail, until we see how things look."

There was soon all the bustle, and to the eye of a landsman, the apparent confusion incident to the shortening of sail in heavy weather; but the mainsail was at length taken in, and still the ominous lull continued.

"We cannot be far off the land," said the Captain. "It is now several days since we have been able to take an observation; but at the rate we have been running eastward, together with the westerly 'set,' that must have been given us by this heavy sea, we must be nearly in the longitude of Cape Town; perhaps to the eastward of it. I had no fears so long as the wind remained steady; because I know these westerly gales seldom 'blow home,' and we should have found smoother water had we run close in with the land. Heave her to, sir, till daylight."

The barometer continued to fall with startling rapidity; and just as day began to dawn, displaying the lowering, lead-colored sky, and the dark, turbulent waves of the ocean, a broad streak of light became visible low down in the horizon, to the eastward, which gradually extended itself, until the entire south eastern section of the sky was illumined with a fiery glow, when, suddenly, a squall of tremendous force struck the vessel and almost laid her on her beam-ends. The wind, blowing directly against the heavy sea, caused the ship to labor excessively. But the first fury of the squall having spent its force, the vessel became easier, and the weather becoming clearer as the wind slightly moderated, the mainsail was reefed and set. In an hour or so, a sudden lull again occurred, and the officer of the watch gave orders to haul up and furl the mainsail again. Meanwhile the captain, who had been up on deck the whole night, had retired to his cabin to change his drenched clothing, and to procure some refreshment.

"Bear a-hand, lads, and roll the sail up," shouted the mate.

“We shall have a change of wind directly, and plenty of it, if I am not mistaken.”

And the men proceeded with the alacrity that the emergency required, to their perilous duty—for the yard-arms seemed to dip in the waves with every roll of the vessel.

At this moment the captain rushed up from the cabin.

“Furl the mainsail,” he shouted to the mate. “Oh, I see! the men are now going aloft. The barometer has fallen again nearly half-an-inch during the half-hour since I last examined it. We are going to experience a tremendous ‘blow,’ from the old quarter. I never saw weather look wilder,” he continued, as he anxiously scanned the horizon in the westerly direction. Then suddenly turning round, he exclaimed:—

“Here it comes, with a vengeance! Down! Down from aloft, men! Lay off the yards, every mother’s son of you! Let the sail fly!”

And at the same moment a gust of wind, of tremendous force, struck the ship full on the beam, and laid her broadside on the water. It was with difficulty that she righted, and was got round for the time being, before the wind.

The hurricane now blew with irresistible fury, and the sea made a clean breach over the vessel. Both topgallant masts snapped short off, like carrots, and hung dangling and swinging to and fro by their rigging, while the fury of the gale was such that it was impossible to send hands aloft to clear the wreck; the mainsail, which had been handed up, but left unfurled, flew to ribbands, and the close reefed foretopsail was blown from the bolt-ropes. In a few minutes the greater part of the planking of the bulwarks was washed away, and the sea rushing in in torrents at every roll, swept the decks, rendering the crew at any moment liable to be washed overboard. One quarter-boat was smashed to atoms by a stroke from a heavy sea, and the other was torn from its tackles and washed away, while each man of the crew clung with desperation to the belaying-pins and rigging, to save himself from being washed

overboard. To stand unsupported on the deck, was impossible. The cook's galley was washed overboard and the coppers thrown into the lee-scuppers, seriously injuring the cook himself and that of the seamen who were near at the time of the accident. There were some half-dozen passengers on board, and the consternation may be conceived better than it can be described.

"We can't run on this course long, Mr. Thomas," said the captain. "We must be in dangerous proximity with the land, and will be on some of the reefs in the course of another half-hour. We must 'heave to' again at all risks, although there is a chance of the masts going by the board. If that should happen, our case would be hopeless; but if the maintopsail holds, we may manage to keep her to the wind till the weather moderates. We are now running headlong to destruction."

"Land on the weather-bow!" sung out Jenkins, from the fore-castle, his voice scarcely audible, amidst the uproar of the elements, and almost at the same moment, the flat, square top of the Table Mountains, and the pointed, jagged peaks of the Lion's Head and Rump were visible to all, through the hazy drift.

"Land on the lee-bow!"

"White water ahead!" was shouted simultaneously by two others of the crew.

"Heave to, directly, come what may!" cried the captain. "We are running right on to Green Point. If we strike the shore there, nobody will live to tell the tale;" and the helm was put down and the yards swung round as rapidly as, under the circumstances, was possible.

The force of the hurricane was, however, too much for the overstrained cordage and taughtened canvas, and the former parted and the latter fled from the bolt-ropes with a report like that of a cannon, and the ship "broaded to," throwing the men at the wheel in a complete somerset into the foaming

surge. It was impossible even to make any attempt to save them.

“God help us! we can do nothing more,” said the captain. “Call the carpenter, and let him cut away the masts. Let us show as little as possible to the wind, and then we must endeavor to steer the vessel ashore on the softest spot we can find. If we can hold to the westward of the Point, we may, perhaps, run her on to a sand-bank, and save our lives.”

“Breakers on the starboard-bow!” shouted another voice, and the attention of the crew being thus diverted to the spot, a long line of white water was visible, extending, apparently, for miles. To avoid striking on the reef, was impossible. The crew clung convulsively to the life-ropes which had been extended round the railings of the bulwarks, and breathlessly awaited the concussion.

It came—a shock that seemed to rend every timber of the strong vessel asunder.

“Port your helm!” cried the captain, “hard a-port! Thank God! the ship is still manageable, wreck as she is; but another such a shock as that, will send us all into eternity.”

“Land right ahead!” was shouted by one of the crew, and consternation appeared in every visage. The captain gazed anxiously towards it. At length his face brightened. “Thank Heaven! it is the very spot,” said he. “It is the sand-bank I spoke of, and the only low land on the coast. I know the spot well. It forms a curve and makes a deep bay. Keep her steady, my lads, and endeavor to steer right for the shore ahead, and we may yet be safe. That reef, although it has well nigh stove the ship’s hull to atoms, has preserved our lives. Had we passed clear, and outside of it, no earthly power or skill could have saved us.”

But he had been too sanguine, and the thick haze had deceived him. The ship, when within a few hundred yards of the shore,—on which the inhabitants could be seen in crowds—struck on another reef with such violence, that her rail was broken, and

the water poured in so rapidly that she soon filled. She had rebounded with the shock and fallen into deeper water; still at every swell she thumped heavily, and the sea making a clean breach over her, one by one the hapless crew were washed away. Those on shore could afford no relief. They had no life-boats, and had they possessed them, in that sea and upon that reef, they would have been unavailable. It was several hours before the wind moderated, and before that, nothing remained of the gallant bark, but a host of floating pieces of wreck, which were washed ashore, with the dead bodies of the unfortunate crew, many of whom had at the last moment, secured themselves to the wreck with cords.

The horror-stricken spectators closely scrutinized the mangled bodies as they were washed up on the beach, in the hope that life might yet remain in some; but one by one they passed them by. They were stiff and cold in death; many of them must have been killed by the blows they had received—for they were horribly bruised and mangled. At last a shout was raised by a crowd who had collected at some distance from the spot where the greater portion of the wreck had come ashore, and as many immediately rushed to the spot whence the cry had proceeded, they found that two bodies had drifted ashore there, in whom the spark of life still existed, although they were insensible.

One of these was an aged man; the other a boy, of some eleven or twelve years of age. They were borne to the town by the kind-hearted people, and every medical attendance provided, and they were by these means speedily restored to consciousness; but without being questioned, they were put to bed. It was found that with the exception of a few trivial bruises and the exhaustion they had undergone, they were unhurt, and the next day they were able to tell the name of the ship, and to relate the details of the wreck. They were Jack Jenkins and Henry Selby, the only survivors of a crew of thirty hands, passengers included.

Henry owed his life to old Jenkins, who had lashed the boat to a piece of wreck which he considered to be of size sufficient to bear them both, and happily by remaining by the vessel until she parted, and then slipping over the piece of wreck on the off-side, they had drifted clear of the jagged pieces of rock, and the frightful surf which had proved fatal to their ship-mates, and being carried round the stern, had got into comparatively smoother water.

Some time elapsed, however, before they were sufficiently recovered to go abroad. Meanwhile a subscription was raised for them in Cape Town, and they were provided with clothing and such things as they stood in need of, and at the expiration of three weeks, Jack Jenkins got a berth on board a vessel bound from the Cape to Van Dieman's Land and New Zealand; and bidding a hearty farewell to Henry—for this mishap had united them as closely as though they had been father and son—Jenkins went to sea.

Henry's bruises had been more severe than those of the old man, and a fortnight yet elapsed before he was able to go to sea again. Then the captain of a homeward-bound vessel going to London, offered to take him on board; but another country ship at the time being about to sail to the East India Islands, and the captain being in want of a cabin-boy, Henry chose the latter. He was resolved to visit the East Indies, since he had got thus far, and notwithstanding this misfortune in the outset of his career, he still determined to make the sea his profession.

He was duly installed in his new berth, and in a few days sailed for Pulo Penang.

CHAPTER XIV.

BAD NEWS FROM ABROAD.

“ We discover virtues in the dead, which we never dreamed the living possessed. It is hard that it should be necessary for a man to die before his friends can discover his good qualities.”

ANONYMOUS.

IN consequence of the anxiety of the Watchman to ascertain in what ship Henry had sailed, Mr. Blunt, by diligent inquiry, at length discovered that it was the *Sea Gull*, Captain Turner, bound to Calcutta and China. The person of the mate of that vessel was known to some of his clerks, and they had noticed him frequently speaking to the boy, and one of them had heard them conversing together, when Henry was expressing a desire to go to sea, and he believed the mate encouraged him in his wish; though at the time, the clerk thought nothing of it. As to Mr. Blunt, although he had kindly taken charge of the boy, he had never entertained a very high opinion of him. We have seen that Henry was no great favorite with the family of the merchant, and as all his reports of the lad were derived through them, he had no reason to estimate his moral qualities very highly. He therefore thought that perhaps the lad had done the best thing for himself that he could have done, and he so expressed himself to Joseph, when he informed him that he had reason to believe that he had sailed in the *Sea Gull*.

“ I have observed, Carter,” he said, “ that the boy possesses a wild, independent spirit of his own, and the sea is the only place to tame him. Had he remained with me and behaved himself well, I would perhaps have done something better for him; but as it is, it is as well he is away. It is strange that

these youngsters, whose earliest recollections are those of crime and misery, seem to have become imbued with the vices of their parents and associates. Perhaps I did wrong in taking the boy into my family at all. Still, I wish him well, and hope he will succeed in the rude calling he has chosen."

It was singular that a man naturally noble-minded and generous like Mr. Blunt, should think and speak thus; but such is often the case. The best Samaritans among us all, are prone to possess a Pharisaical spirit, and to thank God that we are so much better than others; forgetting that we owe all we pride ourselves in to the Providence that caused us to be born in a happier social sphere, and placed associations around us during our tender years of infancy and early childhood, which necessarily had an effect upon our future life. Some such thoughts as these passed through the mind of the Watchman, while Mr. Blunt was speaking, but he made no reply. Having gained his object in ascertaining in what ship Henry was supposed to have sailed, he left the office and went about his employment.

When, however, he returned home in the evening, he told his wife and daughter what he had learnt, and Mrs. Carter merely remarked that she was glad to hear the name of the ship—and she hoped Henry had a good captain, who would treat the poor lad well. Mrs. Carter had always regarded the boy much in the same light as Mr. Blunt. Not so, however, little Ellen. She had listened eagerly to every word that had fallen from her father's lips, and as she could now read and write pretty well, she wrote the name of the ship and the captain, in a little copy-book-diary she was keeping, and determined to look every day in the shipping news of the daily papers, in the hope of learning something further about him. She commenced her daily examination of the shipping list immediately; for she knew nothing of the sea, poor little, simple thing, and it did not cross her mind that, unless the ship should chance to be spoken with, by some ship arrived at some port

in the United States, months might elapse before the name of the Sea Gull appeared in the papers.

We have not hitherto done more than allude to little Ellen Carter in a cursory manner ; but we believe it is always satisfactory to the reader, to learn something of the personal, as well as the moral qualifications of those that are introduced to him in the pages of story or history.

At the period of the opening of our story, Ellen Carter was five years of age ; she was now in her tenth year. She was a fair, delicate, retiring child, affectionate towards those whom she knew and loved, and who treated her with kindness, but timid in regard to forcing herself into notice ; in this respect differing entirely from her brother Willy, who was a bold, manly lad, and whose dispositions required rather the bridle than the spur.

Little Ellen was not what would generally be termed a beautiful child ; but no one who knew her could long have regarded her without interest, and if her features had been closely criticised, it would have been difficult to have found a fault in them. All that could be said, would be, that she wanted the elasticity of spirit that is so attractive in children. Young as she was, her features wore a pensive cast that would have befitted a grown up woman, and as she grew older, these very qualities were calculated to cause her to make a deeper and more enduring impression, than would have been qualities of a more showy, dazzling character. Her face was oval, her hair brown and curling in natural ringlets in great profusion : it was silky in texture, and possessed that lustre which changes its shade in every change of light. Her complexion was delicately fair, and her form slender but rounded, and giving promise of great elegance. Ellen Carter would have graced a much higher social circle than that in which it had pleased Providence to place her ; and, after all, those who had seen her enjoying herself with her own chosen playmates, would have confessed, that gentle and retiring as was her usual mood, she could romp, and

run, and laugh with the best of them. She was the favorite child of her father, as Willy was of her mother, and Willy himself doted upon his little sister Ellen. Indeed their love was mutual. No brother and sister could be more attached to each other than were they.

Months passed away, and though the ship-news was every day closely scanned by Joseph and his daughter, there was not a word of the Sea Gull. But one evening, when Joseph had brought home the paper as usual, and composed himself in his arm-chair to read it, as was his wont, until his daughter had completed the washing of the tea things, and the various little chores about the house, (which had for some time since devolved upon her, and right proud she was, too, of her office as house-keeper,) when he used to give the paper to the child and let her read it aloud to him; he suddenly laid it aside, saying:—

“Come Nelly; make haste, lassie, and come and read to me; they print the paper in such small type now, that my old eyes can scarcely see it. I must get my spectacles changed—they are really of very little use to me.”

“I am ready, papa,” said the child, taking her accustomed seat on a low stool between her father and mother, the latter of whom was busily engaged with her needle. “Where shall I begin?”

“On the third page,” said Joseph, “there is a long story of some dreadful shipwreck there. I could just make out the words, ‘shipwreck and loss of life,’ and that was all.”

Anything relating to ships or to the sea had, since Henry had gone, possessed, as we have observed, great interest in the eyes of Joseph Carter and his daughter, and the latter eagerly turned to the place indicated, and commenced:—

“DREADFUL SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF LIFE.—We learn from a file of papers, received from the Cape of Good Hope, per favor of Captain Somers, of the ship Swan, from Canton, arrived at this port—that on the 16th of July last, during a violent hurricane from the westward—the ship Sea Gull, Captain Turner, of

this port—bound to Calcutta and China, went ashore on the reefs opposite Green Point, and became a total wreck. Every soul on board, and the entire cargo, were lost. The inhabitants——”

“Oh, papa, papa! I cannot read any more now. I cannot indeed. Poor Henry!” and the child burst into a violent flood of tears, and let the paper fall from her hands.

Joseph was scarcely less affected, and Mrs. Carter dropped her work and appeared paralysed with the shock of the sudden intelligence.

“Poor boy,” said Joseph; “I did not anticipate that he would come to so untimely and so terrible an end.”

“So young too, and so lonely—and no mother near him—no one to care for him—no one to weep over his loss, or even to see him laid in the grave,” said Mrs. Carter, whose motherly and womanly feelings were now aroused, and who had forgotten in a moment all that she had disliked in the boy, now that she heard of his sad fate.

Joseph took Ellen upon his knee, and while his own voice was nearly choked, endeavored to comfort her: but seeing that it was in vain, and believing it best that her grief should find vent, he persuaded her to go to bed, where she lay sobbing for hours before she dropped asleep.

Mrs. Carter laid aside her work, and she and her husband sat silently before the fire, the silence only being interrupted as each would occasionally recall some recollection of the poor friendless child.

At length Mrs. Carter said:—

“Joseph, dear, if you can, try to read the whole account aloud. Ellen is asleep now. I will light another candle.”

And Joseph took the paper and rubbed his eyes with his handkerchief, and then rubbed his glasses; and with frequent interruptions, read the sad story to the end.

The details were mainly correct; but strangely enough, no mention was made that any of the crew had been saved. The account had been written and published on the very day the

accident had occurred, and before, as it appeared, the reporters and editors had heard that a man and a boy had been washed on shore, alive.

It was long before Ellen overcame her childish grief for the loss of her young playmate of former days. It could have been only childish sorrow, for the little girl was not old enough to have experienced feelings more powerful than girlish affection ; but yet the recollection of Henry Selby, the poor outcast orphan boy, clung to her memory even when the earliest grief had subsided, and she could never hear his name mentioned without emotion after months had elapsed since she had read the intelligence of his loss.

Mr. Blunt, too, was sorry when he heard from the watchman that the poor boy's career had been so suddenly brought to a close ; and, as is often the case, persons grieved over Henry's supposed death who would not have bestowed a thought upon him while living. And yet, had it been known that he lived, had he suddenly returned, and made his appearance before these sorrowing friends, there would have been a warm welcome, and with very few exceptions, all would have relapsed into their former coldness.

CHAPTER XV.

A LAPSE OF YEARS.

“There have been changes, too, in the home-scenes; these graft age upon a man.”

IK MARVEL.

A LAPSE of eight years has taken place since the events occurred, recorded in our last chapter. Joseph Carter has resigned his post as city Watchman, but is often employed in a semi-official capacity, as an extra hand, when an officer is deputed to attend public meetings, or to do duty in places of public amusement. It has been a period of unexampled prosperity, and business of all kinds has increased, consequently Carter has found himself fully employed, and all has gone well with him and his family. Little Ellen, his daughter, has grown up to be a very pretty, and what is better, a very good girl. She is still at school, although she has now reached her eighteenth year, for Joseph Carter had resolved to give his daughter a good education; still she is of great assistance to her mother at home, taking upon herself, with commendable pride, the management of the domestic concerns of the family. As a matter of course, she has many admirers, some of them her superiors in social rank, for she has been educated above her condition, and from time to time has been invited to Mr. Blunt's house, being a great favorite with Mrs. Blunt; but she turns a deaf ear to all. She is too young to think of marrying yet, she tells her mother, and the mother agrees with her; but the real fact is, that she has not yet forgotten the little outcast, Henry Selby—the sailor-boy—the boy-lover of her childhood;

though perhaps, she alone bears him now in remembrance, for nothing has been heard of Henry, during all these long years. He is thought to have perished at sea, either on the occasion of the wreck of the Indiaman, narrated in a former chapter ; or, if by some miraculous interposition of Providence he escaped that, to have perished during some subsequent voyage. Joseph Carter, to be sure, occasionally, especially when perusing in the newspapers some dreadful tale of storm and shipwreck, heaves a sigh to the memory of poor Henry ! And Mrs. Carter sympathetically responds, for she knows the meaning of the sigh ; but Ellen, strangely enough, will not believe that Henry is dead. She does not possess much romance of disposition ; still she has read of people, supposed long to have been lost, turning up after years of absence, wealthy and prosperous ; and she does allow a romantic fancy to reign in her bosom, that Henry Selby will return some day, either captain of a ship of his own, or a great merchant, or something or other, indefinable, and strangely confused in her mind. And yet, withal, she feels a sad, sickening sensation in her heart when she thinks of him, and when at night she lies wakeful in her bed, listening to the wild moaning of the wind, which evidently shows that with all her buoyant hopefulness, she feels—that after all—poor Henry *may* be dead.

During these years, William Carter has gradually risen from being the office-boy in Mr. Blunt's establishment, to the position of clerk, and at length, though but twenty-two years of age, to assistant book-keeper, with a salary sufficient to maintain him in respectability, and to enable him to make many judicious presents to his father, mother, and sister. He has turned out a smart, well conducted lad, and bids fair to attain a highly respectable position in society. In the course of a few more years, when Mr. Blunt's present head book-keeper, who is getting up in years, retires, the merchant has promised William the vacant situation.

George Hartley is getting along famously at Messrs. Wilson

& Co.'s, and for two years past has been the managing clerk of the concern, with a salary of two thousand five hundred dollars a-year.

With respect to Charles Edwards, matters do not look so favorable. He got along pretty well in Boston for a year or two, and in the course of that period paid Mr. Oliver the money he had defrauded him of, and George Hartley began to hope that he had completely reformed; when one day he received a letter from him, asking for a loan, and saying that he had left his situation. Mr. Hartley, before replying, made inquiry as to the truth of Edwards' statements, and found that he had been dismissed on account of being repeatedly intoxicated. He learnt that Mrs. Edwards, a worthy woman, was, with her family, in great distress, and he sent *her* some money, and wrote Charles a letter, in which, while he commented severely upon his past failings, he urged him to reform ere it was yet too late, if not for his own sake, for the sake of the wife and children who were dependent upon his exertions. He received no reply to the letter to Charles; but Mrs. Edwards wrote to him thanking him for his kindness—and telling him, that she believed her husband had taken his advice to heart—and that he was now striving to obtain some fresh engagement. Hartley was consequently greatly surprised some two months afterwards, to receive a visit at Messrs. Wilson's office, from a man shabbily dressed, and bearing in his countenance visible imprints of intemperance. The appearance of the visitor was such, as to cause George to blush with shame at the idea of his employers and fellow clerks seeing a person of such disreputable appearance call upon him. And he was shocked, when upon a second glance at the bloated features of the stranger, he recognized in him his once smart and good-looking friend, Charles Edwards. He briefly desired him to call that evening at his house, in Brooklyn. And giving him a few shillings, at his earnest request, got him to leave the office as quickly as possible.

In the evening Edwards did call—evidently half intoxicated—and related a long whining story, how he had been misused in Boston, laying all his own misbehavior at the door of others, and ending by declaring that it was utterly impossible for him to obtain employment in Boston—everybody was set against him by his enemies—and that he had brought his wife and two children to New York, where he had placed them in obscure lodgings, while he sought out his only friend, and besought his aid to start him once again in the world.

The miserable man wept maudlin tears of drunkenness, and promised most energetically to reform, if once again he were placed in a position to maintain his family decently.

Thoroughly disgusted as was George Hartley, for the sake of his former friendship, and for the sake of his distressed family, he promised to try and do something for him, if he would consent to take the Temperance pledge—and promise henceforward to attend to his duties.

Edwards readily made the required promise; and Charles, notwithstanding he strongly distrusted him, gave him some temporary relief—he said his wife and children were starving—and promised to call on Mrs. Edwards the following day.

He fulfilled his promise, and found that in this respect Edwards had told the truth. The poor woman was lodged with her two children—one of them a baby at the breast—in a miserable attic in Elm-street, altogether destitute of furniture or food, except that which had been provided with the money he had given her husband on the previous evening.

Hartley delicately requested her to relate the misfortunes which had befallen her, and tell him how her husband had become reduced to his present miserable condition; and with many tears and sobs, she told the sad story. It was an old one. Rum—rum. The vice of intemperance—had wrought all this misery. Yet with a wife and a woman's generous instinct, while she told the sad tale, she sought to excuse her husband. He was not so bad himself, she said; but he had fallen in with

evil companions. She hoped and trusted—aye, *trusted*, as woman will always do to the last,—that he would yet reform. He had promised her so only last night, and if he could obtain only the poorest employment, he would in future abstain altogether from the intoxicating cup. “And if he will do that,” she added, “Charles will yet do well, for he is naturally of a good disposition; a kind husband and a loving father. Indeed, Mr. Hartley, he never but twice actually ill-treated me or the children; and then he had drank very deeply, and did not know what he was doing. You should have seen, sir, how sorry he was for it afterwards.”

Hartley did not undeceive her, nor damp her hopes; and though he began almost to loathe the man, he promised to endeavor once again to procure him a situation.

Mrs. Edwards told him that her husband was then out. He had gone out early in the morning to take the pledge, and try if he could get some employment. And, she believed he had staid out because he had expected this promised call, and felt ashamed to meet his friend.

Hartley urged a small trifle of money for her immediate necessities, upon the almost heart-broken woman, and quitted the house, leaving her weeping tears of gratitude and thankfulness; and as he returned to the office of his employers, cogitated in his own mind how he should best serve the drunken husband, for the sake of the unhappy wife and children.

Mrs. Hartley had, during these years, had a happier lot. “Her lines had fallen upon her in pleasant places.” In her marriage with George Hartley, she had been blessed with a generous and loving husband; and she had made him a good wife. Their union had been blessed with three children—a boy and two girls—and, although Mrs. Hartley still inclined a little to show and extravagance, a failing the reader will recollect we remarked on our first introduction of this lady to his notice, she made Charles an excellent wife. This fondness

for dress and show was her only failing, and as her husband could afford it—for to tell the truth she never went, or wished go beyond bounds—it was no great matter after all. Nay, it seemed in some degree as a counterpoise, not to Hartley's frugality, for he was generous as most of his countrymen, and a kind friend to all who merited and to many who did not merit his friendship—but as a counterpoise to his carelessness as regarded his own personal appearance, and to general outward adornment. That he was the neatest and smartest young man in Messrs Wilson & Co.'s office, certainly was not owing to his own personal fastidiousness, but to the good taste of his little wife, who a pattern of neatness herself, took pride in the appearance of her husband. Great was the trouble she took with him every morning when he prepared to go to the city; tying his cravat with her own hands; and taking upon herself the arrangement of his rich, curly hair, and twitching up his shirt-collar, and brushing down his clothes; twisting and turning him about, like one of the revolving figures in a tailor's store, to make him, as she laughingly said, presentable; and as she would dismiss him with a kiss, she would tell him that, but for her, he would, she really believed, be the worst-dressed and untidiest man in the city. And George would laugh good humoredly and say, he really believed she was telling nothing but the truth. But with this foible, if foible it may be called, Mrs. Hartley was a generous, kind-hearted, lively, loving little woman; ever ready to assist her husband in his charities; and she listened with feelings of lively interest to the story of Mrs. Edwards' sufferings, and readily promised, at her husband's request, to visit her in her poor lodgings, and talk with her and comfort her, as women only know how to bestow comfort and consolation upon women; and to study how she could assist her and her family.

Mr. Blunt during these years had prospered amazingly. He had speculated largely, and all his speculations had pros

pered. He had removed to a splendid mansion in the upper part of the city, and was reputed to be one of the most thriving merchants in New York.

Such were the positions of the principal characters in our story, at the expiration of eight years from the period of Henry Selby's departure.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TIME OF TRIAL AND TROUBLE.

“Is our life a sun that it should radiate light and heat forever? Do not the calmest, and brightest days of autumn, show clouds that drift their ragged edges over the golden disc, and bear down swift, with their weight of vapors—until the whole sun’s surface is shrouded, and you can see no shadow of tree, or flower upon the land, because of the greater and gulphing shadow of the cloud!”

DREAM LIFE.

A PERIOD of deep and general depression had fallen upon the land—trade stagnates everywhere. The period to which our tale at present alludes, will long be remembered as one of the darkest in our brief existence as a commercial nation. The wealthy merchant saw his riches fly from him without power to arrest them—his anticipations of still greater wealth fade to mere shadows and then vanish, leaving but a blank in their place. The reputed most stable firms became bankrupt, involving scores of others in their ruin; and creating a panic in men’s minds, as they listened to the ill-tidings, and asked fearfully, “What shall we come to?” The capitalist who had possession of ready cash—be the sum large or small—clutched it tightly in his grasp, as though fearful that no more money could be earned; and in his greed, determined to retain his own, though aware that *his* want of confidence made the panic greater and the distress deeper.

The banks refused to discount or lend, or worse than that, failed, leaving their worthless notes floating about in the hands of their dupes, chiefly in the hands of the poorer classes, rendering still more gloomy the general distrust. The small

tradesman contracted his expenditure, and strove to struggle, often unavailingly, against the tide of misfortune, for he found his customers drop off, or if they purchased still, for purchases were necessary—luxuries were now dispensed with—and often credit, or no sales, was imperative upon him, let him parade ever so large in flaunting letters, “POSITIVELY NO TRUST.” But to descend still lower in the scale of distress; the mechanic suffered yet more deeply. Vain was now the boast, that a man with a mechanical employment to fall back upon, need not know penury. The artisan bred to his trade, and skilled in it by years of labor, could find no work to do, and was only too glad in his turn to fall back upon the unskilled toil of the daily laborer; and the laborer, he was now a beggar! Happy he, who in the day of prosperity had laid aside for the hour of darkness and distress; if indeed, he had not invested his little savings injudiciously, and they were not swept away in the general wreck. But, alas! how few had done—how few ever do this? The sun shines brightly, and we think it will ever shine; the small cloud, “no bigger than a man’s hand,” rises in the horizon—but we heed it not—it increases in size, and spreads, and our attention is necessarily called to it, for it already obscures the rays of the sun; but we comfort ourselves with the reflection that “’Tis but a passing cloud that will soon be gone by, and the sun will shine out all the more brightly from the contrast.” But the sky is overspread, and it is evident that the storm will not pass over, but will break above our heads; still we cry, “’Tis but a summer storm, it will rage but for a brief period, and the earth will be refreshed by it, and all nature be rejuvenated.” But it comes; not a passing storm, but a tempest of severe and lengthened duration, and nature is prostrated before its fury. It must pass away. It cannot last for ever, and the sky *will* be clearer, and the sun *will*, seemingly, shine brighter when the clouds have been dispersed, and nature *will* be rejuvenated. But before that time comes, many of the oldest and firmest, and most time-

honored relics of nature and art will have been levelled to the earth. The storm is typical of the commercial panic—we see both approaching—in time, in most instances, at least partially, to guard ourselves from their ravages; but we neglect the means until it is too late.

Such a commercial convulsion racked the country, at the period of which we are now about to write; such a convulsion threatens, nay, is upon us at the moment we pen these lines. Pray God! it may pass away, without leaving such sad traces behind as those have done which have preceded it.

Joseph Carter came home one Saturday night, looking exceedingly disconsolate. He was usually so cheerful and good-humored, that this sudden change naturally attracted the notice of his wife and daughter.

“Are you not well, Joseph? “What is the matter papa?” inquired both mother and daughter, in the same breath.

“Nothing—nothing,” said Joseph; “I feel a little tired and low-spirited to-night, that’s all; I shall be better soon; a cup of tea will revive me, I dare say.”

But the tea was drank, and still the gloom did not disappear from Joseph’s visage, although he made several attempts to be cheerful. It was evident that something was wrong; still he would not confess to it, notwithstanding the repeated affectionate inquiries made by Mrs. Carter and Ellen.

Mrs. Carter had the habit of laying every evil that flesh is heir to, mentally and physically, to a cold; and her universal specific was a basin of gruel, with plenty of molasses, and just a thimble-full of brandy in it; and seeing her husband still melancholy, and instead of entering, as was his custom, into conversation with his family, buried deeply in the contemplation of the columns of the evening paper: contemplation, we say, because certainly Joseph was not reading it; his eyes had been fixed upon a trifling advertisement for the last ten minutes, she actually commenced preparations to make the gruel, when her husband chancing to notice her, observed—

"I am really quite well Mary—I need no gruel; I could not take it if you were to prepare it."

"What then is the matter? something, I am sure."

"Nothing; at least nothing, Mary, that you can remedy. To tell the truth, I have been a little disconcerted to-day, but I hope all will turn out right, after all, on Monday."

"William is not sick, Joseph," said the mother, her thoughts immediately reverting to her son.

"No, mother, Willy is hearty enough."

"And he—he has not done anything to get himself into trouble at Mr. Blunt's, Joseph?" continued Mrs. Carter, still unable to drive from her thoughts that something in relation to the youth caused his father's unwonted dejection.

"Not he," answered Joseph, proudly. "Thank God! a better boy than Willy never lived."

"What then is the matter?"

"Nothing I repeat, Mary, that you can remedy, or that will be bettered by my disclosing it to-night. As I said, perhaps on Monday, all will be right. If not, it will be soon enough for you to be troubled with the knowledge of it."

Joseph Carter seldom kept any secrets from his wife: but with all her many virtues, Mrs. Carter was a trifle given to indulge in the feminine propensity of gossiping, and the following day being the Sabbath and a day of leisure, he thought he perhaps had better not unburthen his mind to her that night.

Mary Carter, therefore, seeing that she could gain nothing by her pertinacity in asking questions, was compelled to satisfy herself by obtaining a confession from her husband, that he certainly was quite well in bodily health, as was also her son, Willy; and then having sat for some time at needlework, in company with her daughter, she took down the old family bible and read a chapter, her constant practice before retiring to rest, and went to bed, leaving her husband still busied with his newspaper, and Ellen occupied in putting things to rights for the morning.

When his wife had retired, Joseph looked up from the paper, and addressing his daughter said:—

“Your quarter is up to-day, is it not, Ellen?”

“Yes, papa,” replied the girl. “I intended to have given you the account after tea; but you looked so dull I did not do so.”

“Give it me now, my dear.”

Ellen reached him the bill for her last quarter’s schooling; saying proudly as she did so:—

“Miss Bettles says she is quite pleased, papa, with my progress, and that if I remain another quarter at school, I shall be head scholar.”

Joseph raised his eyes from the bill, and gazed for a moment proudly and yet sadly upon his daughter’s beautiful and intelligent features.

At length he said:—

“I did not intend, Ellen, my love, to have broached the subject to-night. To-morrow is Sunday, and I had thought to have kept matters secret until the sacred day was over, in order that we might not be pressed with worldly cares, at a time when our thoughts should be otherwise engaged. Things after all may not be so bad as I think; but you must keep what I have to tell you secret, my child.”

“From mother, papa?”

“Yes, Ellen, from your mother, until Monday; then I fear she must know all. I would spare her till then: but I feel the want of some one in my family to make a confidant of. I will confide my troubles to you, my daughter.”

Ellen drew nearer her father, and placing one arm round his neck, stooped her fair face and kissed his wrinkled, weather-beaten cheek.

“What have you to tell me, papa?” she asked. “Has any thing dreadful happened. Henry Selby has not——”

“Poor Nelly,” said Joseph, interrupting the girl. “You still cling to the belief that Henry is living. I know not why.

Henry—poor boy—has, I fear, long since found a sailor's grave. No, my daughter, nothing *dreadful* has happened; but something very sad and unfortunate."

"Then tell me what it is, papa? and if it concerns you, or mamma, tell me if I can do any thing to remedy it."

"I fear not, dear!" replied Joseph, and after a brief pause, he added, "Have you set your heart on going to Miss Bettles' another quarter, Ellen?"

"I should like to, papa! but not if you think otherwise."

"And I should much wish you to go, for I am truly proud of my dear girl's progress; but Ellen, I may as well tell you at once, for I fear it is but too true. I am doubtful whether I can pay your schooling for another quarter; whether indeed, I am in a position to pay this last quarter's account."

"Papa!" exclaimed the girl, with trembling lip. "Why did you not tell me before, you could not afford my expensive schooling. I have already received an education, such as has fallen to the lot of few of the companions of my earlier years. You have done too much for me already; but I thought my acquirements might be turned to profitable account by-and-by, and so you would be repaid; papa, I think I have heard you say that you had saved more than a thousand dollars!"

"So, until this morning, I thought I had, Ellen; but you know, my dear, how many of our largest merchants have failed of late; how many more are failing every day. You know that at this present moment there are thousands of poor people, men and women, out of employment, and on the verge of starvation?"

"I know it, papa," said Ellen, "and sincerely wish it was in my power to relieve the distress that prevails. I feel for these poor people deeply; but papa, you have reason to be thankful that you still have employment at Mr. Blunt's."

"I was coming to that, Ellen. There are rumors abroad that Mr. Blunt has failed; as yet I cannot be certain that is the case; it may be only a temporary suspension; but the

reports are, that he has failed for an almost incredible sum, and that his creditors will not receive five cents in the dollar. For some days past he has been reserved and melancholy, and I anticipated something wrong; but I judged it was merely the pressure of the hard times, which even wealthy men, whose money is invested in business, feel sorely. I little anticipated that he was on the brink of ruin." And Joseph leant his head upon the table, while his breast heaved as if he were endeavoring to stifle an almost uncontrollable emotion.

"Indeed, papa," rejoined Ellen, "I am sorry for poor Mr. Blunt. It must be dreadful for a rich man like him, to be reduced to poverty, and he growing old, too; but surely he must have a great many friends, and some of them will help him. I am sorry for you too, papa, because you will be deprived of your present employment; but it is not so bad as I feared; you may easily, by-and-by, when trade begins to revive, find some fresh employment, and meanwhile, you have money laid aside, while, as you just observed, there are thousands with no money and no work."

"Ellen, if Mr. Blunt's failure is so heavy, so ruinous as I am led to fear it is, I am a beggar."

"A beggar, papa!"

"A beggar, my child. I could not tell your mother this sad news to-night. I would rather encourage a false hope till Monday, when the best and the worst will be known. Mr. Blunt has always been the banker of my little savings—and he has allowed me a higher rate of interest than I could otherwise have obtained. Three months ago—at his suggestion—and at the time, he meant well—I invested fourteen hundred dollars, all I had, in a speculation, in the success of which he was largely concerned; not only that, but on the credit of my known industry, and my general good character for honesty and integrity, I borrowed six hundred dollars more—to make up the sum of two thousand dollars—in order to purchase the requisite number of shares in this speculation. It has entirely

failed, Ellen. Not only have I lost all the money I had saved, but I am deeply in debt; even my horse and cart, my sole means of support, must be sold to pay it, and all our little furniture—and this at a time, when employment cannot be obtained by the young and able-bodied, far less by me.”

Joseph ceased speaking, and was unable any longer to control the emotions he had so long struggled against; the tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks, and his daughter wept with him.

Ellen was the first to break the silence. “I shall not again go to school, then, papa,” she said. “Let me be thankful, indeed, that I have received such an education as I now possess. I may turn my acquirements to account; perhaps be able to support you and mamma, till better times come. I dare say we shall do well enough, papa; I am sorry that this trouble has come, but let us hope that it will not afflict us so deeply as you dread.”

Joseph kissed his daughter’s cheek, as he replied :

“God bless you, my Ellen; you are sanguine; I would not damp your hopes, my child; but you have yet, I fear, to learn that acquirements and accomplishments, such as you have so studiously made yourself the mistress of, can scarcely find a market, when it is known that their possessor is in a state of poverty. You could readily, perhaps, have obtained the situation of a governess, or a teacher of music, had this misfortune not befallen your father; but now, my child, I fear you will find the endeavor an arduous one: but,” he added, “it is wrong for me thus to give way to despair; let us hope, at all events, for the best; and, Ellen, let us unite in prayer, that this evil, if it may not be averted from us, may still fall lightly; and let us not forget, while petitioning for ourselves at the throne of Grace, to pray for the thousands who are as badly or worse distressed than we.”

And the father and daughter knelt in prayer, and rising from

their knees, with a smile upon their lately mournful faces, they embraced and parted for the night.

Nothing was said during the Sabbath, either by Joseph or his daughter, relative to the prolonged conversation of the previous night; although, perhaps, both were more subdued in manner than usual, there was no other outward sign of the anxiety which they suffered under; and Mrs. Carter, happy woman! noticing the change in her husband's careworn visage, and observing that his features had relaxed into their usual serene expression, forgot her fears, and hoped that the trouble, whatever it might have been, had passed away.

It was, however, with a heavy heart that Joseph left his house on the Monday morning, to go to the store in South-street; and with many sad forebodings that his daughter saw him leave.

He reached the place, and there found that his worst anticipations were more than realized. Mr. Blunt had not come down to the warehouse; but groups of anxious persons were standing about, and ominous whispers and solemn shakes of the head passed between them. He soon learnt that Mr. Blunt had failed, as was reported, for more than a million of dollars, and that his assets were comparatively nothing.

There were bitter upbraidings from those whom the merchant's bankruptcy had involved in a like, although a less terrible ruin. There were expressions of contemptuous pity, worse to endure than the most bitter upbraidings, from others who had long envied the merchant's apparent prosperity, and from many who owed their own success in life to his generous assistance, but who, in the hour of his trouble had forgotten this, and did not fail now to express their wonder at a man like him being induced to speculate so rashly, and to applaud their own superior sagacity in keeping themselves clear of the mania which had involved so many in ruin, and had brought such general distress upon the country. And there were many sorrowful laments amongst the clerks and laborers who thronged the store, who, like Joseph, had been thrown out of employ-

ment, and reduced to destitution by the ruin of their employer. Although, to their honor be it said, these expressions were more those of sorrow than anger, for Mr. Blunt had been a generous and considerate employer, and these poor men did not forget his past kindness in the hour of his trouble and their own.

When the circumstances relative to Joseph Carter became known, and it was shown that he had lost his all in the wreck of his employer's fortune, much sympathy was expressed towards him, and Mr. Blunt was proportionately blamed, for having allowed so old and faithful a servant thus to involve himself; but Joseph took the entire blame on his own shoulders. He had acted, he said, on his own responsibility, and had no one to blame but himself. Mr. Blunt had shown him the risk he ran—at that time very little, comparatively with the strong prospects of gain—and he had voluntarily pressed his employer to invest his money in this unfortunate speculation.

But though sympathizers were numerous, few were willing to do more than sympathize—and creditors were inexorable. It was not a period for men in business—themselves not knowing what a day might bring forth—to stand upon ceremony or to wait. Joseph's horse and cart were sold by auction, and his furniture soon followed, and with the weight of more than fifty years on his gray head, the cartman found himself cast destitute upon the world, without employment, and with a wife and son and daughter dependent upon him; for William Carter had, of course, lost his situation in consequence of his employer's bankruptcy; and though the young man bore an unimpeachable character, and was well skilled in his duties, immediate re-engagement anywhere else was out of the question; there were hundreds older and more skilled than he, in the same unfortunate position.

Poor Mrs. Carter bore herself admirably under these misfortunes; by no word or sign did she betray any impatience, or hint that her husband had acted imprudently; but like a good woman and a true wife, she set herself at once to work

to do her part now towards the maintenance of her family. She could procure employment where the others could not. She had been used to hard labor when a younger woman, and she immediately prepared to take in washing and ironing, and to go out to clean offices, or to nurse, or to do anything else that fell in her way; and she soon did procure work, which went some way, at any rate, towards their mutual support. And Joseph, too, met with his reward for his long industrious and faithful career; one of the aldermen of the city, who had long known him, heard of his misfortune, and unsolicited, procured him a reappointment as a city watchman; it was not much, nor was it a situation that Joseph, with his increasing years and growing infirmities, would have cared for under any other circumstances, but now it was a Godsend: he felt it to be so, and thankfully resumed the employment he had heretofore resigned; thus the "wolf was kept from the door," though poverty reigned in his lately happy abode.

Meanwhile, Ellen had sought in vain for any engagement suited to her capacity, and had given up the pursuit as hopeless, while William had likewise in vain endeavored to obtain even the humblest clerk or light portership, and but for his youth and his sanguine disposition, would have given himself over a prey to despair.

Thus for the present must we leave the worthy watchman and his family, while we follow the fortunes of others of the characters introduced into our story.

CHAPTER XVII.

HENRY SELBY'S ARRIVAL IN INDIA, AND WHAT BEFEL HIM THERE.

"The moon hath risen clear and calm,
 And o'er the green sea, palely shines,
 Revealing Bahrein's groves of palm
 And lighting Kishma's amber vines.
 Fresh smells the shores of Araby,
 While breezes from the Indian sea
 Blow round Selama's sainted cape,
 And curls the shining flood beneath,
 Whose waves are rich with many a grape
 And cocoa-nut, and flowery wreath."

LALLA ROOKIE.

WE left Henry Selby, after his mishap at the Cape of Good Hope, on the point of sailing for Pulo Penang, in the East Indian Archipelago, on board a country ship, as the vessels built in the East Indies are termed,—the "Ram Chowdar," so called, after a Hindoo merchant, one of its principal owners.

There were three or four passengers on board the "Ram Chowdar,"—all of them military men, who had been spending some time on furlough at the Cape, for the benefit of their health, preferring not to go to the eastward of that promontory, since by so doing they would forfeit the pay allowed to them during their period of furlough. Among these was a Mr. Donaldson, a young Scotchman of good family, who held a commission as lieutenant in the Honorable East India Company's Engineers.

To tell the truth, it was not altogether ill health which had led Arthur Donaldson to indulge himself in the leisure of a

furlough; but he had been long enough in the service, ten years, to entitle himself to it, having entered as a cadet, at the age of sixteen, and finding his time lie idle on his hands in his barracks at Cawnpore—for it was one of the brief periods of peace in India—he had taken advantage of a visit about to be paid to the Cape of Good Hope, by some of his brother officers, and joined the party. All were now bound back to India; but their terms of furlough had not expired, and resolved to make the most of the short leave of absence that yet remained to them, they made up their minds, instead of going direct to Bengal, to visit Pulo Penang, and some others of the lovely islands of the Archipelago, on their way. Besides this, Arthur Donaldson had another inducement for delaying his arrival at Calcutta, for a few months. He was betrothed to a beautiful girl, the daughter of a judge, who presided over a Residency in the interior, in the Governorship of Agra; and this gentleman was expected to remove to Calcutta, with his daughter, in the course of a few months; therefore, by delaying his own arrival at the metropolis of British India until about that period, Lieutenant Donaldson hoped to meet the object of his adoration, and if possible, to prevail on her father to allow the marriage to take place there and then—of the young lady's consent, he entertained no doubts—and so, take back with him to the barracks of Cawnpore, a lovely bride to dissipate its monotony.

Henry Selby's duties on board the "Ram Chowdar," were those of a cabin-boy; but the vessel, as is usually the case with country ships, being chiefly manned with Lascars and Malays, the fair-faced, bright looking American boy was a great favorite with the officers and passengers, more especially Mr. Donaldson, who took—as men will sometimes take—a fancy into his head, that the boy resembled a favorite female cousin of his own, whose companion he had been, some years previous to his departure from his native land.

Henry, consequently, had very little to do in the cabin of

the "Ram Chowdar," except to keep himself neat, and almost nominally, to attend upon the captain and passengers at table. Arthur Donaldson would frequently converse with the boy for hours together, during the evening, asking him questions about New York, and telling him stories about India, and asking him how he would like, indeed, almost endeavoring to persuade him, to come and live with him at Cawnpore.

Thus the time passed away during the voyage, agreeably enough, and six weeks after leaving Table Bay, the "Ram Chowdar" cast anchor in the roadstead of Pulo Penang.

For the present we will leave her there while we take the opportunity of introducing our readers to another scene, and to some new characters.

It was on a fine morning in the month of January—at which season the fierce heat of the sun of India is cooled down to a temperature which can be enjoyed—that two young ladies were seated beneath the shade of a cluster of mango trees, in a delightful garden near Calcutta. The air was cool and refreshing for the clime of India; an European would not have found it too warm, while the natives shivered with the cold, of what they are pleased to term the Indian winter. The two young ladies were Ada Murray and her governess, Miss Dorcas. Let us briefly introduce them to our readers:—

Miss Ada Murray was a young girl of perhaps sixteen years of age. But, having been born and having lived all her life in India, she had acquired some of the characteristics of the Orientals. She looked some years older than she was, and though so youthful, was a fully and perfectly developed woman; beautiful as the *houris* that poets dream of. The blue veins could be distinctly traced beneath her fair skin, through which the color mantled with a tint lovelier than that of the newly-blown rose. Her dark almond-shaped eyes, and abundant black, silky hair, gave a voluptuous cast to her features, which were as regular as if cut with the chisel of a sculptor. She appeared so truly beautiful, that Arthur Donaldson

might well be excused for having fallen in love with her at first sight on the occasion of his meeting her about a twelvemonth before, at the Governor's levee at Calcutta. She owed much of the Oriental style of her beauty to her mother, who was a half-caste lady, whom the now Judge Murray had married, when a young man, dependent for advancement on his own exertions, he had met her shortly after his arrival in India, twenty years before—while the purity of her complexion was due to the Saxon blood of her father. The love of the young lieutenant had been reciprocated—for he was a remarkably handsome young man—and it was Ada's first appearance in public. She had been brought up in great seclusion, and naturally was pleased with the attentions of one who, to her eyes, appeared to be adorned with all the masculine graces that her poetic temperament had dreamed of. And when the judge heard the story of their love from the lips of Arthur himself, he displayed no aversion to the prospect of their future union. Although Arthur was but a humble lieutenant, and he a puissant judge, he knew that the young man came of a good family, and that honors and wealth awaited him in due time. The only objections he urged was, that Ada was still too young, and that he would wish them to wait two years before he gave his consent; and one year had gone by, and Arthur had grown tired of waiting. And now, as we have stated, hearing that the young lady was about to visit Calcutta, he thought it a good time to press his suit.

Sarah Dorcas was the daughter of an assistant surgeon in the Company's service, who had died leaving her a perilous orphan—her mother having died some years before—and the judge, who had been acquainted with her father in his younger days, took upon himself the charge of the orphan girl, who was five years older than his own daughter. She was nominally called the governess of Ada; but she was in reality the companion. Each was useful to the other; for while Miss Dorcas was

skilled in the more grave studies, Ada was proficient in most of the lighter accomplishments.

Poor Sarah had deeply mourned the loss of her father, and for some time after her admission into the family of Judge Murray, she had suffered much from melancholy, but this was gradually dissipated as she grew intimate with her fair companion; and she at length forgot much of her sorrow in the progress of her and Ada's mutual instruction. Ada sung well, and was a tolerable proficient in music; and though Miss Dorcas had not been instructed in the art, she was fond of music, and possessing herself a soft and pleasing voice, she promised one day herself to become a musician. She read history and geography and French with Ada, and Ada sung with her, or gave her lessons in drawing and painting, those most attractive of the fine arts. The book of life was opened to the orphan girl at a more interesting page. In the duties of her occupation and in the society of her interesting companion, she forgot for a time the sorrows that had so long weighed upon her spirits; and although a shade of tender melancholy was still manifest at times upon her fair features, it was gradually fading away before the example set her by the light-hearted and joyous Ada. It was only occasionally, in the solitude of her own chamber—in the still gloom of night, that memory revived the recollection of her idolized father—and when those sad memories were thus revived, she still gave way to overpowering bursts of grief that no mental sophistry could subdue, until they had wrought their own relief by the intensity of their power, and the almost heartbroken girl fell asleep, with the tear-drops still clinging to her eyelids, to dream of her lost parent, and perchance of one to whom it was whispered she had given her young heart, and who had been carried off by the same epidemic that had proved fatal to her father. The sole physician for the heart's disease is Time—the slow, though sure assuager of all mental pangs; if not the healer of the

wounded spirit and the blighted heart, at least the ministering angel that charms their keenest pangs away.

Arthur had managed to send a letter to Ada, informing her that he intended visiting Calcutta during her sojourn in that city, on his way back from the Cape of Good Hope to the station of his regiment at Cawnpore, and this very morning she had received the intimation.

The group that was assembled in the arbor, formed by the cluster of mango trees, was worthy of an artist's pencil.

With a map of the world spread in the grass before her, knelt Ada Murray, her face upturned to that of Sarah Dorcas, who was busily tracing a line on the map, from the Cape of Good Hope to Pulo Penang, and thence to Calcutta, eagerly asking Sarah a variety of questions relative to the passage and the distance her lover would have to sail, while the profusion of fair tresses that drooped from the head of Miss Dorcas, mingled in charming contrast with Ada's luxuriant, dark hair. Near by, cross-legged on the ground, sat the *Ayah*, who had been Ada's nurse from infancy, and who, though her place had long been a sinecure, could not bring herself to feel at ease if her young mistress were for a moment out of her sight. Her swarthy countenance reflecting the eager delight she witnessed, lighting up the features of Ada, mingled with a painful feeling of jealousy towards the "*libby sahib*," (the white lady,) who had, as she feared, supplanted her in the affections of her foster-child, while a host of tame cockatoos, parrots, and minor specimens of the feathered tribe, hopped hither and thither, to and fro, anxious to attract attention by all manner of pet expressions and endearments, the fruits of the teachings of former days, when their education had formed the chief delight of Ada, who was now so busily engaged with receiving her own, and with other thoughts, as in some degree to neglect her favorites, who seemed themselves to share in the jealousy of the poor *Ayah*.

"And that, you say, is the route that ships take on their way hither from the Cape of Good Hope, dear Sarah?" said

Ada. "Then surely Arthur should have been here before this. Why let me see," and she took the letter from her bosom, and looked at the date; "this letter was written fully two months ago!"

"You forget Ada," replied Miss Dorcas, "that Mr. Donaldson says in his letter, for so you read it to me, that he was returning by way of Pulo Penang, and Prince Edward's Island."

"Ah! true, so he does; but," exclaimed Ada, poutingly, "one would think, if he were so exceedingly anxious to see me, as he says he is, he would have come direct from the Cape to Calcutta."

"You forget again, dear Miss Murray," said Sarah, laughingly, "that he gives, in the very desire of his wishing to see you here, the reason of his coming back by the somewhat tortuous route he has chosen. The letter was not posted, or at least would not leave the Cape, he says, until some time after he had sailed, consequently you having only been here three days, he would have arrived long before you, and on reporting his arrival to the proper authorities here, he would probably have been ordered immediately to join his regiment."

"Ah! that then, explains it; but surely he will arrive now in a day or two. But here comes papa," cried the light-hearted girl, as a portly white-haired gentleman alighted from a *palankeen* in front of the *bungalow*, or Indian country house; and away she flew to meet him, leaving further conversation respecting Arthur to another time.

"Well Ada, darling," said the judge, as he returned his daughter's kiss; "I've got some news for you. That young scamp, Arthur Donaldson, has just arrived, and will be here to-night. He's in a great hurry to rob me of you; but the two years are not more than half up yet. Ah! blushing, eh?" Ada was blushing, partly with delight, on hearing of Arthur's arrival, and partly at the thought of having received a letter from her lover, without her father's knowledge. It

was probably the first time she had had any concealment from him. "Ah! what! blushing, eh?" repeated the old gentleman, appearing to take great delight in his daughter's confusion. "Well, it is a great shame for the young scapegrace to come upon us thus unawares, when we thought him far away at Cawnpore. He's been to the Cape of Good Hope, he tells me, on a six months' furlough, for the benefit of his health, forsooth! Ha! ha! ha! For the benefit of his health, and he looks as ruddy, and as hearty, as if he had just left his native mountains—frightened of the liver complaint! Good, that! I warrant, from the looks of him, he never had a touch of the jaundice in his life. It's just a touch of laziness that has seized hold of him; and he's lost a whole year's service to gratify a fancy to travel. When I was a young man things were different. We stuck to our posts, liver complaint or no liver complaint. If I had'n't done so, I shouldn't have been a judge now. However, the young scamp has money and influential friends, and that of course makes a difference. But come girl, don't blush so! If you don't want to see the scapegrace—I won't admit him—pack him right off to Cawnpore about his business."

"That would be very rude and inhospitable, papa;" said Ada, innocently.

"Ah! so I've got you to speak at last, have I? Well, since that would very rude and inhospitable, papa, why I suppose we must admit him for to-night, at any rate. We can pack him off to Cawnpore in the morning you know, eh?"

"Well, well, I see," resumed the jocular old gentleman, after a pause, "we must make him welcome at our *bungalow*, for a few days at least; but hark'ee, Ada, dear, I can't think of his flying off with my lamb to his sheep-fold yet. I stick to my bargain—Two full years." And so saying, the judge kissed his daughter again, and entered the house.

Arthur Donaldson arrived in time for dinner, bringing Henry Selby with him, as a sort of page or body-servant. He had induced the lad to follow his fortunes; while the "Ram

Chowdar" was at Penang, and with some difficulty, Henry, who himself was willing enough, had got the captain of the vessel to consent to his leaving him, and following the fortunes of the young officer.

They remained for the space of three weeks inmates of the judge's hospitable *bungalow*; but with all his persuasions Arthur Donaldson could not get the old gentleman's consent to wed his daughter before the expiration of the year yet to elapse. And Ada, if she was willing to shorten the period of probation, was too dutiful a child to offer any open opposition to her father's wishes; so, at the termination of the three weeks, the lieutenant bade his innamorata a reluctant adieu, and took his leave—the promise of marriage at the end of twelve months, having been renewed by both, in the presence of the judge.

"What are you going to do with that boy, Arthur?" asked the judge of the young lieutenant, on the morning of his departure for Cawnpore.

"I'm sure, I don't know, sir—attach him to my person—make a sort of page of him, for the present, and perhaps, a soldier by-and-by, if he fancies the trade."

"Who, or what is he?"

"I only know," continued Arthur, "that he was a cabin-boy on board the ship I came from the Cape in. He was shipwrecked there, and all on board were lost but him and one old seaman."

"Humph! is he an English lad?"

"I don't know that even. I suppose he is an American, for he recollects no other place but New York, and he came to the Cape of Good Hope, on board an American vessel; but, according to his own account—and he's a shrewd lad—it's difficult to ascertain where such as he were born, so many poor emigrants go to his country. Do you know the principal reason that I had for taking a fancy to him, was because he bears so strong a resemblance to a fair cousin of mine with an

awfully Irish name, Alice Meehan. One of a host of poor relations who used, when I was a boy, to visit my father's house in Lanarkshire occasionally. She was I believe born in Ireland, and if I mistake not, married a man named Hartley—an Irish farmer, or something of that sort—and the consequence was that she never came to Scotland to see us again. My father thought she had lowered the dignity of the family by marrying beneath her station; though, for the matter of that, I don't suppose the prohibition did her much harm, since all she got by visiting us once a year, was her board and lodging for a fortnight, and the honor of having visited her rich relations—at her own expense. She was very pretty, and this boy—though not anything like so handsome—certainly does bear a strong resemblance to her. She was several years older than I, but we were very fond of each other. Poor Alice! I wonder what became of her after her marriage!”

“A most quixotic idea of yours, I must say,” said the judge, “to saddle yourself with a young lad like that, simply because he bears some fancied resemblance to a cousin you once was partial to, and who has been several years married to a person, who you say is disowned by your family. The boy is certainly a smart lad enough: but if you want to train up a servant, a native valet in this country is worth a dozen Europeans.”

“Agreed; but I can't help it now: I've beguiled the boy from the ship, and I can't cast him adrift, if I wished; and I don't wish, for I have really grown quite attached to him. A servant I don't intend to make him, but if he behaves himself I shall take it upon myself to push his fortunes, some way or other.”

“And should you die?”

“Oh, judge! don't talk to me of dying, at least till I have become your son-in-law; and then if I die before you do, I shall leave the boy as a legacy to you.”

“You are an incorrigible dog,” said the judge; “there's

nothing to be gained in argument with you. But if you are going to travel by *dank* (post) to-day, you had better be going. The caravan will leave within half-an-hour."

"Let me once more bid adieu to Ada."

"No, no! you've bidden her good-bye once, and unsettled the silly girl for a week already——"

"For a good many weeks, I hope, sir," saucily interrupted the young man. "I hope she won't forget this visit for twelve months."

"Good-bye, good-bye," said the judge, as he laughingly extended his hand, and in the course of another quarter-of-an-hour Arthur Donaldson, and his young charge, Henry Selby, were on their way to Cawnpore, where in due time they arrived in safety, and there shall we for the present leave them, while we again cross the ocean into another hemisphere, and return to our old acquaintances in the city of New York.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHARLES EDWARDS' PROGRESS TOWARDS REFORMATION, AND
SUBSEQUENT RELAPSE.

“As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly.”

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS.

GEORGE HARTLEY faithfully fulfilled the promise he had made to Mrs. Edwards. It is a difficult matter to procure a situation for a man who can produce no testimonials of good conduct and respectability, at any time, more especially if he bears in his countenance the traces of debauchery, and the difficulty in the present instance was enhanced, inasmuch as if Edwards produced any testimonials at all, they must have been calculated only to injure him: added to which the general depression that existed, rendered employment most difficult to obtain even by those who had good character and known industry to recommend them. But George Hartley, through his own good conduct, aided by a series of, to him, fortunate extraneous circumstances, had advantages in this regard, possessed by few. Many persons who would have turned aside from the humble petition for employment, presented them by the honest, industrious and frugal, lent an attentive ear to the persuasions of the managing clerk of the wealthy bankers, Messrs. Wilson & Co., who had such opportunities of indirectly benefiting them. There was, however, another diffi-

culty in the way, which was hard to surmount, it was this: George Hartley could not, for the sake of his own reputation, even had he not been withheld by other scruples, conscientiously recommend Edwards to the notice of any one whom he could by any means deceive; and notwithstanding his promises of amendment—notwithstanding he had really taken the temperance pledge, he had but little faith in his good resolves; so he determined to state the facts as they were, making only such reservations as he thought it was needless to disclose, to the proprietor of a large shipping-house, in the neighborhood of Fulton-street, on the East river. He told him of the distress of the wife and family of Edwards, and his thorough conviction of the poor woman's worthiness, and made it a special favor to himself if he could find the unhappy man any employment, that would not at the present time, until his promised reformation had been fully tested, place him in any situation of trust, while at the same time it would enable him, with the exercise of industry, to support his family, at least in some degree of comfort.

This, at length, the merchant promised, and in the course of the week Edwards was engaged as porter in the house of Messrs. Davis & Co., with a salary of eight dollars a week to begin with, and a promise of a future increase if he conducted himself well.

At the same time Mrs. Hartley provided Mrs. Edwards with employment as a needle-woman, by recommending her to several ladies of her acquaintance, and furthermore, by the direction of her husband, purchased for their forlorn abode such articles of furniture as they stood in immediate need of; and thus once more, by the kindness of George Hartley, was Charles Edwards placed in a position to retrieve his fallen character, and regain his social position in the world; this too at a period when many honest and trusty and capable men were starving.

For a time all went on well; Edwards faithfully kept his pledge of temperance, and soon began to recover his former

healthy looks. Mrs. Edwards became cheerful, and the children thrived rapidly; happiness once more became an inmate of the reclaimed drunkard's home.

At the termination of six months, Mr. Davis was so satisfied with the assiduity of his employée, that he voluntarily raised his wages and placed him in a better position in his service, and Hartley really began to have faith in Edwards' thorough reformation; but "the dog will return to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire."

Six months more passed away—the gloomy cloud which had hung like a pall over the prospects of the mercantile community began to look brighter and clearer, and to give signs of the sunshine that was behind it. Business still was dull, but it visibly commenced to improve.

The commercial community had been thoroughly purged of all that was rotten in its midst, and those who had weathered the storm, now began again to hold up their heads and to look hopefully into the future. There was now no longer a lack of employment; rather there was a difficulty in finding persons to accept employment, for thousands had gone elsewhere, during the period of depression, to seek the work they could not obtain in the city. Mr. Davis had discovered that George Edwards was a skilful penman, and an excellent accountant, and he had conducted himself so well, shown himself so thoroughly industrious, so apparently trustworthy, and so anxious to serve his employers' interests, that the merchant conceived the idea of giving him a desk in his office, and raising his salary to eight hundred dollars a-year.

Before he did this, however, he called upon George Hartley, and acquainting him with his half-formed resolve, asked his opinion with regard to it.

"What do you wish me to say, Mr. Davis?" asked Hartley.

"Simply, I ask whether you think Edwards is worthy

of the preferment I have in view for him ;” returned the merchant.

“ Of that, sir,” replied George, “ you at present are necessarily a better judge than I. You do not wish me to recommend him ; to become in any way responsible for his future good conduct ? ”

“ Not exactly that, of course, but do you not consider, viewing his behavior during the twelve months he has been in my employ, that I should be justified in placing him in my office ? ”

“ Mr. Davis,” replied George, “ I shall be rejoiced to hear of any good fortune that may befall Charles Edwards. In the first place, on account of his wife, whom I believe to be a most estimable woman ; and secondly, because such a desire on your part implies that he has reformed his conduct, and I know that the situation he has held in your employ, is unworthy of his talents ; but once I nearly forfeited my own character by becoming security, to a certain degree, for his conduct, when I fully believed him to be a deserving man. I have resolved never to compromise myself in that manner again.”

“ Then you think I should do wrong in advancing him ? ”

“ Nay, I do not say that ; but I repeat, you sir, have had a far better opportunity of judging him of late than I have had.”

“ Answer me one thing, Mr. Hartley, and then I shall form my own judgment. You are acquainted with Edwards’ conduct at his own home ; has that been correct during the period he has been in my employ ? ”

“ To the best of my belief, it has been perfectly so,” replied Hartley.

“ Then,” said Mr. Davis, “ I shall risk it. I am desirous of serving the young man ; and to tell the truth, just now, it is difficult to procure the services of such men as he.”

“ I am rejoiced to find you entertain so good an opinion of Edwards,” said Hartley, “ and I assure you I most sincerely

hope that your good opinion may be borne out by his own good behavior. If he deceives you after this, he will merit no further consideration."

"Good day, Mr. Hartley," said the merchant, as he left the office, and the conversation ended.

George Edwards, greatly to his own delight, as well as that of his wife, who was more pleased at the proof this kindness afforded of his having gained the perfect confidence of his employer than at the increased prospect of comfort it afforded to his family, was placed in Mr. Davis' counting-room, and for some months all went apparently well with him. Mr. Davis met Hartley, and told him that he was quite pleased with his new clerk's good conduct and ability; and even Hartley, at last, fully believed in his perfect reformation.

So matters rested for the space of three months, when one day Mr. Davis burst into the office of the Messrs. Wilson, and going directly to Hartley's desk, exclaimed in evident trepidation—"That villain, Edwards—Mr. Hartley, he has deceived me; robbed me to an incredible amount."

"What has he done?" asked Hartley, himself so shocked at the sudden intelligence, that he was scarcely able to speak.

"He has committed forgery—forgery to a large amount. I have only discovered it to day, in consequence of his having absented himself for two days from the office. I find that he commenced a regular system of forging the very week after I placed him in my counting-room."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed George, "and where is he now?"

"I know not; he has absconded. I have been to his house, and there found his wife in a state of the greatest distress. She evidently knows nothing of his whereabouts."

"And what do you propose doing now?"

"I am going to the chief's office, to set the police on his track. If he cannot be found, I am a ruined man."

In a state almost of frenzy, Mr. Davis rushed from the office. It was nearly four o'clock, and Hartley was so discomposed that he felt he could do nothing more that day. He closed his books, and went home.

“Good God!” thought he, as he wended his way towards the ferry—“what will become of the wretched man’s wife and family?” His thoughts then took another turn, and he muttered half aloud—“I am truly thankful that *I* had nothing to do with obtaining him a seat in Mr. Davis’ counting-room.”

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MARRIAGE OF ARTHUR DONALDSON AND ADA MURRAY.—

WHAT BEFALLS HENRY SELBY.

“For know, poor Edwin was no vulgar boy ;
Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye ;
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
Silent when glad ; affectionate, though shy.”

The patronage system in India, has, ever since the East India Company, by dint in the first place of cautious and cunning diplomacy, and subsequently by conquest, obtained possession of Hindoostan, and reduced the native Rajahs and Nabubs to the position of mere tributary nonentities, rendered it impossible for any person from England to push himself forward, no matter how great his abilities, nor how industrious his habits, unless he possessed friends amongst the Board of Directors in Leadenhall-street, who virtually preside over the destinies of that vast empire. Consequently there was little chance afforded to Henry Selby of bettering his condition. Lieutenant Donaldson had taken a liking to the lad, for reasons already explained ; but the most that he intended, or perhaps could be expected to do for him, was to make him his own favorite attendant. The young officer had, in his own estimation, already materially bettered the lad's condition, for he had found him a humble cabin-boy, and had removed him from the drudgery of the ship, and installed him into the lighter and cleaner office of a page. On the lieutenant's arrival at Cawnpore, he had provided Henry with suitable clothing, and the lad was forth-

with initiated into an acquaintance with the duties required from him at the mess-table.

For two years he remained in this humble position, and at the expiration of that period accompanied his master—now Captain Donaldson—to Calcutta, to pay another visit to Judge Murray, and—according to promise, having completed his term of probation, according to the judge's own agreement—to claim the hand of Ada. It were needless to say that this visit had been long looked forward to with anxiety by the young officer—and it is extremely probable that the lady had not been altogether careless or indifferent with regard to it—and Henry, although he had not the same interest with regard to the visit that Ada and Captain Donaldson possessed—was not a little delighted at the thought of exchanging the dull monotony of Cawnpore for the bustle and liveliness of the capital of British India.

In due time they reached Calcutta, and the young captain, very shortly after his arrival, made his appearance unannounced at Judge Murray's Bungalow at Garden Reach.

The judge was in the city; but Ada and Sarah Dorcas were at home, and sitting in the arbor, where we first introduced them to the reader; Sarah reading aloud to Ada, who was busied with some fancy needlework.

Ada was the first to hear the footsteps of Captain Donaldson, who had crept lightly to the arbor, along the path leading from the gate of the Bungalow, in hopes of coming upon the ladies unawares; and she raised her head from the work, and requested Miss Dorcas to cease reading for a moment.

“Why, Ada,” asked Sarah—“what is the matter?”

“I thought I heard a footstep on the gravel walk.”

“Your papa, dear, most likely,”—carelessly observed Sarah.

“No, it's too soon yet for papa to return home. You know he said when he went out this morning that he should not return till dinner-time, and it yet wants two hours to five o'clock.”

Ellen rose from her seat, and stepping out from the arbor, looked along the path. (Captain Donaldson, meanwhile, had succeeded in effectually screening himself from observation behind the dense foliage of a group of tamarind trees, which stood amidst an undergrowth of plants and bushes of various kinds, where he could hear all that was said.)

“There is no one, Ada,” said Sarah, returning again to her seat, “your ears must have deceived you.”

“Perhaps so; but do you know, Sarah, I thought that I heard a footstep, strangely like Arthur’s.”

“Indeed!” said Sarah, archly. “The wish, I presume, was father to the thought—eh, Ada?” Ada smiled and blushed.

“Well, perhaps it was,” she replied. “Do you know, Sarah, it is two years, this very day, since Arthur left for Cawnpore, and—”

“And what?” said Sarah, laughing.

“What a torment you are. You know that he was to return in two years—and—”

“Another, and”—said Miss Dorcas, smiling archly. “Why, Ada, dear, you speak enigmatically to-day. How am I possibly to understand what you mean by the repetition of that little conjunction, and?”

“You know what I mean well enough, Sarah, only you are determined to tease me.”

“And, he might arrive to day, and—you were thinking of *him*, while I was wasting my breath, reading aloud to you, and, your thoughts led you to deceive your senses—and—so it was that you fancied you heard his footsteps. Now, my dear, there’s a string of conjunctions, very neatly joined together. Am I not right?”

“Perhaps so,” replied Ada, blushing again, and laughing.

“And of course, a true knight like Lieutenant—Captain Donaldson, though, he is now; I beg his pardon. Of course a true knight, like Arthur, would be on the spot at the very

minute. Let me see, my dear, at what hour did he take his departure? was it morning, noon, or night? if he is not here, and to the moment, I would discard him, if I were you, for a recreant lover."

"Well, he ought to be true to his promise, even to the day, at least; but then you know the '*dauk*,' is often delayed; besides, many things may have happened to delay his departure from Cawnpore, and consequently his arrival here."

"Oh, no," said Miss Dorcas, gaily, "there can be no excuse in affairs of the heart. A true lover will overcome all obstacles; in fact, set them at naught."

"Nonsense—what nonsense you are talking, Sarah," replied Ada; "I'm sure that Arthur will be here as soon as possible, and that he would rather forestall the time of his arrival than fall behind, poor fellow."

"Are you *sure* of that, Ada?" asked Miss Dorcas.

"Quite sure."

"Then you are a most trusting damsel," said Sarah, gaily, "and Arthur is a most happy lover. But Ada, dear, you must never let Arthur know how much faith you place in him, or how anxiously you looked for his arrival. The men, you know, are so vain, you would set the poor man beside himself."

"Never fear me, Sarah—I wouldn't have Arthur hear of our conversation for the world. When he comes, I shall scold him for his dilatoriness, and if he doesn't come to-day, or to-morrow, at furthest, I shall punish him by receiving him coolly and not speaking to him—only, of course, in the way of common politeness—for a week."

"And if he does come to-day, what then?" said Arthur, stepping from his retreat into the presence of the two ladies.

"Then, I presume, since his punishment for misbehavior would be so great, he will be entitled to half-a-dozen kisses, at least, to begin with, and then—"

What then? the young soldier did not say, for suiting the action to the word, he had caught hold of both Ada's hands, and interrupted her speech by pressing his lips repeatedly to

her forehead ; but Ada speedily disengaged herself, and, blushing deeply, retreated to the side of Sarah, whose arm she took.

“ Oh, Arthur, you have been acting the spy,” she said—“ you have been listening—I never should have imagined that you could be guilty of so mean an act !”

“ Nor would I, if I could have helped it,” said Arthur, in a bantering tone of voice. “ You know it is said that listeners never hear any good of themselves, and I fancy Miss Dorcas has been sadly traducing my character—men are *so* vain, you know—and really, Ada, your remarks *were* almost enough to set an ardent lover like me beside himself.”

“ Then you heard all that we said ?” said Ada, blushing still more deeply.

“ All, dear Ada,” replied Arthur, “ from the moment you raised your head from your needle-work and inquired of Miss Dorcas whether she heard a footstep on the gravel walk. I stepped behind yon clump of trees to conceal myself, and, really, I was made very happy by what I heard. After all, listeners do not always hear evil of themselves.”

“ Then they ought to,” interposed Sarah.

“ Come, come,” answered Arthur ; “ this is folly. You know that I was anxious to be here—the fact of my arrival on the very day appointed, proves that—and I heard enough, unintentionally, to satisfy me that you are glad to see me here ; so cease that pretty pouting, both of you, ladies ; it’s very becoming, but smiles are still more becoming, and I know this assumption of displeasure is only pretence. Where’s the judge ? Ada, where is your father ?”

“ You are very impudent, sir !” said Ada.

“ I know that. I was always noted for impudence from a boy,” gaily replied Arthur, advancing, and again taking Ada’s hand in his, at the same time shaking the hand of Miss Dorcas. “ But you haven’t replied to my question ; I didn’t ask you whether I was impudent, but where was your father.”

“ He has not yet returned from the city,” said Ada, unable

any longer to keep up the pretence of ill-humor. Arthur sat down in the arbor, and the ladies took a seat, one on each side of him, and all three were soon engaged in animated conversation.

An hour passed speedily away, when Judge Murray made his appearance. The arbor in which his daughter and her friends were seated overlooked the road, and the Judge espied Arthur almost as soon as he had alighted from his palanquin, and hastily advancing towards the bower, he met the young man, who on his part had dutifully advanced to meet his future father-in-law, half way.

"'Pon my word," said the judge, as he grasped the proffered hand of the young man and shook it heartily; "'Pon my word, my young friend, you appear to have presumed already upon your relationship *in posse*, if not *in esse*. I find you actually in possession of my castle, and for aught I know, if I had not come in the nick of time, you would have carried my daughter off without leave or license."

"Except that which you yourself gave me, sir," said Captain Donaldson, interrupting the old gentleman. "You recollect, sir, you put me upon two years' probation, and then promised me your daughter's hand. That period has expired to-day."

"No, not 'till to-morrow," said the judge; "not till to-morrow, Master Donaldson. You have forestalled the time, sir."

"At twelve o'clock to-day, sir," interposed the young officer, "the two years expired."

"And you actually were silly enough to ask for leave of absence from your regiment, for the sole object of coming here and keeping your tryst with that foolish child."

"I was, sir," replied the young man, "and surely you don't blame me for so doing?"

"Why, not exactly," rejoined the judge; "for I was weak enough to do a good many foolish things, when I was a youngster, and paying my court to Ada's mother. I suppose young men and young lasses will be foolish in this regard until the end of time."

We can't put old heads upon young shoulders. But I am right glad to see you at all events, and by-the-by, I must congratulate you upon your promotion. Ada read your appointment to a Captaincy, in the Gazette."

"Ada did?"

"Yes, Ada did," continued the judge. "Somehow or other, she always glances at the army list, the first thing, when she gets hold of the newspaper. And," added the judge, looking archly at the young man, "she has a peculiar interest, it seems to me, in a certain regiment, quartered at Cawnpore."

The judge and his young friend had by this time reached the mansion, and having been joined by the two ladies, who had left the arbor when they saw Mr. Murray engaged in conversation with Arthur, they entered together.

It is unnecessary to the subject of our story to pursue the theme of Arthur's and Ada's courtship in detail; suffice it to say, that three weeks after the date of Arthur's arrival from Cawnpore they were married by the Bishop of Calcutta, who out of friendship for his friend the judge, had offered his services upon the occasion.

Arthur Donaldson's leave of absence from his regiment extended for three months, during which period, the newly wedded pair resided with the judge at his *bungalow* on the banks of the Hooghley, at Garden Reach. We observed that Captain Donaldson had brought with him from Cawnpore, his young *protégé*, Henry Selby, and, as there was an entire army of native servants in the judge's household, the lad had very little to do; many of the little services that he had been accustomed to render to his master, being now dispensed with, or performed by Ada's female attendant. Henry, when he left Mr. Blunt's house in New York to try his fortunes, had made a mental resolve that he would never return home, unless he had succeeded in bettering his condition; indeed that he never would write even to Joseph Carter, his first and best friend, unless he were in a position to write favorably with regard to

his future prospects. He often thought of the watchman and his family, and especially of little Ellen, whom he had resolved, if ever he lived to be worthy of her, and to support her as he believed she deserved to be supported, should be his wife. There were many years to pass away before either of them would be old enough to think of marriage, and many things might happen, in the meanwhile, to overthrow and crush the hopes and aspirations of youth; but, although separated from little Ellen by thousands of leagues of land and ocean, something in the breast of the lone boy whispered that Ellen would no more forget him than he could banish her image from his memory, and he hoped and trusted on, allowing no unworthy fears or feeble hesitations to interfere with the course he had marked out for himself.

And what was this course? Henry was a boy of no ordinary capabilities; that the reader of this tale must have already perceived. He had been born in poverty and misery, nurtured amidst vice and wretchedness; and had not providence sent Joseph Carter to his relief, the night he had been discovered sitting on the doorstep, ready to perish amidst the storm of sleet and rain that had chilled his infant limbs, he might have died a miserable victim to social corruption and mismanagement; or, worse still, might have lived to swell the numbers of those wretched beings, who become pests to society, and thieves, and murderers, simply because society has made them so. This simple incident was the turning-point in his career. His young mind had already become hardened, and, in some measure, corrupted, and his dawning moral perceptions blunted, as the reader has seen; but the kindness of Joseph Carter had, from the first, worked upon his feelings with a secret but strong influence; and although still bowed down by the pressure of adverse circumstances, he had, child as he was, risen superior to the influences which depressed him, and proved that superiority even by the reserve, and apparent sullenness and obstinacy, which had estranged from him many friends who

might otherwise have served him. But Henry wanted not such service as they were willing to render. He had, as we have said, marked out a course for himself, and had placed a goal in the distance which he determined to reach. To be sure, the path was beset with many obstacles, and the goal was far off, and shrouded in darkness—he had to grope his way to reach it, but he possessed a stout heart and a strong will, and was not of a temperament to be daunted with trifles. The associations of his infant life, if they had touched, had not contaminated his soul, for he was one to whom the verse of the poet might have been well applied—

“For kuow, poor Edwin, was no vulgar boy;
Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye;
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy—
Silent when glad, affectionate, though shy.”

Young as he was, when he had, two years before the period of which we now speak, accompanied Arthur Donaldson to Cawnpore, he had sense enough to perceive that only by the most extraordinary endeavor could he hope ever to escape from the thralldom of poverty and life-long servitude. The barriers which separated him from those more favored than he, in the position they held in the social scale were, he perceived, more difficult to pierce through in India, than they would have been had he remained in America, although there, he had seen enough to know, that despite of political freedom, and so-called social equality, a wide gap, well nigh impassable to all but those especially endowed with vigor and talent, divided the sons and daughters of poverty and toil, from those of wealth; but so much the greater need of exertion, and, if possible, he resolved to succeed—to work, and wait, and hope—and bide his time.

And work he did. The duties imposed by his master were light, and left him abundance of leisure; and this leisure, while his master imagined he was idly amusing himself, he was all the time carefully improving.

“So, Arthur, you leave us for Cawnpore, to-morrow, eh? Time’s up,” said the judge, one morning after *tiffin*,* “and Ada goes with you. Well, well, it must be so, I suppose. The young birds will leave the parent-nest when they are fully fledged; but the *bungalow* will be very lonesome when you are gone. You take Sarah with you, too, and leave the old man quite alone.”

“For a short time, sir,” replied Arthur, “but not, I hope, for long, if you succeed in the kind effort you are making in my behalf; and there is no doubt your influence is sufficient to enable you to accomplish your object.”

“And make you a major, eh?” said the judge, smiling. “You not only steal the old man’s daughter away, but you force him into your service by promising, that if his wealth and influence can succeed in pushing you forward, you will consent to come and live near him, knowing that he will do anything for the sake of enjoying his child’s society.”

“You know, sir,” replied the captain, “that I am not actuated by mercenary motives, and that for your sake, and that of Ada’s, I would gladly exchange into the regiment stationed at Fort William, in order that we may be near you, although I were still only to retain my rank of captain; yet,” he added, smilingly, “if you are willing that I should gain by the exchange, and rise a step in rank, I can’t say that I shall have any objection.”

“You think Major Donaldson, of the staff, at Fort William, Calcutta, will sound better than simple Captain Donaldson of the —th regiment, Cawnpore, eh? Well, so it will—and more than that *I* think you merit the title—if I didn’t think so, you should never have had my permission to wed my daughter.”

“Then, sir, let us hope that we shall soon return from Cawnpore, and take up our permanent residence near you. As a married officer, belonging to the staff, I shall not be required

* Lunch—a favorite meal in India.

to reside within the fortress. We may be able to obtain a *bungalow* near your present residence."

"And why not reside with me. There is surely plenty of room—at least for some years to come. By-and-by, perhaps—" and the old gentleman looked archly askance at his son-in-law,—“there may be some additions to the family, which may make more room desirable. But, we are talking too fast, Arthur, my boy—‘counting our chickens before they are hatched,’ as the old proverb says. It will be time enough to think of a residence when the exchange is effected, and you have got the majority; and time enough to think of a larger residence, when the family has increased sufficiently to render it necessary. However, in two months from this, I hope to have all matters satisfactorily arranged, and it will take that time to arrange your affairs at Cawnpore, and to bid farewell to your friends there. Let me see; how long have you been quartered at Cawnpore, Arthur?”

“Nearly all the time I have been in the country. I went there, you know, before I was out of my cadetship.”

“Yes—you are attached to the place, I suppose?”

“Not particularly—I shall be glad of a change. I would sooner reside at Calcutta. Cawnpore is exceedingly dull—Calcutta always possessed attractions for me.”

“Ah! I know that to my cost,” resumed the Judge. “You were attracted by my nest, and at last you run off with my fledgling; but I had almost forgotten something I intended to speak to you about. Do you intend to take that boy, Henry, with you back again?”

“I suppose so. I don’t know what else I can do with him, than keep him in my service; although, to tell the truth, I shall have now very little need of him.”

“Had you ever much need of him?” asked the judge.

“I can’t say that I had; for native servants are plenty enough: but you recollect, I told you the cause of my having taken a fancy to the boy.”

“You did—and I must say that I think you acted foolishly. The boy can’t always remain a page; he’s growing too big for it already. He might have got on as a sailor; now you’ve pampered him, and used him to habits of idleness and indulgence, and, as it appears to me, the only resource left him is, by-and-by, to enlist—and perhaps, rise in time to be a sergeant, or a sergeant-major—no very flattering prospect, at the best.”

“Oh, I shall retain him in my service for a year or two yet; and, at the expiration of that period, perhaps something may turn up that will suit him.”

“Idle expectations, Arthur. You know, without interest and education, it is impossible to get forward in this country—where a knowledge of the languages of India is indispensable to the European. Now, suppose that we waived the boy’s social position, and assisted him with our interest, what education can he be expected to have, and he is too old now to commence to learn. You’d better have left him on board the ship, Arthur—and the next best thing is to get rid of him before he becomes a fixture in the family.”

“I can’t think of turning the poor fellow adrift,” returned the captain, “I must think, as I told you, how I can best provide for him, by-and-by. You say,” he added jocosely, “a knowledge of the oriental languages is necessary to the European who would rise in India. So it is; but judge, this boy, recollect, is an American—at least, so he tells me—and they manage to push their way in the world, generally speaking, where anybody else would fail.”

“I’ll tell you what I was thinking of,” resumed the judge. “The boy can write?”

“Oh yes—he writes a pretty fair hand.”

“Well, then, the junior native clerk in my office, *Tullah Beg*, is very ill, and I am at a loss for somebody to do the rough work of the office. He may do that well enough for the present; suppose you leave him with me until you return.”

“I am quite agreeable if the boy is,” answered the captain.

“Call him then and ask him if he is willing to remain here for a couple of months.”

Henry was summoned, and upon his appearance the question was put to him by the judge.

The young lad expressed great satisfaction at the prospect thus opened to him. So much the judge thought, and he observed—

“You see, my boy, I shall only need your services while my clerk remains ill; by-and-by we must see and do something for you more congenial to your habits and education. You will soon be too old for a mere page, and of course are unfitted by education for any civil employment that my influence could obtain for you. The remuneration you will receive now will be but small, for the duties required of you could be performed by any English charity-school boy. However, let me see you do your best, and you will always have a friend in me.”

Henry, with a secret satisfaction he could with difficulty conceal, reasserted his readiness to accept the offer, and he was told to appear at the office of the judge on the day following.

“That’s a clever boy,” said the judge as the lad left the room. “It really is a pity, Arthur, that you took him from the ship. He might have become a mate or a captain in time.”

“It can’t be helped now, sir,” replied Arthur. And Ada and Sarah entering the room, the conversation was changed to the subject of their approaching departure.

Matters were all satisfactorily arranged, and on the following morning Captain Donaldson and his wife, accompanied by Miss Dorcas and Ada’s native *Ayah*, left by “*dauk*” for Cawnpore. And Henry Selby, commencing life again in a new phase, duly presented himself at Judge Murray’s office, near *Chundpaul Ghaut*, in the city of Calcutta.

CHAPTER XX.

STILL THE DARK CLOUD HOVERS OVERHEAD.

“There is no spot so dark on earth
But love can shed bright glimmers there,
Nor anguish known of human birth,
That yieldeth not to faith and prayer.”

THE winter passed slowly and drearily away. It was not a very severe winter so far as frost and cold were concerned; if it had been, the deep distress that pervaded the laboring classes of the community would have been greatly increased; still the chill winds and rains, and the damp cold air, and the dark, gloomy weather, were hard enough to bear. We listen complacently to the howling of the tempest and the pattering of the rain and sleet when we are snugly housed and the shutters are closed, and the curtains snugly drawn, and the fire burns cheerfully and crackles merrily in the grate, and the lighted candles add to the comfortable aspect of the room; and when all our daily wants are amply provided for, and we have not to look anxiously forward to the morrow, uncertain whether we shall find means to obtain a meal—then we may often give vent to an expression of pity for those who are less fortunate than ourselves; but it is too often but a passing sentiment, unimbued with any feeling of real benevolence. As Joseph Carter remarked, when his wife observed on the occasion of his bringing little Henry to the house, “There are thousands and tens of thousands worse off than we. We ought to be thankful.” “Ah! wife, so we ought—more thankful than we are; and yet, Mary, it always appears to me to be a selfish sort of thankfulness that leads us to rejoice that we are

better off than others quite as good, in the sight of God, as we." There is too much of this tinsel of philanthropy in the world, passing current as real benevolence.

We left the Watchman and his family in the midst of trouble and poverty. Poor Joseph was compelled again to accept the post of city watchman, and to depend upon the petty emolument of the arduous office, almost solely for the support of his family—for as the winter passed its slow length away, and the distress among the poor became more pressing every day, the competitors among the wives and daughters of laboring men for such employment as Mary Carter had sought in the early part of the winter to obtain, became so great, and the remuneration, small as it was at the best, decreased so much, that it was rarely now that she could get a job to do; and when she did it scarcely paid for the food she required to enable her to bear up under this hard and long unaccustomed bodily labor. William Carter could obtain no employment at all, and he had given up all hope of doing so until the spring, when he trusted there would be a revival; and to crown their distress, Joseph caught a severe cold in consequence of having been exposed to the weather, and remaining in wet clothing all night during one of the stormiest nights of the season, which resulted in an attack of rheumatism that confined him to his bed. Now, the "wolf could no longer be kept from the door"—and hope—the last resource of the wretched—seemed ready to fly from the Watchman's home. Resolved to make one last effort, Ellen set out one morning, determined to make application for employment as a shirt-sewer at every store she could find where such work was let out. But at the miserable remuneration of six, and ten cents a shirt, she found there was a supply of labor greater than the demand. She was about to give up further search in despair, and to return to her once happy, now wretched home, when she noticed a store in Chatham-street at which she had not yet made application. With a failing heart and trembling limbs she entered this store, and with a faltering

voice requested to know if they were in want of any person to do plain needlework.

"No," was the surly reply. "We are bothered out of our lives with applications for work. You girls are more troublesome than the beggars."

Sick at heart, the poor girl turned away, and was about leaving the store, when the proprietor looked up. He had not thought it worth while to do so before; and either moved with pity as he watched Ellen's look of despondency—or, more probably, struck with her beauty, he said:—

"Stay awhile; you needn't be in such a hurry in taking a denial; you're not like most of the girls—I can hardly get them out of the store, sometimes. I may, perhaps, find you a job—what can you do?"

"Anything in the way of needlework, sir," replied Ellen. "I can do fine work, and of course should prefer that which pays best; but I am ready to do anything; we are starving at home."

"Ah! that's what you all say—that's an old story—I hear it fifty times a-day; but I can't help that, even if you're telling the truth. If I was to give work to everybody that's starving, I should soon be in a fair way of starving myself; but you seem to be an honest sort of girl, and if I can find you something to do, I will."

"Oh, thank you, sir—thank you," said Ellen, forgetting the brutality of the first portion of the man's speech, in the promise of work he held out at it's close.

"You would be willing to make up shirts, I suppose?"

"I am willing to do anything I am able, sir."

"Then here's material for half-a-dozen shirts; and here's one for a pattern," continued the shopkeeper, as he took a bundle of linen from a drawer. "I give ten cents a shirt, and if you're smart, you can sew one a-day; it's more than is commonly paid now, since there are so many seeking employment, and

more perhaps than I ought to pay these hard times, but I like to behave liberally to my employées."

"Ten cents as a remuneration for the toil necessary in order to complete one shirt a-day!" thought Ellen. "Ten cents a-day to serve for the joint support of my poor father and mother, and myself and my brother!" but she signified her willingness to accept the task, and was about to take up the work, when the shopkeeper stopped her.

"Wait a minute, young woman," said he—"you are an honest girl, I dare say, but I can't swear to that fact—you haven't said where you live——"

"I had forgotten," said Ellen, hastily interrupting the tradesman—"I live in Mulberry-street," giving him the number of the house—"and my name is Ellen Carter. My father is one of the city watchmen, but he is now confined to his bed with a fit of sickness; I will write the address down for you if you please."

"You can do so, young woman; but I've something more to say; you must leave a deposit of two dollars as a security for the material. When you cease working for us, the money will be returned to you."

"Two dollars, sir! God knows I haven't a dollar in the world."

"You must raise the money somehow before you can have the work," replied the shopkeeper, deliberately proceeding to replace the goods in the drawer, but noticing Ellen's look of despair, he added—

"Surely you must have some friend who can lend you the money, or something or other you can raise it upon—at the—the pawnbroker's, you know, eh?"

The tradesman had accompanied this last speech with such a cunning leer, that Ellen was frightened and disgusted. She was hastily leaving the store, when a gentleman who had entered while she had been talking, and made some trifling purchase from the clerk, advanced to the proprietor, and said,

“Let the young lady take the shirts, sir; I will advance the two dollars necessary as security;” and he laid a two-dollar bill on the counter as he spoke.

Ellen would have refused to accept this assistance from a stranger, great as was her distress, and that of the family at home; but the shopkeeper had taken up the bill and placed it in a drawer, and before she had time to speak a word in reply to the stranger’s offer, he had withdrawn.

“You’re in luck’s way, young woman,” observed the tradesman; “first to be able to get work to do at all—now there’s so many applications—and then to find a gentleman willing and ready to find the money for your security. Now you can take the work home, and get it done as soon as you can: and if you satisfy me, you shall have plenty more.”

“I don’t know whether I ought to take the work, sir, or to accept assistance from a person I am unacquainted with,” said Ellen, timidly.

“You should have thought of that, young woman, before the gentleman left the store,” returned the tradesman. “The money’s in my till now; it’s too late to make any objections: besides, I can’t see what objections you can have to make. Come, take the work or leave it, whichever you please.” Ellen took the bundle in her arms, and hurriedly stepping out of the store, without replying to the tradesman’s last remarks, hastened home.

She found her father sitting up and feeling a little better. Her mother had, like herself, succeeded that morning in obtaining some work, and had gone out, and her brother was sitting moodily over the scanty fire, brooding over his inability to obtain employment. Ellen spoke cheerfully to her father, and told her brother that she had at last obtained work, in the hope of cheering him out of his despondency; but her endeavor was useless—it rather had the effect of rendering him more gloomy still. He muttered something about his being only a

burthen to the rest of them, and rising hastily from his seat, he took his hat and went out.

Ellen looked tearfully after him as she saw him walk rapidly along the street, with his head bent towards the ground, and then she commenced her task at once. She had not the heart to tell her father the conversation that had passed between her and the shopkeeper, nor the paltry pittance she was to receive for her labor, when her task was completed; neither did she say anything with regard to the deposit demanded, nor the stranger who had so generously interposed and placed the two dollars in the tradesman's hands. She knew that the relation of all these details would only vex her father, without effecting any good purpose, but she resolved, when her mother returned in the evening, to tell her of the circumstance, for she was far from being easy in her mind about it, and she busied her thoughts as she sat rapidly plying her needle upon the object he could have had in so promptly advancing the money. She could scarcely bring herself to think that he had been actuated by any other than good intentions; still she had a presentiment of some coming evil, arising from this incident, that she could not account for.

The evening came, and Mrs. Carter and her son both returned home, the former happy in the consciousness that she had that day earned something, however small her earnings had been, towards the support of her family, and the latter, we regret to say, greatly to the distress of his mother and sister, (his father had retired to bed and did not see him,) for the first time in his life, intoxicated.

He was very sick, and his poor mother persuaded him, after some time, to retire to bed. And then the mother and sister wept together over this last great misfortune that had befallen them. William had always been his mother's hope and pride. She had in happier days formed ambitious aspirations with regard to his future career. Were these to be dashed to the ground? She felt that she would rather follow her son,

beloved as he was, to the grave, than see him live to become a drunkard.

Ellen strove to comfort her mother, and succeeded in leading her to hope that this his first offence would be his last, and then she related her morning's adventure in Chatham-street, and told how a stranger had advanced the two dollars, unasked for, without which she could not have obtained the work upon which she was engaged.

Mrs. Carter heard the story, and then advised her daughter to finish the work and take it home: but advised her also to take no more work from the store, unless she was fully satisfied-as to the motives of the gentleman in coming to her assistance.

It was late in the day when Ellen commenced her work; but she resolved to finish one shirt, the daily task she had set herself to perform, before she retired to rest. With her mother's assistance, this was effected by midnight, and then kneeling together in prayer, thanking God for his goodness, and praying that the dark cloud that had so long hovered above and around them might be dispersed in his good time, and especially praying for his blessing upon the erring son and brother, who had allowed the demon of intemperance to overcome him, Mary Carter and her daughter sought their pillows, and slept more sweetly and soundly, perchance, than hundreds who were surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries that wealth can bestow: for they had toiled hard, and with a good purpose, and they had no accusing conscience to disturb their rest or to disquiet their peaceful dreams.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FORGER.

Vice is a monster of so foul a mien
As to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
But seen too oft, familiar with the face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

"I AM sure there *is* something the matter, George," said Mrs. Hartley for the third time since her husband had come home, each time previous having received a reply that nothing at all *was* the matter. "You are not well?"

"Quite well, my dear, in bodily health at least," replied George, taking the youngest child upon his knee. He had a family of four children now; but although it was evident from the child's actions that her father's knee was her accustomed seat after dinner, even the infant appeared to feel that something was wrong to-day. She endeavored to entice her father to play with her by making her little childish efforts to attract his notice, as usual; but finding after three or four attempts that her efforts were in vain, she relapsed into silence, and soon fell asleep, her head resting upon her father's arm.

The other children also seemed to find the parlor dull that evening; they had made no remonstrance when their mother told them it was time for them to go to bed; but had allowed the nurse to lead them away, without pleading as usual to be allowed to sit up "only a little while longer." There was evidently a feeling of constraint possessing the household of George Hartley.

When the nurse had withdrawn with the older children,

Mrs. Hartley gently lifted the sleeping pet of the family from her father's lap, and laying the child down in the cradle, she drew her chair close to her husband, and taking his hand in her's, said :—

“Dear George, I am sure there is something serious the matter. Whatever it be, do not fear to tell me of it. It is worse to bear this suspense, and see you suffer alone and in silence, than it can be to know the worst and share your troubles with you. Who so fitting to be your confidant as I, George? You say you are quite well in health. Something then has occurred to disturb your mind. Is there anything the matter at the office?”

“No, my dear,” returned George. “Nothing has happened which has anything directly to do with us. Set your mind at ease on that score. But I'll tell you, now the children have left the room, Ellen. Edwards has committed an extensive forgery upon Mr. Davis, who has behaved towards him with so much generosity, and has absconded.”

To say that Mrs. Hartley did not experience a sensation of relief, when she learnt that the trouble which evidently had weighed upon her husband's spirits, had no relation to his own affairs, would be folly, for it was natural that such should have been the case. She was almost ready to exclaim, “Thank God! that this is all;” for the poor woman had begun to imagine all sorts of gloomy things; but she checked herself, and instead of giving vent to a selfish expression of joy, she said with deep and real feeling:

“Poor Mrs. Edwards! and the children. What will become of the dear children?”

“Aye,” said her husband, “it is of them, poor things, that I have been thinking. Charles has now placed himself beyond the pale of sympathy; but his wife, poor woman! it will be a shocking blow to her.”

“And then think of the poor children, George!”

“Yes, my love. I sincerely pity them, poor little things!”

“Has Mrs. Edwards heard of it yet?”

“I don’t know. Mr. Davis called at Mr. Wilson’s, and told me of it. He was almost distracted. He said he only discovered it to-day.”

“How did he make the discovery?”

“I have not heard. He gave no particulars. Indeed, he was too much agitated to enter into details.”

“What is the amount of his loss?”

“That I know not: but I presume it must be very great, or he would not be so distressed about it. He merely said that his suspicions had been aroused in consequence of Charles having absented himself for two days from the office.”

There was a ring at the bell of the front door, and shortly afterwards a servant entered the parlor, and said that Mrs. Edwards had called and wished to see Mr. Hartley.

“Show her in, Jane,” said Hartley. “Ellen, my dear (to his wife) perhaps you had better retire.”

Mrs. Hartley was only too glad to leave the room, and escape the distress of being present during the interview.

“I will send for you, Ellen, if you are wanted,” said her husband, as she retired—and she had hardly passed through the folding door before Mrs. Edwards, evidently in a state of great perturbation of mind, entered the parlor.

“Oh, Mr. Hartley!” she cried—almost dropping into the seat that George had hastened to place for her—“do you know where my husband is? He has not been home these two days. I was uneasy yesterday; but still I thought that probably they had been very much occupied at the office, and he had slept there, as he has done once or twice; but having heard nothing from him this morning—he always sent me a message in the morning when he had been detained before—I called at the office at noon to-day, and was told that he had not been seen there for two days; and I am certain something dreadful has happened. They were evidently afraid to tell me. Mr. Davis left the counting-room when he saw me enter and

the clerks looked so strange and mysterious. Surely, Charles cannot have met with any accident. They should let me know where he is, if that is the case. I returned home, but I could not rest, and I at length determined to call upon you, for if you know anything of him I am sure you will tell me all. My husband is not ill, Mr. Hartley?"

"I have no reason to imagine he is, Mrs. Edwards," said George. "I have not seen him for some weeks."

There was, however, in spite of Hartley's endeavor to appear composed, something in the expression of his countenance or in the tone of his voice, which seemed still more to alarm the terrified woman—and she said:

"Mr. Hartley, if you have not seen my husband, I know that you are aware of what has befallen him. Tell me all. Tell me at once. I am able to bear it. Anything is preferable to this dreadful suspense."

The poor woman's anguish was so great, that George dreaded to disclose the facts of her husband's dishonesty, and subsequent flight; but he felt that the intelligence had to reach her, and that it had better come from him—an old friend, and one upon whom she had been accustomed to rely, than from a stranger, or from the reports which would be sure to appear in the newspapers—perhaps greatly exaggerated, and embellished with comments, which would fall still more harshly and fearfully upon the unhappy woman's ears.

He was silent for a few minutes, and then he said—

"Mrs. Hartley, I will not deny that I have heard something relative to your husband which it will pain me to repeat and you to hear; but you must endeavor to bear it. After all, matters may not be so bad as they are represented."

"Tell me—tell me at once," almost screamed the poor woman. "My husband is not ill, you said. It is worse—he is dead. I had a strange dream last night of the water as I sat up waiting for him by the fireside. Some accident has befallen him crossing the ferry."

"It were better that it had been so—~~better that he were~~

dead," thought George Hartley, as he looked with pity upon the anguish depicted in the poor abused wife's features ; but he replied, " Mrs. Edwards, Charles is, I have reason to believe, living and well in health, but prepare yourself to hear sad news. He has absconded, after having, as Mr. Davis informed me to-day, committed forgery to a large amount upon the firm by whom he has been employed."

The unhappy woman uttered a piercing shriek and fell senseless to the floor.

George immediately rang the bell and desired his wife to be summoned, but Mrs. Hartley had anticipated the summons and entered the parlor immediately after the servant. George in the meantime had raised Mrs. Edwards from the floor, and placing her upon the sofa, he left her in charge of his wife and the servant girl, bidding them send for him if they could not succeed in restoring her, and he would immediately procure medical assistance, and then he retired to the library to await the result of his wife's endeavors.

It was long before the poor lady was sufficiently restored to be enabled to leave the house. She fell into a succession of fainting fits, accompanied with hysterics, which sometimes assumed an alarming appearance ; but at last she became more composed, and expressed a wish to return home. George and his wife both pressed her to occupy a bed in their house for the night ; but she said that she had left the children alone, and she must return to them ; George therefore accompanied her home, leaving her at the door—they having hardly exchanged a word during the walk, the subject which in reality engrossed the thoughts of both being avoided as if by mutual though tacit consent.

On the following morning, as George Hartley had anticipated, the newspapers published an account of the forgery, which was stated to involve a sum amounting to nearly twenty thousand dollars ; and it was said that the fraud had been going on for a length of time, indeed almost from the day Mr. Davis

had promoted the dishonest clerk from the store to the counting-room.

It appeared that perfect confidence had been reposed in the young man by his too-confiding employer, who had allowed him even to sign checks in his name when he was absent from the city—the peculiar nature of his business often calling him away. An arrangement to this effect had been made with Mr. Davis's bankers, so that the clerk had had things all his own way; and he had succeeded in eluding discovery or even suspicion, by making false entries in the books and summing up his cash accounts so as to make them balance fairly. Mr. Davis was severely and justly blamed for his want of business caution, but he was pitied likewise, for as a man of business he was generally esteemed for his integrity. The loss was indeed a severe one to him, for he was not in a very extensive way of business; and had not his creditors, in consideration of his misfortune, allowed him time, he would have been ruined. It was stated in the newspapers likewise that it was suspected that the clerk, Charles Edwards, had started for Texas; and as he had had nearly three days start before his frauds had been discovered, and as there were no electric telegraphs in those days, there was every probability that he would make good his escape. All this was corroborated by the statements of Mr. Davis himself to George Hartley, who called during the day at his place of business. The merchant felt at first a little embittered towards George, in consequence of his having in the first place procured Edwards the situation at his store; but at length he acknowledged that Mr. Hartley was not in fault, as he had been especially cautious, even to forewarning, when asked by Mr. Davis what he thought of his intention of promoting Edwards to a seat in his counting-house.

Mrs. Edwards and the children were left destitute by the unfeeling husband and father, who appeared to have given himself up entirely to evil courses. This was evident from the subsequent conversation held on various occasions between

Mrs. Hartley and Mrs. Edwards; for though the latter, like all women, was unwilling to criminate her husband, she could not help, at times, letting fall remarks, from which Mrs. Hartley inferred the course of life the miserable Edwards had led; still it was evident that Mrs. Edwards knew nothing of her husband's criminality with regard to his employer. It only transpired, by slow degrees, that he had lived extravagantly, and as both George Hartley and his wife believed, had been addicted to gambling, drinking, and low company, although with the shrewdness necessary to the character of a thorough rogue, he had managed to disguise his fondness for these low pursuits from his employer.

Once again George Hartley stood the friend of the unfortunate woman. Mrs. Hartley hired a small store for her, for the sale of millinery and fancy goods, which George stocked, and thus she was placed in a position to maintain herself and her children, by the exercise of honest industry.

Months passed away, and nothing was heard of Edwards. His wife, however, prospered in her undertaking, mainly through the good offices of Mrs. Hartley, who recommended her to the patronage of her friends, and by degrees she repaid the funds which George had advanced to start her in business. Meanwhile, Hartley himself continued to prosper. He had taken the "tide in the affairs of men," which Shakspeare speaks of as happening once in a lifetime to all, at the flood, and it really appeared to be leading him on to fortune; but his good fortune was truly owing to his own industry and attention to business, which had secured for him, from the first day of his entering the counting-house of Messrs. Wilson, the favor and confidence of his employers.

CHAPTER XXII.

HENRY SELBY'S SUCCESS IN INDIA—HE WRITES TO JOSEPH CARTER AND ELLEN.

“Everything is possible to him who wills.”

THE FRENCHMAN AT MARSEILLES TO KOSSUTH.

HENRY SELBY pursued his occupation at the office of the judge with unwearied diligence. It was the first time in his life that he found himself occupied in an employment agreeable to him, for although it was dull, monotonous work enough, this copying of dry law papers, it was an employment that at least opened to him a prospect of future advancement, and enable him at present to make use of his self-taught acquirements.

The judge was pleased, not only with his industry, but with the facility with which he comprehended the nature of any task set before him. He performed the duties of his office much better than Mr. Murray had anticipated, and better than his predecessor, Tullah Beg, the Hindoo clerk, had done, for he wrote English with greater facility and correctness than the young Oriental.

One day the judge was more busy than usual, and although he had several translators in his employment, there was not apparently a sufficient number to accomplish the work required with the necessary rapidity.

“Now, if you could only translate *Hindoostanée*, Henry,” said he, “how glad I should be. I’m sure I hardly know how I shall get these papers completed in time.”

Henry had patiently, yet hopefully, waited for such an occasion as this.

"Will you allow me to try, sir," he modestly observed.

"Allow you to try to translate Hindoostanée," said the judge, laughing at the very idea of a boy of Henry's condition being competent to translate an Oriental language into English. "Why, boy, what do you know of the language; I don't suppose you know even one character from another."

"I believe I do, sir," returned Henry. "I employed my leisure time, during the two years I was at Cawnpore, in endeavoring to learn Hindostanée and Bengalée, and, although I do not imagine I am a master of either language, I know enough to read Hindostanée, and, I think, to translate it freely."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the judge, in a tone and with a look of incredulity; "let me hear you read this," and he handed the boy a Hindostanée document which lay on the table.

To his astonishment, Henry read it with perfect facility, and with a correct pronunciation.

"Now," continued the judge, "let me hear you translate that paragraph into English."

Henry accomplished this with equal readiness.

The judge appeared to be struck with amazement.

"Why, Henry," said he, "who was your instructor in the Oriental languages?"

"No one, sir," replied the boy; "I taught myself to read and write Hindostanée, and one of the *Zeminders* of Captain Donaldson's regiment, taught me the correct pronunciation. As to the Bengalée, I was in the habit of hearing that constantly spoken. I learnt to speak it myself easily enough; but I assure you, sir, I found the Hindostanée sufficiently difficult; for the first year I made little progress, but afterwards it became much easier to me."

"I should think, my boy," said the judge, "that you did find it difficult enough. Why it's positively wonderful. Very few

of our young Writers, who have been grounded in the rudiments of the language in England, before they obtain their appointments, and who are compelled to devote their whole time, for years after their arrival in this country, to the task of perfecting themselves in Hindostanee, acquire so perfect a knowledge of it as you seem to possess."

"They, perhaps, have not generally the same incentive to study that I had, sir," modestly rejoined the youth."

"Indeed, my boy; and what was your incentive?"

Henry blushed, as he timidly replied—"I did not wish always to remain in the humble position in which fortune had placed me, sir."

"A very laudable ambition," returned the judge. "But Captain Donaldson never told me anything of this. Was he aware that you were improving your time in this manner?"

"No, sir."

"And why did you keep it a secret from him?"

"Because I wished first to try whether I was able, with the limited means at my command, to accomplish the task I set myself. I was afraid of being laughed at, if I let it be known that I, a poor servant boy, was endeavoring to become an Oriental linguist; besides, I did not know that he would approve of my so employing myself. He might have thought I was too proud for my situation, and when I had succeeded so much better than I had anticipated, *I was* too proud to boast of what I had accomplished; I waited for the opportunity to come when the acquirement would be of service to me," and again the boy blushed deeply.

"You are a brave fellow," said the judge. "Your talents and perseverance will not only be useful to *you* now, but to me, likewise. I must talk with you again, by-and-by. Now, however, set to work and translate these documents. Tullah Beg is getting well again; he would shortly have resumed his post, and I should have put you to your former duties. Now he

shall resume his place, and, for the present, I shall employ you as a translator."

So saying, he placed the bundle of documents before the boy, and, turning away, resumed his own studies.

Henry set to work with a will, and when the hour arrived for closing the office for the day, he had accomplished nearly double an ordinary task.

The judge expressed himself delighted, and after dinner that evening, he summoned Henry to his study.

There he held a long conversation with him, asking him about his parents and friends, and demanding his reasons for having left his home.

Henry told him the plain unvarnished story of his childhood's and early boyhood's career, to which the judge listened attentively.

"Then you never knew your parents?" he said, when the lad had concluded his story.

"No, sir."

"Is Selby your real name?"

"It is the only name by which I have known myself to be called, sir."

"Humph! You are an astonishingly clever lad, Henry, and will make your way upwards in the world, mark my words. Captain Donaldson and Ada will return here in the course of a few weeks. I have effected the exchange in his favor, and have procured him his majority. When he comes, he and I must hold some conversation with regard to you; meanwhile you will attend the office as usual. Be as industrious and attentive as you have hitherto shown yourself, and be sure that you will always have a friend in me."

From the period of this conversation, the judge showed a marked difference in his behavior to Henry. He had always been kind to him, as he was to every one with whom he came in contact, but now he treated him as he would have treated a son of his own.

At the expiration of three weeks, Captain Donaldson, and his wife, and Miss Dorcas, returned from Cawnpore, and Captain, now Major Donaldson, took up his abode with the judge.

The latter suffered very little time to elapse before he related to the astonished major the discovery he had made of the remarkable acquirements of his late servant and *protegé*.

“What to do with the boy, in order to advance his interests in the best way for himself, is what puzzles me,” said the judge, after he had concluded the relation. “He has abilities sufficient to enable him to attain rank and fortune, either in the civil or military service of the country; but you see it would be the next thing to an impossibility, to procure him a writership, or even a cadetship, in the Company’s service. All my influence, I fear, would be of little avail; they stand so much upon their aristocracy; and unless he obtains a commission, there is a bar to his advancement at once.”

“What then do you think of doing with him?” asked the major.

“I hardly know. I fancy the best plan would be to get him articulated to some mercantile firm, where his birth and antecedents would not be so greatly detrimental to his success—indeed, in such a position, they need not be known: I could introduce him as a young friend of yours from Europe, or something of that sort.”

“And, upon my life,” replied the major, “I’m half inclined to believe that the boy is better born than he is aware of. You recollect what I told you about his astonishing resemblance to a pretty cousin of mine, named Meehan, who married a man named Hartley. Supposing, now, he should turn out some day actually to be a sort of relative of mine, it would be quite romantic, wouldn’t it? And to think, too, that I picked the poor fellow up on board ship!”

“Very romantic, indeed,” replied the judge, laughing, “but

not at all probable; however, I will think over what I have said, and see what I can do for the youngster."

The judge was as good as his word, and the result was that Henry Selby was placed as an articled clerk in the Portuguese firm of De Sylva & Co., general Calcutta merchants, the judge promising to allow him two thousand rupees a year for two years, when, according to agreement, if he gave satisfaction, he was to receive a salary from the firm of three thousand rupees a year. Henry Selby, by dint of his own good conduct and strong resolve, thus found himself raised, while still a mere boy, from poverty and dependence to comfort and respectability, with every prospect of fortune before him.

He served his two years' apprenticeship to the perfect satisfaction of his employers, and entered upon the receipt of his promised salary. At the expiration of two years more this salary was doubled, and, at the end of four years from this period, the once poor, destitute beggar boy, found himself the head clerk of one of the wealthiest mercantile houses in Calcutta, in the receipt of an income of twenty thousand rupees a year, and with a prospect, in a few years more, of becoming a partner in the firm.

The judge, and Major, now Colonel Donaldson, still remained his steadfast friends, and he was as comfortably situated, in every respect, as he could wish for.

And now, for the first time since he had run away from Mr. Blunt's house in New York, he made up his mind to write to his first friend, the watchman, and to little Ellen, whom he had always remembered with tenderness, and whom he now pleased himself with fancying a beautiful woman. The watchman's family had never for a day been forgotten; but he had registered a vow, when a destitute boy he left New York, that they should never hear of him again, unless they heard of him as a successful man, and now the time had arrived. It was with feelings of pride, not unmingled with misgivings, that he dispatched his letter to New York; for although he had an

intuitive knowledge of Ellen's fidelity to her boy-lover, he knew not what changes these long years, which had been productive of such change to him, had made amongst his former friends and protectors, but he hoped for the best. The letter was sent on its long journey, and Henry anxiously looked forward to the time when he might reasonably expect a reply, if indeed his humble friends were still alive, and living still in the city of New York.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

“ Oh, Heaven ! that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascal naked through the world.
Even from east to west.”

SHAKESPEARE.

ELLEN CARTER finished her task as quickly as she was able, giving herself no rest, beyond what was absolutely requisite, until it was completed ; and then with a beating heart and somewhat reluctant steps, she wended her way to the store in Chatham-street, for she hoped and yet dreaded to hear something relative to the stranger, who had so singularly interposed in her behalf : and yet she thought, as she hurried along the crowded streets, “ It is likely that I may hear nothing further with regard to this gentleman ; perhaps, even, he is unknown to the proprietor of the store. It may have been an impulse of pure generosity which impelled him to come to my assistance. I am sure I should be glad to do a similar kindness to any one in distress, were I in a position to do so. Mother thinks I had better make some inquiry about him, and we did think it would be advisable to take no more work from the store, until we discover who our unknown friend is. But, then, I have no means yet of repaying the money, and the proprietor will return it to *me* if I take no more work. It would be wrong for me to take it, since it was given in trust to the storekeeper, in order that by that means I might obtain work. I had better say nothing about it, perhaps ; at least, until I

have saved money enough to repay it, and to pay the deposit myself." Then her thoughts took another turn, and the recollection of her brother's late intemperate conduct recurred to her, and she mentally prayed that he might obtain some employment, which would occupy his mind and save him from the temptation to mix with idle and dissolute companions; for since the day he had returned home in a state of intoxication, William Carter's behavior had given his parents and his sister great uneasiness. He had never drunk so deeply again, as to be really intoxicated; but he had more than once shown signs of having indulged in drink, and every day since, he had spent hours from home without giving any explanation of the causes which led him abroad, and still he had obtained no employment; his mother and sister feared that he had ceased to exert himself to procure it.

Thinking over these various painful matters, Ellen found herself at last opposite the shirt-store, and she crossed the street and went in.

Timidly she laid her bundle on the counter, and without saying a word, waited while the master of the store was settling with a young woman whose errand, apparently, was of the same nature as her own.

"This work is very carelessly done"—said the tradesman, examining a seam in one of the garments. "Very carelessly done, indeed. You have been afraid of your stitches, surely. Why the stuff will hardly hang together. It would not be a matter of much difficulty to count the stitches."

"It has taken me a day-and-a-half to make each of those shirts, sir," said the young woman; "and I am only to get ten cents a-piece for them. Indeed I have done the best I can, and after the cost of the needles and thread is deducted, it does not leave me five cents a-day. I could work faster; but my baby occupies so much of my time."

"That is no business of mine," said the shopman. "You should not apply for work if you have other matters to occupy

your attention. See here : do you think I can afford to pay you ten cents a shirt for such work as this ?” and, with a sudden and powerful jerk he ripped open a seam from top to bottom. “Take back this shirt, young woman, and sew it over again. The rest are badly done, but I’ll let these pass this time : and when you return this garment we’ll talk about payment.”

“But, you’ll pay me for the other eleven shirts ?” said the young woman, imploringly.

“No—I never pay for a job until it is finished. That’s a rule I’ve adopted, and I won’t change it to please any one. Do as you please ; either take back this shirt and sew it over again, and then come for your money, or else leave the bundle, and get your pay how you can.”

The young woman burst into tears, but without saying a word, she took the torn shirt, and rolling it up, left the store.

How Ellen’s heart beat for her. How she wished that she were able to offer her assistance ; or that, as had been the case on the day she had made application for employment, some generous stranger had interposed with the obdurate shop-keeper, in behalf of the poor young widow—for that she was a widow, her attire testified, scanty and shabby as it was. But then she was a plain looking young woman, worn with suffering and sorrow. There was nothing in her appearance to attract the notice and enlist the sympathies of the *charitable* !

It was only when the sobbing woman had left the store, that Ellen thought that perhaps *she* might meet with similar treatment ; and she half feared even to offer her work for the criticism of the hard-faced, keen shop-keeper ; but he saw and recognised her, and to her great relief, although somewhat to her astonishment, he addressed her with kindness.

“So, young woman,” he said, “you have brought back your work, eh ? You have got your task completed quickly ; that’s what I like to see. Let me examine it.” And he opened the bundle—but merely glancing at the shirts, continued—

“It seems pretty well done. Let me see—six shirts at ten

cents each is sixty cents. Here is the money ; and he handed her the poor pittance she had so hardly earned.

“I suppose you would like to take some more work home with you ?” he said, as Ellen was placing the money she had received in her pocket.

“I should be glad to do so, sir,” replied Ellen.

“Ah—yes—well. Do you live far from here ?”

“In Mulberry-street, sir. I told you so when I was here the other day.”

“Yes, but I had forgotten. I asked, because I have no more material ready for you just now ; but I shall have some in an hour’s time. Do you think you could manage to look in again in the course of an hour ?”

Ellen felt a little disappointed, for it was hardly worth her while to return home and come back again—for that would occupy the entire hour—and to wander about the streets for an hour was still more tiresome. However, she decided upon the former plan, and promising to be back at the time appointed, she hastened home with the proceeds of her earnings, and returned at the expiration of the hour to the store.

This time there was a gentleman in the store, busily engaged in examining some handkerchiefs. His back was turned towards her, and she could not see his face as she passed by him to the back part of the store, where it was the custom to give out the work. The shopkeeper had been true to his promise ; the linen was cut out and rolled up ; and, with some fresh compliments upon her diligence, he placed the bundle in her hands, and she passed out of the store into the street, followed by the gentleman, who had at this moment completed his purchases.

She hastened home again with all possible despatch, not being aware that she was followed, at a short distance, by the stranger she had seen in the shop. But just as she reached the door of the tenement occupied by her parents, the stranger came up with her, and, to her surprise, she recognized the gen

tleman who, on the occasion of her first visit, had advanced the two dollars deposit to the proprietor of the store, in her behalf.

He bowed to her, and she blushing returned the salutation, and was passing into the house, when the gentleman addressed her.

“ You reside here, Miss ? ” he said.

“ Yes, sir. ”

“ By yourself ? ”

“ Oh no, sir ; I reside with my father and mother, and brother —— ”

“ Indeed ! You may think me impertinent, but allow me to ask you, what is your father, and how is it that a young lady like you, has become so far reduced as to seek for such employment as this ? ” pointing to the bundle Ellen had under her arm.

“ My father is one of the city watchmen, ” replied Ellen ; “ but during the past winter he has been laid upon a bed of sickness, and we have been reduced to a condition of poverty that we have never heretofore experienced. ” Then suddenly recollecting the conversation she had held with her mother with regard to the object of the stranger who had taken such interest in her, and perhaps also somewhat disconcerted by the familiar manner in which he had addressed her, and by the recollection that he must have followed her all the way from the store, she added, “ allow me to thank you, sir, in the name of my parents, for your kindness to me the other day ; as soon as ever I have it in my power I will repay the money—I will leave it for you at the store. ”

She was turning away, when the stranger stopped her by observing,

“ Oh, you allude to that trifle I advanced as a deposit ; I had really forgotten it, and I beg you will think no more about it ; I don't expect you to repay it. ”

“ I shall repay it the moment I am able to do so, sir, ” said Ellen.

“ It was advanced with no such expectation, I assure you, ”

continued the gentleman. "So far from that, I should only be too happy to assist your father. It is a pity to see a young lady like you engaged in the laborious and badly remunerated employment of a seamstress."

"I must do what I can to obtain my living honestly," answered Ellen, again turning away and entering the hall of the tenement.

"Do not be in so great a hurry, Miss," said the stranger. "I have no doubt I—that is my friends—could procure you more remunerative and more agreeable employment than this miserable shirt-sewing. I should like to speak with you upon that subject. Where can I meet you? do you never go out? Suppose now you meet me in the Park this evening, and I will take you to my mother's house."

"I could not think of such a thing, sir," said Ellen, quickly. "If you wish to speak on such a subject, sir, you can see me here, in the presence of my father and mother." And without waiting for any reply, she hurried along the passage and ran up the stairs which led to the portion of the house occupied by the family of Joseph Carter.

Her mother was at home, and calling her on one side, she hastily related the substance of the conversation that had passed, and both came to the conclusion that as soon as the work that she had then obtained from the store was finished, no more should be accepted, unless, in the meanwhile, the stranger should call, and in the presence of the parents of the young woman he had voluntarily assisted, explain his motives for having done so, and for following her from the store to her dwelling, and making the additional offers of assistance. It had not struck Ellen; but the anxiously suspicious mother doubted not that the hour's delay demanded by the proprietor of the store had been asked with the object of again bringing her daughter into contact with the stranger.

A thousand anxious thoughts were engendered by this little episode. Mrs. Carter obtained but little sleep that night.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DARK HOUR AND THE DAWN.

“Despairing saints, fresh courage take,
The cloud ye so much dread,
Is big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.”

COWPER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the remonstrances and entreaties of his parents and sister, William Carter continued to pursue the evil course upon which he had entered. The patience with which he had in the first instance borne with his misfortunes, degenerated into moodiness, which in its turn gave place to recklessness. William Carter was now seldom at home until a late hour of the night, and when he did return, he was generally disguised in liquor; and more than once he was absent for the whole night, and when he came home in the morning, jaded and care-worn, his eyes bloodshot, and his once ruddy cheeks sallow and shrunken, he would retire to the bedroom, throw himself on the bed in his clothing, and sleep for hours, and then rise to go abroad again, heedless of the commands of his father or the persuasions of his mother and sister, and absolutely refusing to give any account of himself or to say where he was going.

Many and bitter were the tears of his mother—many the prayers of his father and sister, still William went on his way from bad to worse, for the vice of intoxication grew upon him, and soon became habitual.

At length he came not home at all, and notwithstanding all the efforts of the family to find out what had become of him, nothing could be heard of him.

Weeks passed away without any improvement in the prospects of the family of Joseph Carter; for four weeks he had neither heard of nor seen his unhappy son. Ellen had overworked herself, and her close confinement at her needle, aided by the anxiety of mind she felt with regard to her brother, brought on a fit of sickness, which temporarily confined her to her bed, and the consequence was, that the work she had engaged to do for the Chatham-street storekeeper remained unfinished. Mrs. Carter was compelled to remain at home, and look after the lodgings, and attend upon her daughter; and upon Joseph—who again felt twinges of the rheumatism—devolved the entire support of the family, out of the poor pittance he received from his office—an occupation he would fain have given up, for he was quite unfit now for its arduous duties, but he dared not: there was no alternative but to labor on, or to starve. Often he was tempted to exclaim—“What have I done, that the anger of the Almighty should thus heavily be visited upon me?” but he forbore to murmur, and patiently and submissively resigned himself to the Divine will.

The shopkeeper sent repeatedly after his goods, urging the completion of Ellen’s work, and sometimes threatening if it was not returned, to prefer a charge of theft against her. Alarmed at these threats, and wearied with the cruel pertinacity of the tradesman, Ellen, long before she was in a fit state of health to do so, resumed her employment, and at last the work was finished. To the last insulting message of her employer, she replied, that the work should be returned, completed, at noon on the following day.

True to her engagement, she was at the store at the appointed hour, and with fear and trembling she produced her bundle, anticipating incivility, and perhaps rudeness, from the proprietor of the store. To her surprise, however, she was again kindly received; her work was praised, and the trifling amount due to her promptly paid. She was asked whether she would take out any more work. “No, thank you,” she replied,

"much as I need employment, I find that I am unfit to labor just now; perhaps in the course of a week or two, I shall be glad to accept your offer."

"Then I will repay you the deposit you made," said the man, taking two dollars from the till.

"No, sir," said Ellen, refusing the money that was offered to her; "that money is not mine."

"It was paid over to me on your account," replied the shopkeeper—"of course it was intended for your benefit. It is false delicacy on your part not to accept it;" and again he attempted to put the money in her hands.

But Ellen steadily refused to accept it. "Return it," she said, "to the person who was kind enough to lend it me."

"I do not know him," answered the keeper of the store.

"Nevertheless you will probably see him here again. Keep the money in your possession till then," replied Ellen; and she was about to leave the store, when the very person of whom she was speaking came out of the small parlor behind the counter, and united his persuasions with those of the shopkeeper.

Then the idea flashed upon the mind of Ellen, which had already been conceived by her mother, that the young man had purposely met her at the store, at the instance of the proprietor, and that his intentions were evil.

Greatly alarmed, she hurried from the place, without speaking another word; but she had not proceeded far before she was overtaken by the young man in question, who as soon as he came up with her, endeavored to enter into conversation. Her replies, however, were brief, and she redoubled her haste to get home and thus free herself from his importunities. Her endeavors, however, were useless; he refused to be shaken off, and at last he offered her his arm.

He was indignantly repulsed; but he still continued his importunities, and at last he caught hold of her and passed her arm within his own.

While Ellen was struggling to disengage herself—almost inclined to cry for help from the passers-by—a young man came up, attracted by the struggles of the girl, for the attention of several persons had been drawn to her and her insulting companion.

It was George Hartley.

“Why, Potter,” he said, indignantly. “What is this? what are you doing with this young lady? surely you ought to be ashamed of such behavior as this—in the public streets, too!”

The young man addressed as Potter, whom the reader will recognize as the person who had informed Edwards of the vacancy in the house of Wilson & Co.,—which had subsequently been filled by George Hartley—walked hastily away, muttering something to himself about the impertinence of certain stuck-up puppies, who thought nobody so good as themselves, but who would have starved had they not wormed themselves into situations that ought to have been filled by other people, until he turned off down the first by-street he came to.

Hartley paid no attention to him: for observing that Ellen was very much distressed, and perceiving at once, from her appearance, that she was not one of the unfortunate class of beings he had conceived her to be, on account of the situation in which he had found her, he asked where she lived, and offered to conduct her home, in order that she might not again be insulted.

Ellen, who had drawn down her veil, to cover her confusion, and avoid the impudent gaze of those persons who had been attracted by Potter’s impertinence towards her, now raised it, and looking Hartley in the face—her own countenance suffused with blushes—gave him the desired information; but, at the same time, while she thanked him for his kindness, said that she did not feel the least alarmed, since she feared no further interruption from the young man who had so grossly insulted her.

“You will excuse me, Miss,” said Hartley, scrutinising her

features as though he had some recollection of having seen her before. "I mean no offence; but is not your name Carter?"

"It is, sir," replied Ellen, who saw that no impertinence was intended in the question.

"And your father is sometimes employed as a watchman, is he not? I think—some twelve months ago—he was employed as a private watchman by Mr. Wilson, of Wall-street, and you sometimes came to the office for his salary. It is there that I must have seen you before, for I have a perfect recollection of your features."

"He was occasionally employed by Mr. Wilson, sir, some time ago," replied Ellen; "and I think I recollect seeing you at the bank."

"And what is he doing now? I have not seen him for a long while."

"He is still employed as a city watchman, sir; but he has been very ill, and I fear the duty is too arduous for him."

"Then why not give it up? But I see, I see," added Hartley, checking himself, as he glanced at the faded and worn, though perfectly clean and whole attire of the young woman. "I am far from wishing to give offence, Miss," he continued, and his tone and manner were such as to satisfy Ellen that he spoke the truth, "but I presume that your father and his family have suffered much during the late sad depression in business. Let me see. If I mistake not, your father—when he was employed by our firm—was at the same time in the employ of some merchant in South-street, as a porter or carman?"

"He was regularly employed by Mr. Blunt, sir, before he failed," replied Ellen. "Since that period, he has scarcely been able to find any work to do."

"And you have suffered much from poverty?" said Hartley, in a kind tone.

"We have, sir. Indeed, we have," answered Ellen, almost overcome by the evident sympathy of the young man.

By this time they had reached Joseph Carter's in Mul

berry-street, and Ellen was about to wish her companion good day, and again to thank him for the service he had rendered her, when a sudden thought struck Hartley :—

“Is your father at home now, Miss?” he asked.

“Yes sir,” replied Ellen. “He seldom stirs abroad during the day, for he can obtain no other employment but his night duties; and indeed they fatigue him so much—for his health is very feeble—that he is little fitted to do anything else, even if he had it to do.”

“Well then, perhaps you would have no objection to my stepping up and seeing him. You know,” he observed smilingly, “your father is an old acquaintance of mine.”

Ellen could make no reasonable objection; and indeed, if she had been so minded, Hartley did not give her time to reply, for he had entered the house as he spoke, and running up the stairs before her, he stood on the landing, awaiting her slower arrival, to point him out the door by which he was to enter.

Ellen opened the door, and Hartley passing in, introduced himself to Joseph, who readily recognized him; and the young man quickly setting the invalid at his ease, was soon engaged with him in animated conversation; and before Joseph Carter was aware of it, he had gleaned from him the story of all his distresses.

When Hartley had expressed to Ellen his wish to see her father, his object had been to render the old Watchman a service, if he found, upon entering into conversation with him, that he would be enabled to do so; and after hearing his story, he asked him whether he would have any objection to remove with his family to Philadelphia.

“Certainly not, if by so doing I can procure the employment that I have sought so long in vain in this city,” replied Joseph. “This night-duty does not enable me to support my family, and it is wearing out my strength fast.”

“Then I think I can get you a situation as warehouse-man

and light porter, at our branch house in Philadelphia. Only this morning Mr. Wilson was speaking to me about finding a trustworthy man for the place. The work is not heavy, and the hours are not long; and though the salary is not very large, yet it is considerably more than you get now, in the unpleasant duty you are nightly called upon to perform. I must go to the office now, but you shall hear from me to-morrow. Good day—and keep up your spirits: things will turn out right in the end.” And thus saying, Hartley shook the old Watchman by the hand, and wishing Ellen and Mrs. Carter good-bye, hurried back to the office in Wall-street.

The next day, true to his promise, Hartley called, and informed Joseph that he had procured him the situation; and that he was required to start for Philadelphia immediately. The young man, moreover, insisted upon advancing money to pay the expenses of the removal of the family—the money to be repaid at any future time, when Joseph found himself able to do so without difficulty. The gratitude of Joseph Carter and his family, thus assisted by a stranger, was unbounded; but Hartley would listen to no thanks—and wishing them all prosperity, he hastily withdrew.

Within a week Joseph Carter was established in his new situation in Philadelphia. Better prospects appeared to be dawning: there was only one sore trial remaining. Nothing had been heard of William Carter—but Hartley promised to exert himself to the utmost to find out the youth, if he were in New York, and encouraged them to hope that all would be well with him. “Perhaps,” he said, “William had left New York for Philadelphia, in search of employment himself, and they might meet him there.”

It was poor comfort to offer to his sorrowing parents and sister—but they had learned to place their trust in the kind Providence which had ever befriended them, and brought them safely through all their trials, and they still prayed, and did not despair.

CHAPTER XXV.

REVERSES AND SUCCESSES.

“The chiefest action for a man of great spirit,
Is never to be out of action. We should think
The soul was never put into the body
Which has so many rare and curious pieces
Of mathematical motion, to stand still.”

WEBSTER'S PLAYS.

WE closed a preceding chapter after having brought Henry Selby's continuous endeavors to succeed, to a point in which his reward appeared to be at hand. He had written, in the gladness of his heart, to his early friends, and was anxiously waiting a reply. His salary far exceeded the requirements of his moderate wants, and his future prospects were brighter than the most sanguine anticipations of his early ambition. He had refrained from drawing his entire salary from his employers—having for some time left in their hands all the monies that he did not actually need for his present expenses, in the hope that in time he might find some favorable opportunity to invest his savings. But India, like all other places, is liable to reverses. A time of trouble was at hand. Over speculation had created the same depression in Calcutta, that the like reckless endeavors to make money more rapidly than legitimate trade will admit of, had so often done elsewhere, and the result was that several of the hitherto considered most stable and wealthy firms in the city were reduced to insolvency. Amongst these

failures, and one of the most serious of them all, was that of the firm of De Sylva & Co. The announcement that the firm had suspended payment came like a death knell upon the city. So many smaller firms were connected with them in business, that their failure also involved these in ruin; and when their affairs were looked into, it was found that they would not be able to pay one *anna* in the *rupee*. Poor Henry who believed that he was the possessor of at least twenty thousand *rupees*, found himself, through the recklessness of his employers, reduced to beggary.

His letter, too, to his friends in New York was not responded to. Mail after mail arrived, and still there was no letter from America for him. He had written his letter just at the time that Joseph Carter was thinking of removing with his family to Philadelphia, and the watchman could not be found. He sometimes thought of writing again, but his own affairs had now assumed so disastrous a shape that he gave up the idea for the time being, resolving to wait until fortune should again prove propitious, and he should be enabled to clutch the fickle goddess by the robe and prevent her from freeing herself from his hold.

All this time, notwithstanding his own career had been so full of change and incident, he never thought that it was possible that changes should have taken place amongst the distant friends of his childhood. He still pictured them in his mind's eye inhabiting the same humble quarters in Mulberry-street, New York, still engaged in their former daily routine of business; the Watchman still keeping patrol three times a week, and still daily employed at Mr. Blunt's warehouse; and Mrs. Carter still busied with her matronly cares; and Ellen and Willy still going to school every day, and amusing themselves in the evening with reading aloud to their parents, or learning their lessons for the following day. And at Mr. Blunt's house the panorama still presented the features it had exhibited when he was a member, though a humble one, of the merchant's

family. It never crossed his mind that changes and vicissitudes might have befallen them as well as him, and he fancied that he had but to write at any moment, and in due time the letter would reach them in the same old home. So it is with us all. We know how we ourselves have been buffeted about in the world, but we imagine that we alone are the sport and football of fortune, and that others pursue, almost without a sign or thought of change, the even tenor of their way. Sometimes he would think that it was possible that Ellen Carter might forget her little boy-lover, but the fancy was so pregnant with unpleasant associations, that he ever strove to put it to flight when it intruded itself upon him. And so time passed away, and waiting to embrace fortune on a firmer pedestal, Henry Selby forbore and forbore to write. Meanwhile, while he was struggling with adverse fortune, his early patron, Arthur Donaldson, had advanced to the grade of lieutenant-colonel.

Arthur Donaldson and Judge Murray had however kept an eye upon their youthful *protégé*. They had heard of his misfortunes—not through himself—for he had too much pride to come to them with lamentations, who had already interested themselves so much in his behalf. But they had watched him anxiously with the view of ascertaining how he would conduct himself amidst his reverses, having resolved that after having left him to struggle for a time with his difficulties, they would again step forward and help him to retrieve himself.

The crisis was over; some of the fallen houses had resumed business again; but the firm of De Sylva was a complete wreck, and Henry without a hope remaining of obtaining a rupee of the money he had lost, had succeeded in obtaining a humble clerkship in another house.

Now, however, that Lieutenant-Colonel Donaldson was on the point of leaving the city for a distant province, he thought the young man's industry and integrity and ability to bear reverses had been sufficiently tested, and a few days before he

took his departure for Delhi, while seated in conversation with the judge after dinner, he introduced the subject.

“By-the-bye,” he observed, “we ought to do something towards setting that young fellow Selby up again. He appears to be a most industrious and worthy young man. What can we do for him, judge?”

“Why,” replied the judge, “he has got a situation now. I was thinking of helping him on; but it is a bad practice to present a young man with money, and I don’t think Henry would willingly accept it. He will get friends, doubtless, in the house in whose employ he is at present, and if any opportunity offers of advancement, we can assist him.”

“I don’t think,” replied Arthur, “that he has much chance of rapid advancement where he is. A clerk without a *piece* to help himself with, in a small firm, has not much prospect of getting up in the world. Henry will eventually succeed—of that I have no doubt—but I should wish, before I leave Calcutta, to give him a lift. I do not like the idea of having him perpetually chained to the desk, tied neck and heels to dull routine.”

“But what can we do, Arthur,” said the judge. “I cannot get him a government appointment, for reasons I have explained before, and which you know as well as I. If he can’t help himself, how can we help him?”

“I did not mean to infer that he could not help himself,” replied the colonel. “I believe the boy would find means to climb some rounds of the ladder of fame or fortune, place him ever so low; but I’ll tell you what I have thought. Although the gates of advancement in the service are barred against him, commerce offers him an open field in which to compete with his fellows for a prize——”

“He has tried the pursuits of commerce, and has succeeded once. His losses are not to be charged to his own neglect or want of industry. He has now a new opening. Let him exert

himself for a few years, and I have no doubt he will be as successful as ever," interrupted the judge.

"I am going to leave Calcutta," continued the lieutenant-colonel, "and before I leave, I should like to see Henry set fairly going again. I have an idea in my head, and with your assistance, I think it can be carried out."

"What would you advise?"

"This," continued the lieutenant-colonel, "that we—you are a much wealthier man than I, yet I will go shares with you in the expense—that we lend the youth a sufficient capital to purchase a share in some rising mercantile house. A few thousand rupees will do to start with—since it must be a young firm—none of the older ones would take a partner. Let Henry understand that he is to repay the money advanced to him, when and how best he is able, by instalments or otherwise, as he may think fit, and then let him shift for himself. Take my word for it, that once again set fairly going, he will not fail to do well."

"I have little doubt of that myself," replied the judge; "though the idea never struck me before, I know so little about commercial matters; but I am opposed to the plan of starting in life with borrowed capital; could not the boy, now he is in the receipt of a fair salary, save up a capital of his own, and push himself forward?"

"Just as well, my dear judge," returned the colonel, "as he could push himself forward in your office; with this difference, that in the one case, the doors are barred against him, because he has neither capital nor family influence, and in the other the want of capital alone forms the barrier. You know it is very different in India from Europe or America. All the heads of commercial houses here start with some capital. The inferior clerkships, are as they are in offices under the government, held by natives who rarely, if ever, advance to a position of wealth and influence. Of course, according to the plan I suggest, Henry would have to perform, for some time at least, the duties

of a clerk: but it would be with the consciousness that he would eventually rise, and that at once a portion—although a small one—of the profits of the house, would come to him.”

“Well, Arthur, I will think about it,” said the judge. “Come, let us join the ladies,” and the two gentleman quitted the dining room together.

On the following morning, the judge informed the lieutenant-colonel that he had come to the conclusion to befriend the lad, according to the proposition of the previous evening. Henry was summoned to their presence, and informed of their intentions. He thanked them sincerely for their generous kindness, but characteristically made no promises. Henry seldom did. His golden rule was to act; to work and wait.

Arthur Donaldson, who was enthusiastic in everything that he undertook, soon made arrangements with the firm of Dawson and Brother, then newly established; with whom, on the payment of five thousand rupees, Henry Selby was to be admitted into co-partnership, to receive no salary nor profits for the first year, while he was acquiring a knowledge of commercial matters; but after that to be entitled to one third of the entire profits of the house. The judge and the colonel advanced the money required, and also a sufficient sum to pay his expenses for one year, and Henry immediately entered upon his duties. His thorough acquaintance with the written and oral languages of the country, and his close habits of industry, trained as he had been in Judge Murray’s bureau, proved of great advantage to him, and at the expiration of the year of probation, he was gladly admitted to a fair and equitable share of the profits of the firm, which assumed the name of Dawson, Brother and Selby, and which already bid fair to become a wealthy house.

Meanwhile Lieutenant-Colonel Donaldson remained at Delhi with his wife, while Miss Dorcas acted as house-keeper to Judge Murray, who still continued to reside at his bungalow at Garden Reach.

It was at the expiration of the year of probation, when Henry Selby assumed an acknowledged and responsible position in the firm with which he had incorporated himself, that he wrote again to Joseph Carter and Ellen, telling them of his difficulties and struggles, and his present prospects of good fortune, and expressing a hope to return home, if not to stay, at least for a long visit, in the course of a year or two.

The letter to Ellen contained also some matter for her private ear, which it is not necessary for us to expatiate on, since the reader will readily guess its nature, and since neither of the letters were received by the parties to whom they were addressed. They were directed as before to the old house in Mulberry-street, New York; which had, since Joseph Carter had left it, changed tenants three or four times, and the watchman's family were already forgotten; none of the neighbors even knew where they had removed to.

Henry again waited patiently for a reply, but the period when he anticipated the arrival of letters, in answer to his own, passed by, and some time afterwards his own letters were returned from the dead-letter office at Washington—"Parties not to be found,"—inscribed in large scrawling letters on the envelope.

Then Henry bitterly bewailed his folly and pride, in not having kept himself informed—as he might easily have done—of the movements and fate of the only friends his desolate childhood had known.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A RETROSPECT.

“This world is all a fleeting show,
For man’s illusion given.”

MOORE.

IN our last chapter we summed up the history of a considerable lapse of time with our friends in India. Let us now briefly review the movements during that period, of others of the characters introduced to the reader in the course of our story, whom we left in America, in order to make a connecting link in the chain of our narrative.

In a former chapter, the reader will recollect that we left George Hartley progressing gradually, but firmly, in the favor of his employers. He held then as he held still, at the expiration of the period we are briefly summing up, the highest and most influential position he could hold in the office of Messrs. Wilson & Co., unless he were admitted as a junior partner in the firm. As might be expected, he met with numerous trials, which sorely tested his patience, arising as they did in most instances out of the jealousy and envy of those persons who had been less fortunate, generally because less deserving, than he of the favors of fortune, and who could not look upon his success without endeavoring to undermine him in his employers’ confidence, by various mean and paltry devices; but strong in his integrity, George Hartley overcame them all, and at the period when we shall again resume the thread of our story, he had expectations, in the course of a year or two, of obtaining an interest in the banking-house in which he had served so faithfully and so well.

Mrs. Edwards was getting along famously with her millinery establishment. She employed several young women, and had long since repaid the money so generously advanced her by Hartley. Nothing that could be relied on as authentic had been heard of Charles Edwards, although various reports had from time to time reached her, to the effect that he had been seen—one time rumor said in Texas—another time in the then little known territory of California—and again that he had gone to sea, and that the vessel on board of which he had sailed had been lost. The poor woman still grieved over him, and prayed for him, for her trials had chastened her spirit; and Mrs. Edwards, at all times an amiably disposed, had now become a truly pious woman. She loved her husband; for, excepting when he had been maddened with intoxication, he had always been kind and gentle with her and his children, and she still indulged a hope that she should see him again, as she humbly trusted, reformed in character; and, as he was still comparatively a young man, fitted to become a useful member of society. Her children were fast growing up, but were yet at school, and Mr. Hartley had promised when the boy was old enough, to interest himself in procuring him a situation in some respectable mercantile establishment. Altogether, since we last had occasion to speak of her, things had gone well with the widowed wife.

Joseph Carter had succeeded well in Philadelphia. He had soon proved to his new employers the industry and faithfulness of his character, and as his labors were light and his wages liberal, he had recovered his health, and was now as hale and hearty a man of sixty, as could easily be found.

Mrs. Carter was as industrious and thrifty as ever, and had quite recovered her former matronly looks, which in her years of trial and trouble had been worn down with the physical hardships and mental inquietude she had undergone.

Ellen was remarked as being one of the most elegant young women to be met with in the city. Of course we don't mean

elegant as the term applies to the butterflies of fashion, but she was beautiful and healthy in appearance, neat and tasteful, without being gaudy in her attire, pure in heart and gentle and loving in her disposition. She had had several advantageous offers of marriage—some of them from persons far above her in their social sphere; but she had, as most of her friends thought unaccountably, refused to listen to any of them. Her father and mother, however, knew that she still cherished a belief that Henry Selby, to whose keeping she had given her childish affections, yet lived, and until she was certain that such was the case, she had resolved never to marry. Both Joseph and his wife, thought she was visionary in this belief, but they forbore to urge her, notwithstanding they would have been glad to have seen her the happy wife of one of her many admirers, before they were laid in the grave. They were growing old, and they felt that many years, at the furthest, could not elapse ere, in the course of nature, the grave closed over them. They were poor, and their daughter was young and beautiful. With perfect faith in their daughter's purity of heart, they knew that for such as she many snares are set, and therefore wished to see her comfortably settled in life before they closed their aged eyes to the world in the sleep of death.

But there was a skeleton in the otherwise happy abode of Joseph Carter, as there is sure to be, in every family. During all the years he had been absent, they had heard no tidings of their son. The most diligent inquiries had been made both by Joseph, and by George Hartley, but all had been made in vain.

The family had been settled a long time in Philadelphia, when a letter, bearing half-a-dozen foreign post-marks, was received by Ellen Carter. It had evidently traversed half the globe before it had found its way into her hands; and at last it was received through a friend who had chanced to see it advertised in the post-office list in New York.

Ellen tremblingly broke the seal, and hastily glancing at the

signature, uttered an exclamation of glad surprise and thankfulness, and then sunk down in her chair, unable to read it.

“What is the matter, Ellen,” asked Mrs. Carter, who, with her husband had been watching her daughter’s proceedings, anxious to know from whom the letter could have come.

“It is from—Henry,” gasped Ellen; “read it, mother—I cannot;” and she placed the letter in her mother’s hands. “Thank God! Henry still lives,” she continued after a pause; “the letter is dated only a twelvemonth ago.” Only one twelvemonth ago! It was a long period to elapse between the writing and the receipt of a letter! But to her, who had for many, many times that period, cherished the hope against hope, that her boy-lover still lived, and had not forgotten her—twelve months seemed but as yesterday.

Mrs. Carter put on her spectacles, and read the letter aloud. It told of Henry’s adventures—his difficulties, and his present happy prospects—and how, long as he had been silent, he had never forgotten Joseph Carter, nor his wife—nor, above all, his little Ellen. Joseph and Mrs. Carter could not forbear smiling when they heard how he spoke of their tall and handsome daughter, as if she were still a child; but Ellen drank in every word, as if it were a draught of happiness, which she had long sought in vain, until at last hope, itself, had almost fled. Henry spoke kindly of every one whom he had known: of Mr. Blunt, and the youth, his son, who had treated him so badly when he was a humble dependant in the merchants’ household; and the tears came into the eyes of all as he alluded to the many happy hours he had spent with Willy Carter.

“God be praised!” exclaimed Joseph, when his wife, having finished the perusal of the letter, refolded it, and returned it to Ellen. “God be praised! His ways are mysterious. We are humble instruments in his hands, but I always hoped and believed, until lately, when Henry’s long silence of years caused me to give up all thought of seeing the boy again, that my steps were not directed towards him for nothing, when I

found him, poor little fellow, sitting on the stone steps, opposite Trinity Church, in New York, nearly starved and half-frozen to death! But what does he say Mary? that he is going to pay us a visit in a year or two? It is a year since that letter was written—perhaps he is on his way home now, poor little fellow! though what am I thinking about—he is not a poor little fellow now, but a grown man, and a rich man too. Well, rich or poor, I shall be right glad to see him, and so will somebody else, I warrant;” and the old man glanced archly towards Ellen.

But Ellen, amidst her delight at hearing of Henry’s existence and his happy prospects, had other thoughts intervening, which considerably modified the pleasure she might otherwise have experienced. She rejoiced at Henry’s success; but though she knew it was selfish and wrong, she could not help wishing in her heart that he had not succeeded quite so well as his letter seemed to infer—that he was not quite so rich a man. Perhaps now there might be an impassable barrier between her and him, whose image she had so long and faithfully treasured up in her heart of hearts. She had strong faith in him, and her faith was strengthened by the tone of his letter. He must still love her, she thought, to think of her after so many years, amidst all the changes he had passed through; but perhaps Henry Selby, the rich India merchant, would only think of her as a humble playmate of his youth when he was Henry Selby, the poor orphan boy, rescued from starvation by her father, and dependant upon his bounty. Poor Ellen! her doubts and fears were very natural.

Henry had stated in this letter that it was the sixth he had written, and that of these four had, after many wanderings, been returned to him, through the dead letter office—but that he had resolved still to write on, in hopes that at last some one of the letters might reach its destination. “He would never,” he said, “give up the search after his old friends and benefactors.”

“You must write to him immediately, Ellen,” said Joseph.

“Let me see, what’s the direction :—‘ Henry Selby, Esq., merchant, &c., Calcutta, British India.’ The letter has a long way to go—Calcutta, British India, must be a matter of twenty thousand miles off.”

“Not quite so far as that, dear father,” said Ellen. “But if Henry—Mr. Selby I mean”—poor girl, she was already afraid to call him by the old, familiar name—“if Mr. Selby has sailed from India, or if he does sail before my letter reaches him, my epistle will meet with the same fate as his, be doomed to wander to and fro, seeking an owner half over the civilized world.”

“At all events, Ellen, the safest way, now we have heard tidings of the boy, will be to write,” said Joseph. “If the letter misses him, we can’t help it; and we shall, at least, be better satisfied if we send one. I think you had better write, Ellen.”

And Ellen did write, although it cost her a deal of trouble, and the waste of over a quire of post paper, before she could get one worded to suit her. Indeed, she did not succeed at all; but, in despair, sent off the last one she had written. Poor Ellen, how easily she could have written a letter to poor Henry Selby! How difficult it was to write one to Henry Selby, Esq., merchant, of Calcutta, British India!

She might, however, have spared herself the pains. The letter reached Calcutta after Henry Selby had sailed for England. It did eventually reach him; but it was received by him at New York, to which place it had been re-posted by his partners in Calcutta; and before that period he had seen and spoken with Ellen, and had—but we forbear. We will not anticipate our story.

Mr. Blunt, during the period of which we speak, had not recovered from the effects of his disastrous failure. He was now a book-keeper in a house in Water-street.

Thus matters rested five years from the date of Joseph Carter’s removal from New York to Philadelphia.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MYSTERIOUS INQUIRIES.

“——— What is your parentage?”

“Above my fortunes; yet my state is well—
I am a gentleman.”

WHAT YOU WILL.

ABOUT five years, perhaps a little more, after the period when we last brought George Hartley into immediate connexion with the reader, he had entered the office in Wall-street, as usual, about nine o'clock. Shortly afterwards the postman entered with a bundle of letters, amongst which there was a packet from India. One of these letters contained an invoice of goods, shortly expected to arrive in the Montezuma, East Indiaman, which were chiefly consigned to the house of Wilson & Co.; for in addition to doing an extensive banking business, this firm received and shipped a great quantity of goods from and to all parts of the world. The reading of the invoice fell within the province of the managing clerk, George Hartley; but the letters, two of which were especially marked “private,” were of course laid on the table in the inner office, usually occupied by the Messrs. Wilson. At ten o'clock those gentlemen reached the office, and immediately proceeded to open and read their correspondents' letters. Very soon Mr. Hartley was summoned to wait upon his principals.

“You have received the invoice of the Montezuma's cargo, Mr. Hartley?” said the senior member of the firm.

“Yes, sir.”

“Very well. I have here two private letters, one of them is from Mr. Selby, one of the partners of the house of Dawson & Selby, who have done so much business with us for these three years past; the other is from a gentleman who has taken passage on board the Montezuma from Calcutta. He is an Englishman and a man of rank. Lord Mordant, as I understand from some remarks in another letter, Henry Mordant he signs his name. However, singularly enough, both letters, though evidently written without any pre-arrangement on the part of the writers, have allusion to the same matter. Mr. Selby wishes me to discover, if possible, whether a man named Joseph Carter, or any of his family, are now residing in New York, or if they have left, where they are to be found. He says, this man Carter was formerly a city watchman, and a carman in the employ of Mr. Blunt. Mr. Blunt—let me think—that was the name of the merchant who failed during the hard winter five or six years ago. If we can find him out, he may know something of the man or his family. I should like to do all I can to find him, for I wish to oblige Mr. Selby. His house has dealt very liberally with us since we have done business with the firm.”

“Carter—Joseph Carter, sir,” said Mr. Hartley—“that must be the person whom I recommended to you as a light porter for our house in Philadelphia. He is still living there, and filling the situation; they speak very favorably of him. It will be easy enough to find him.”

“Indeed. Well, it is singular,” continued Mr. Wilson, “that the very man so particularly inquired for should actually be in our employ. You are not mistaken in the man, Mr. Hartley?”

“I think not, sir. This Joseph Carter was formerly one of the watchmen of the city, and often engaged as a private watchman. He has been employed several times to keep watch in this very house, at times when we have had a large amount of specie on hand.”

“The request in the other letter,” continued the merchant—

the one from Henry Mordant, or Lord Mordant, is still more singular. The gentleman or nobleman, wishes also to know whether an old man named Carter, a city watchman, is still alive. But that is not all. He asks me to ascertain whether there is a person or family named Hartley, of Irish descent, living in the city of New York, and if such be the case, to advise him on his arrival where they can be found."

"Hartley!" exclaimed George. "That's my name certainly, and I am of Irish descent, in fact of immediate Irish parentage; but I know no such person as Lord Henry Mordant, though I believe there was a nobleman of that name whose estates lay contiguous to the town in which I was born."

"Then, I presume," said Mr. Wilson, "his lordship must refer to you. Perhaps he claims you as a relative, Mr. Hartley, or maybe some one has left you a legacy. In either case," he added, smilingly, "I am selfish enough to hope that he may not proffer such advantageous offers to you as may induce you to leave our firm. We should be sorry to lose your services now, Mr. Hartley."

"I'm afraid, sir, there's not much hope of that," observed George. "However, it's rather singular that the inquiry should be made. At all events, he'll experience no difficulty in finding me out."

"But about this man, Carter," interrupted Mr. Wilson. "At what date may the Montezuma be expected to arrive in port, Mr. Hartley?"

"I believe she may be expected, sir, in about three or four weeks from this. The invoice was despatched by the overland route, and when it left she had sailed from Calcutta full a fortnight."

"Suppose we send for Carter to come here. Do you think we could find him employment?"

"Davidson is going to leave, sir. I dare say Carter is competent to take his place as messenger."

"Well, write then to the house in Philadelphia, and tell

them to send Carter on here with his family. I should like him to be here when Mr. Selby and this other gentleman arrives."

Mr. Hartley did as his employer desired, and the question having been put to Joseph Carter by his employers in Philadelphia, whether he would like to return to New York, and occupy a better situation, he gladly accepted the offer, and within a week he and his family again found themselves in New York.

George Hartley told his wife of the strange inquiry that had been made by Lord Mordant, but neither of them could imagine any satisfactory reason wherefore it had been made or what it foreboded. All that remained was patiently to await the arrival of the good ship Montezuma.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

STRANGE DEVELOPMENTS—THE DEATH OF JUDGE MURRAY—
THE DEPARTURE FOR NEW YORK.

Truly may it be said, "In the midst of life, we are in death."

LET us again change the scene of our story, and return in imagination once more to the banks of the Hooghly river. During the five years and upwards that have elapsed since we left Henry Selby just entering upon his novel duties, a great change has taken place amongst our old acquaintances in Calcutta.

The firm with which Henry Selby had then become connected, had rapidly extended its business, and was now one of the most flourishing commercial establishments in the city. Its success was, in a great measure, owing to the indefatigable endeavors of the junior partner, whose perfect acquaintance with the oriental languages, most in vogue in business transactions, gave him an advantage over most of the merchants in the city, in the same line of business, who being but imperfect oriental linguists, were obliged to leave a great portion of their duties to native clerks—who, besides being naturally indolent, are not remarkable for their honesty. Again, most of the European merchants are men of good family, as it is termed—that is to say, men who had never been used to labor, and who gladly availed themselves of the *dolce far niente*, allowed by the custom of the country, and devoted very little time every day to business, and even then merely occupied themselves with a general supervision; leaving their subordinates to do the rest.

The consequence was that they were plundered on all hands, and independently of this, lost a good deal of business, in consequence of negligence on the part of their employeés. Henry Selby considered it fair to take advantage of this. He did not conceive, because it was the custom of the country to give way to langor, and to indulge in indolent habits, that he was obliged to do so ; and though he created a great many enemies among the merchants who were envious of the growing prosperity of the house with which he was connected, he counted amongst his best friends, several of the most respected and most influential residents. He however found at length, that he had taxed his energies too greatly, and that his health was not so good as it had been, and as it was found advisable for one of the firm to visit the United States, with which country the house did a great amount of business, it was settled that Mr. Selby should be entrusted with that commission.

Henry Selby had long since since repaid the money, so generously advanced by Judge Murray and Lieutenant-Colonel Donaldson, and both of these gentleman he now numbered amongst his warmest friends.

When he had decided upon going to America, he called upon the Judge to acquaint him with his determination, and greatly to his surprise and delight, he found at the Judge's bungalow, the Lieutenant-Colonel, whom he had seen but once since he had quitted Calcutta for Delhi ; but who had now retired from the service, a full colonel, and who was thinking of shortly returning himself to England. .

It was altogether a most gratifying reunion. Ada was there, a blooming matron ; her youthful beauty scarcely touched by the hand of time, although she was now the mother of two handsome children. Miss Dorcas, too, was there, as cheerful and contented as when we first introduced her to the reader—nay, more cheerful—for she had forgotten her sorrows, and report said, had attracted the notice and gained the affections of

an officer in the army—a nobleman of great wealth—who had been for some years in India with his regiment.

The Judge was as cheerful as he had been of old, and he was glad to see Henry—for he was truly proud of him—and now claimed him equally with the Colonel as his *protégé*.

“When do you think of sailing, Henry?” asked the Judge, when the cloth was removed from the dinner table, and the servants had retired. Judge Murray still called the young man by the old familiar name.

“I sail on board the *Montezuma*, which will be ready to leave this port for New York, about the middle of next month,” replied Henry.

“Do you know, Selby,” said the Colonel, “I have a great mind to take passage with Ada on board the same ship. We can easily get to England from New York, and I intend, at all events, to visit the United States. I have lately received letters from Scotland, having reference to a fair cousin of mine, Alice Meehan, who married an Irishman, named Hartley. There is a large property depending upon the discovery of her, or her descendants. It falls equally to her or them, and to myself; but if she or her heirs cannot be found, the estate will be thrown into chancery, and then good-bye to it,—at any rate for the term of my natural life; besides, I should like to see Alice; she was a great favorite of mine when we were children together: do you know, Selby, it was in consequence of some real or fancied resemblance to her, that I first took a fancy to you.”

“A fancy that has certainly been most beneficial to me,” replied Henry. “At all events, I have reason to be grateful to this lady; but since you say, Colonel, that you intend to visit the United States, why not obey your impulse and take passage with me? It will render the voyage more agreeable to both of us. I, like yourself, have to seek out some old friends in New York, whom I have written to repeatedly, but from whom I have received no reply. I may be enabled to

aid you in your search—our house does business with a very extensive firm in New York—Wilson & Co., and I have written to them to-day with respect to the parties I wish to discover.”

“ Well, I’ll think of it, and decide to-morrow. What say you, Ada, should you like to visit America before we go to England ? ”

“ If you think it advisable, Arthur,” said Ada. “ I’m sure I shall offer no objection. I think, with Mr. Selby, the companionship of friends will render the voyage more pleasing.”

“ Then we’ll go with you, Selby,” said the Colonel.

Lord Mordant, the nobleman alluded to, who had listened attentively to the conversation, without joining in it, now interposed.

“ What name was that you mentioned just now, Colonel ? Hartley ? ”

“ Yes,” replied Colonel Donaldson.

“ It’s singular,” continued his lordship ; “ but one reason for my wishing to hasten home—in fact the chief one—is, that my solicitor and land-agent, in Ireland, has written me to the effect that a flaw has been discovered in the title-deeds of one of my most valuable estates, and that the difficulty can only be adjusted by tracing out a man named Hartley, who emigrated from Ireland to the United States, some twenty-five years ago. I have written this very day to New-York, to the house of which you speak, Mr. Selby—Messrs. Wilson & Co. I was recommended to do so by Mr. Dawson, one of your partners, I believe. I happened to have some business to transact with him, and I mentioned the matter to him in the course of conversation ; and on my saying that I thought of returning to England, by way of New York, he recommended me to write to Mr. Wilson, and beg him to exert himself to discover the party of whom I am in search. I have already engaged a passage on board the Montezuma.”

“ So much the better—the more the merrier,” interrupted the Colonel.

“I have not yet told all my story,” resumed Lord Mordant. “Some years ago, when quite a young man, I visited the United States—I was rather a wild chap in those days—(don’t frown, Miss Dorcas, I have sown all my wild oats long since), and I got into a little difficulty one night in New York. I, with a friend, who accompanied me, was hustled and robbed by a party of men whom I have reason to believe were themselves the constituted guardians of the city. There was one, however, amongst them, more honest than the rest, who saved me from being totally despoiled by his fellow-custodians, who were so annoyed at his honesty, that they endeavored to fix upon him the theft of a valuable breast-pin. However, I was not so obtuse as they deemed me to be, and I witnessed the whole affair. I cleared the honest fellow of the charge, and offered him money, which he refused to accept, declaring that he had done no more than his duty. Perhaps he had not; but if we all did our duty; and none of us received any reward for it, I fancy most of us would be poor enough. However, to make my story short, I wrote my name on a scrap of paper and gave it to the man, and receiving his in return, placed the card on which it was written in my pocket-book. Now, that very scrap of paper which I gave the watchman, was part of a letter, which, if I can recover, will serve very much to simplify this matter of which I have spoken; I have preserved the remaining portion of the letter to the present day, but the most important part, the signature, is wanting—that may be still in this man’s possession, if indeed he is yet alive. His name was Joseph Carter. While writing to Mr. Wilson to-day, and speaking of Hartley, I mentioned also, that he would greatly oblige me, if he would institute some inquiry for this honest fellow.”

“Joseph Carter, did your lordship say?” asked Henry Selby.

“Yes, sir,” replied Lord Mordant; “that was the man’s name.”

“He is the person who I am so desirous to learn something

of," returned Henry. "It is singular that your lordship should happen to have an interest in the same person."

"Upon my word," said the Judge, "you gentleman are intermingling your private affairs most strangely. We shall hear by-and-by of your all being related in some way or other. You are a Scotchman, Colonel. You believe in the blood relationship of cousins to the thirty-second remove, I have heard."

The Colonel smiled, but made no reply; and shortly afterwards the gentleman rejoined the ladies, who had a few minutes before returned to the drawing-room. How true it is:—

"In the midst of life we are in death."

When the party separated for the night, Judge Murray was as well in health as ever he had been. Any insurance company would have taken a lease of his life for twenty years.

The next morning at daylight, Henry Selby was startled and grieved to hear from a messenger sent expressly from Garden Reach, by the Colonel, to inform him that his benefactor, the kind-hearted old Judge, had died suddenly of disease of the heart—a disease the very existence of which he had not been aware of. Murray Bungalow, but yesterday the house of feasting, was now turned into a house of mourning; nor was the mourning confined to the relatives and the members of the Judge's household. He was beloved and revered by all who were acquainted with him. Henry hastened immediately to Garden Reach. He found Ada Donaldson almost wild with grief, for she perfectly idolized her father. But the fell destroyer had dealt his unerring blow, and all that remained was to submit to the inscrutable decrees of Providence.

The funeral—as is the case always in India—took place on the same day on which the Judge died, and Henry with a heavy heart, joined the funeral cortege. The body of the good old man, lately the life and soul of every assemblage which he joined, was laid in the grave. Orders were given to erect a monument to his memory, and that was the "last of earth"

with Judge Murray. He had died without having made any will, and consequently the whole of his large fortune devolved upon his daughter, Ada, who thus unexpectedly yet sorrowfully found herself one of the wealthiest heiresses in India. Presents were given freely to all the old servants, and the bungalow and furniture were sold, since it was not now the intention of Colonel Donaldson or Ada to return to India.

It was now necessary to make arrangements for the approaching departure of the whole party; and perhaps it was well for Ada that such was the case, since the necessary occupation served, in some measure, by partially occupying her mind to moderate her excessive sorrow. At length the day appointed for the sailing of the vessel drew nigh. The day before she actually sailed, Ellen Dorcas was united in the bonds of wedlock to Lord Mordant, and twenty-four hours after the ceremony, Lord and Lady Mordant, Colonel Donaldson and his wife, and Henry Selby, were off Sauger Island, and on their way to America.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MUTUAL RECOGNITIONS.

“And here we wander in illusions.
Some blessed power, deliver us from hence.”

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

FOR some days after the Montezuma sailed, the passengers, who numbered some twenty individuals, were too much occupied in setting things in order and endeavoring to make matters comfortable for the voyage, or were too unwell, to take any interest in the ship, beyond what immediately affected themselves. However, before the vessel had got clear of the Bay of Bengal, sea-sickness had generally disappeared, and with the prospect of a long voyage before them, cooped up in a narrow compass, a mutual feeling of good-will had effected wonders, and everything was arranged to the general satisfaction. There were ladies on board; and what with music, and card parties, and conversational parties, and reading and smoking clubs, everything promised happily, and there was every prospect that the *ennui*, so often experienced in a sea voyage, would be banished from the cabin of the good ship Montezuma.

Some of the passengers were old travellers, and these walked the deck as if “to the manner born,” and formed the acquaintance of the sailors, and kept the “first watch,” from eight o’clock till midnight, with the most praiseworthy regularity; and if additional force during that watch made a more effective crew, the captain of the Montezuma had reason to congratulate himself upon the efficiency of his command; but though naval

(stage attire) was consulted freely, according to the *bizarre* taste of the various amateurs, it was extremely doubtful if more than one in ten of the soldiers and merchants, and professionals, dressed in sailor garb, knew the maintop-bowline from the topsail-halliards, or the jib-sheet from the trysail-downhaul. However, amongst the most active of the passengers was Henry Selby. He had been a sailor in early youth, as the reader is aware, and still he was in the very spring-tide of manhood. He had not yet lost sight of his early recollections, and as the gallant ship bounded over the waters of the Southern Ocean, and he stood upon the quarter-deck, leaning over the bulwarks, and gazing upon the flashes of phosphorescent light as the vessel's keel glided swiftly through the water, the sight brought old recollections to his mind, and released from the cares of business, he felt happier and lighter in heart than he had done since he was a humble cabin-boy on board the ship from which his early benefactor and protector, now his friend and equal, had taken him years before.

Although Henry had received no reply to the various letters he had sent to the United States, he still did not despair. He had thought the matter over; he knew that Joseph Carter occupied a humble station; various causes might have led to his removal from the old house in Mulberry-street—perhaps from New York—and if even his old and first friend were dead, he cherished the hope, amounting almost to a certainty, that he should be enabled to find his wife, or at least Ellen and Willy. Ah, Ellen! if you had but known the real sentiments of the poor little outcast, Henry Selby; had you but known how he cherished your fair image in his fondest recollections, how much doubt and how many heart-aches would have been spared you!

The ship had been at sea about a fortnight—she had left behind the Bay of Bengal, and had fairly entered the great Southern Ocean, when one morning, Henry, who had risen earlier than usual, came on deck and stood watching the busy sailors occupied in their every morning duty of “holy-stoning,”

or scrubbing the decks with smooth stones, the planks having been previously wetted and sanded. As yet he had made but little acquaintance with the sailors; the crew was numerous, and it required some time to distinguish the particular features of each; but this morning he was struck with the appearance of a young man, apparently about his own age, who was passing water from the gangway to the officers on duty. It seemed to him that he had seen the face before, yet where or when, he could not recollect; it was as though he had seen it in a dream, still although he thought that probably it was merely some fancied resemblance to a friend that he could not immediately recollect, such as we often meet with amongst strangers, he could not shake off the impression that the features had made upon him; and, at length, after having watched the man for some minutes, he turned upon his heel, and walking aft, addressed the man at the wheel, asking him the name of the sailor who had so much interested him.

“That tall chap, handing along water, sir,” said the old man at the helm: “Is it he you mean?”

“Yes,” replied Henry; but now his attention was directed to the helmsman, for there was something in his voice and manner which awakened even stronger recollections than the features of the younger seaman.

“We calls him, Bill,” continued the old man; “what his other name is, I do not know. I’ve been many a vy’ge with a shipmate ’ithout knowing the tail-end of his name; but I guess you’ll find it on the ship’s articles; that is to say, leastwise, unless he sails under a purser’s name, as many a good man does, for reasons best-known to himself, and which ain’t no concern of any body else’s.”

Henry, however, had lost all interest in the young man who had previously attracted his attention. His gaze was now riveted upon the face of the old seaman who was speaking. He felt certain that he had seen *his* face, aye, and heard his voice, too, before. Suddenly his memory flew back to the period

when he had ran away from New York and secreted himself on board the ship which had brought him to the Cape of Good Hope, where he had so nearly found a watery grave; and then he recognized in the old man, Jack Jenkins, his old shipmate, and the sharer of his perils on the night of the shipwreck. He resolved, however, to test the old man's memory before he made himself known, and with this object, he said, "What is *your* name, my friend? we shall be shipmates together, perhaps, for some months, and I like to be friendly with those whom I must meet every day."

"Bob Davis is my name," replied the old man.

"Bob Davis," thought Henry; "then I must be mistaken;" but recollecting the words the old man had spoken a few moments before, and confident still, that it must be Jack Jenkins to whom he was speaking, he said slyly:—

"Bob Davis, eh? Are you certain, Bob Davis, that *that* is not a purser's name? I once had a shipmate—one Jack Jenkins—and my memory fails me sadly, if Bob Davis and Jack Jenkins are not one and the same persons."

The old man pricked up his ears at the mention of the name of Jenkins, and gazed earnestly into the face of his interlocutor.

"No, no! It can't be," he muttered; "and yet the face is wonderful like, too; but no, that's impossible; that young boy could never have got to be a gentleman such as this. Tho' for the matter o' that he was a cute lad, and had gump-tion enough to come to anything." Then, speaking more audibly, and addressing Henry, he said:—

"Well, sir, ye knows me, it appears, and it ain't o' no use to fight shy of an old acquaintance, more by token when a man ain't got no cause to be ashamed of any name as he has carried on a ship's articles. I won't deny but my name was once Jack Jenkins, but I've laid that ere name aside for many a year. I got tired on it. Lor bless you, sir, I've had a score o' names since I was a boy, and never was ashamed o' none on 'em; but you see, I gets weary and longs for a change. It's

a fancy o' mine. But your calling on me by that ere name, brings up a strange heap o' recollections, and I seem to remember your phiz, sir—axing your pardon—if it wasn't a moral impossibility, I should say as you was the youngster—grewed to be a man—as was saved from the wreck of the Ingeeman at the Cape of Good Hope, a matter o' nine or ten years ago, or maybe more; but as I say, that's impossible."

"By no means impossible, my' old friend and shipmate," said Henry, slapping the old sailor familiarly on the shoulder. "I am Henry Selby, the sailor boy, to whom you behaved with so much kindness, and who in fact owes his life to your courage and skill."

"What, little Harry!" exclaimed the old man, letting go of the wheel for a moment, in his surprise, and very nearly letting the ship broach to. "I beg your pardon, sir, for calling on you little Harry; but I'm so glad to see you, and you grown to be such a tall, strong man, and a gentleman, too! Well, well! strange things come to pass in this world!"

"Strange things indeed, Jack," replied Henry, as he thought how singularly fortunate had been his own career, since he had kept watch with Jack on board the Sea Gull, with no prospect then before him of reaching the position he now occupied. "Strange things indeed, Jack," he repeated. "We don't know what is to befall us. I thought that shipwreck a great misfortune at the time—and so it was—but it was probably my first stepping-stone to fortune. Had that misfortune not befallen me, I might now be a common sailor, or at best, mate or second mate of a ship. It was the cause of my introduction to friends whom otherwise I should never have known."

"And to me, master Harry—I beg your pardon, Mr. Selby I should say now—it was the greatest misfortune as ever happened; so it is—one man's luck is another man's disaster."

"How so, Jack?" asked Henry.

"It's a long story to tell, sir," replied the old sailor; "but if so you've a mind, for the sake of old times, to listen to my

yarn, I'll spin it out to you to-night in the first watch, if you don't object to come for'ard to the folk 'sel, and hold a palaver with an old sailor."

"By no means," replied Henry, "and especially shall I enjoy a chat with an old friend and shipmate like you."

"Well then, sir—beggin' yer pardon for being so bold—" the skipper 'll be on deck presently, and the rules is that none o' the passengers shall talk to the man at the wheel; and the rules, you know sir, must be kept aboard ship, or discipline 'll go to the ——. 'Praps, sir, you'd just walk bac'ards and for'ards, and not talk any more just now, for I see the chief mate a lookin' this way, and he won't be pleased to see you a talking with me."

"Certainly," said Henry. "I ought to have known better myself than to talk to you while you are on duty; but you know Jack, my old friend, folks who have been living a long time on shore, forget the schooling they have had at sea; that is, when they have been fortunate to have had any salt water teachings. I shan't forget our engagement to-night," and Henry walked forward to the break of the poop, and resumed his occupation of watching the sailors, who were now employed in swabbing the decks, the holy-stoning having been completed.

There again his attention was attracted to the man whom Jenkins had designated as "Bill," and the more he looked at him the more sure he became that he had seen his face somewhere before—nay, more, that it was familiar to him, though where or when, he could not call to mind.

However, he resolved to question the captain, and to ascertain by what name the man was entered upon the ship's articles.

At "one bell"—half-past eight o'clock—that evening, Henry Selby lit a segar, and walked forward to the weather-side of the forecastle, where, according to preconcerted agreement, he found Jack Jenkins expecting him.

"Take a segar, Jack," said the young man, handing his

segar-case to his old shipmate, "and now for your yarn—stay, though, first let me give you a brief sketch of my own career since we elung together to the same plank in Table Bay."

Henry then told him how he had shipped as cabin-boy on board a vessel bound to India, and how he had attracted the notice of an army officer on board, who had persuaded him to leave the ship—and how this gentleman and a relative of his—a Judge of the Supreme Court in Calcutta, had together pushed his fortunes; and further, how he had succeeded so well, that still in the first flush of manhood he had become a rich man. He did not think it necessary to say, that the officer, who had, under Providence, been the originator of his good fortune, was on board the vessel in which he now sailed, as he knew the garrulity of Jack Jenkins, and feared that if he should do so, the fact that he had told his history to one of the sailors would come to the ears of the Colonel. "And now, Jack," said Henry, "I have made a clean breast with you. Now let me hear of your adventures, and how it happened that the shipwreck in Table Bay turned out to be such an unfortunate affair as regarded your subsequent career. Let me think, Jack"—and Henry glanced laughingly at the old man. "I think I recollect some fancy of yours—to become governor of an island, like Sancho Panza: I hope, if you succeeded, your government was not so unfortunate as was his."

"There, Master Henry—Mr. Selby, I mean—axin' your pardon; there you've hit upon the very rock upon which I split. You sees me here, sir, a sailor, afore the mast, and agrowin' to be an old hulk, as is no longer o' use to his fellow-mortals, and it all comes out o' that foolish fancy o' mine, to get to be gov'ner of an island."

"Indeed, Jack, and how was that; surely you did not succeed in your ambitious aspirations, and discover, as poor Sancho Panza did, when his desires were gratified, that he had underrated the care and trouble that attach themselves to authority?"

"I don't know, Mr. Selby, what you mean by Sancerpansee,

nor by a good many other dictionary words as you uses; but you allers did have the knack o' saying them fine words when you were a sailor-boy, afore you was a gentleman; but I did become gov'ner of an island, and the wust day's work as ever I did was the day when I sot foot on that ere island's shores."

"Indeed! and how was that, Jack?" asked Henry, greatly amused at his old shipmate's earnestness and simplicity.

"Why, it happened this a-wise, sir; I shipped on board of a whaler from the Cape, leavin' you, you know, fast moored in hospital; but doin' well, and likely to come out all right. That ere foolish idee o'mine clung fast hold onto me like grim death to a marlin' spike, and when we got into the South Seas, I thinks to myself, 'Jack Jenkins,' thinks I, 'now's your time, if you wants to fulfil your manifest destiny, and go ahead a convertin' savages, and so laying up riches in the kingdom of Heaven;' for I did think it was my manifest destiny, Mr. Selby, and no mistake. Well, sir, we stopped at the Marquesas Islands, and I watches my opportunity and desarts from the ship, hiding myself among the mountains till she had sailed, and then I makes my appearance amongst the savages, and tells 'em—for I knowed something of the Kanaka lingo—as how I'd had a call to come and civilize 'em, and make human creetures out on 'em.

"At first they didn't receive me very favorably; in fact, I began to think I had got into the wrong box, for I found out that they were cannibals, and they looked at me with greedy eyes, as though they thou't I had been especially sent among 'em to gratify their beastly appetites; but I know'd they were fond o' music, and having a pretty good voice for a roaring sea-song, I burst out with one, and you wouldn't believe it, Mr. Selby, but in less than no time I had all the village dancing round me like mad.

"Finding that I'd, in a manner, got a hold of their feelings and sympathies, I makes this fact a pint in my plans, and tho' I sung till I was as hoarse as a bo'sen afore I succeeded, I at

last got to be appointed singer-in-chief to the king of the island, and had to take the lead in all their religious ceremonies, and all their war processions; and tho' I says it myself, I believe my voice did more to frighten the enemy in one or two great battles that took place with the people of a neighboring island, than all the clubs and spears the naked so'gers possessed. In one of these fights, however, the king and his son were killed; and I had got to be such a favorite amongst the people, that they, with one voice, insisted that I should take the late king's place and rule over 'em.

"This was what I wanted. I wasn't tired yet of the savage life I was leading, and I thought how I had gained the height of my ambition, and come to be ruler over the island. And now I devised a plan to civilize the natives, and to bring 'em to the truths of religion, leastways so much as I, a poor ignorant sailor, knows on it. Howsomever, I found that there was a thorn at the tail-end of all this power as I possessed. In the first place, before I could be acknowledged as their lawful chief, it was necessary that I should be tattooed all over with all sorts of outlandish figures; and Mr. Selby, if you was to see me with my clothes off, you would perceive that I am marked all over, for all the world like tortoise-shell. It was as much as I could do to persuade 'em that it was not necessary to mark my figure-head in the same fashion, but I managed to do so. You see, I shouldn't so much have cared about it—though it smarted terrible when they was a pricking out the figures—but I thought that, mayhap, some day I should visit England or America again, and I didn't want to make myself altogether a scarecrow amongst civilized folks. I was tattooed at last to their satisfaction, and when the smart got well I was regularly installed as their king. Now, thinks I, to start the plan o' salvation. How had I best begin about it? and then I thought o' my voice for singing, and as I recollected some of the hymns I had been taught in childhood I thought I would set them these hymns to tunes, and begin by teaching the savages to sing 'em

themselves, and so lay the foundation for their conversion. I found it very hard work to begin though; the 'Old Hundredth' wouldn't take kindly to the tune of 'Tom Bowline,' or 'The Bay of Biscay O,' no ways I could fix it, and I knowed none other but sea songs. Howsomever, I managed to succeed after some sort o' fashion, and then I set to work to larn 'em to the savages. Such work as I had a teachin' on 'em religion; you wouldn't believe it, sir, unless you'd seen it. How they roared and danced in a very undecent manner considerin' the sarvice in which they were engaged; but they larnt at last and could roll off a stave of a psalm in a way that was quite edifyin' to hear, for all the tune was rather noisy; and I don't think they understood much of the sense of the words. However, I had gained one pint, and then I sets to work to destroy the idols they used to worship—such rum figures, Mr. Selby, you can have no idea on 'em unless you had seen 'em—just logs o' wood, rudely carved and painted with red ochre, with shell-fish eyes, and shark's teeth in their gaping mouths. I had considerable difficulty in making 'em believe thât these images, as they had made themselves, were mere useless toys, but I managed to do so at last, and then I thought all was right. But lor bless you, sir, then came my trouble. They took it into their heads to make a god o' me, and that was more than I bargained for. I had no call to be anymore nor a guv'ner or a king, at most; but it was of no use, a god they would have me, and such a guy as they made me, and such scandalous antics as I had to cut, was dreadful to endure. I had no more peace arter this; I was right sick of my fancy for converting savages, and began to think as I had mistook my call. However, I had to grin and bear it whether I liked or no; and for six long mortal years I lived that ere vagabond life in the Marquesas, for I was on one of the small islands where ships seldom touch at. At last, a whaler called there, and I managed to smuggle myself on board in spite of the watchfulness of the savages, though I was tanned so brown and tattoed so thoroughly that I had some

trouble in persuading the captain and crew of the whaler that I wern't a Marquesas Islander myself. The ship was two years in the South Seas before she got full, and then she sailed for Liverpool, and I shipped shortly after my arrival there on board an Injeeman bound to Calcutta. She sprung a leak in the Bay of Bengal during a typhon, and was condemned when she came into port as unseaworthy. The crew were discharged, and I shipped on board this here craft, little thinking to meet with you, sir. But you see, through that ere silly tantrum of mine I lost six years of a nateral christian's life, when I might have got forward a little in the world; and here I be now, a common sailor afore the mast, and no expectation of ever being any better off, for I am growing to be an old man now, and it can't, in the course o' natur, be many years before I slip my cable and run ashore on the shoals of etarnity. But I've come to the conclusion, Mr. Selby, that every man should stick to his trade. I advise a sailor to stick to his ship, and take no heed of fanciful 'calls,' and to leave the conversion of savages to the missionaries. But there's 'four bells' (ten o'clock) a-striking, and it's my next 'trick at the wheel.' Good night, Mr. Selby, and I hope, sir, we shall be good friends together during the vy'ge."

The old man buttoned up his pea-jacket as he said this, and putting a fresh quid in his mouth, went aft, to relieve the man at the wheel; and Henry a few minutes afterwards descended into the cabin, and retired to his state-room. He laid awake for some time, thinking over various matters which had been vividly recalled to his mind, in consequence of having so unexpectedly fallen in with old Jenkins—and trying to think where he could possibly have seen the face of the young sailor, whose features seemed to haunt his memory. At length his thoughts grew confused, and strange fancies mingled with them, and in a few minutes he was fast asleep, and his mind was wandering in the land of dreams.

On the following morning, while in conversation with the

captain of the ship, he asked him the name of the young sailor who had so strangely interested him, and satisfied himself that Jenkins had told him the truth, and that the young sailor had signed his name "William Hooper" in the ship's articles.

Still, however, he could not divest himself of the strong impression the young man's features, and especially the expression of his countenance, had made upon his mind; and he determined on the first opportunity to speak to him, and endeavor to find out from himself when and where he had seen him before, or whether the fancy were merely a vagary of the imagination. He felt the more impelled to do this, because he had caught the man on several occasions gazing earnestly at him, when he thought he was not observed; and immediately withdrawing his gaze and turning away, when notice was attracted towards him. He judged from this, that he too was indistinctly recognized.

No opportunity of speaking occurred, however, for a long time; but one forenoon, as Henry was standing at the gangway, engaged in conversation with Lord Mordant, respecting the motives which induced them both to visit the United States, his lordship happened to allude to Joseph Carter by name. The young sailor, Hooper, was employed in the rigging close by; and happening to glance towards him, Henry observed him to start at the mention of the Watchman's name. He now had a clue to the mystery. He looked again earnestly at the young man, and had no longer a doubt. It was William Carter who had so strangely interested him. He continued his conversation with Lord Mordant, without appearing to notice the young seaman; but shortly afterwards, his lordship having quitted the gangway and entered the cuddy, Henry went to the spot where the young man was at work, and boldly addressed him by the name of William Carter.

The young man colored up, hesitated a moment, as if thinking whether or not he should deny his identity, and then replied, "Yes sir, that is my name, though I go by another

name on board the ship. But surely you must be Henry Selby, whom I knew when a child, and who like myself ran away to sea. I have heard you addressed by the name of Selby, and there is something in your face which reminds me of my old playmate. Still I thought it could not be; but now your recognition of me satisfies me that my suspicions were correct."

"You are correct in your surmise, my old playmate," replied Henry, taking the sailor's hand and shaking it heartily; "but tell me of your parents and your sister; are they well? It is chiefly with the object of seeing them that I am going home to New York—for I always call that my home," he interposed—"and you," he continued, "how came you to go to sea?"

"When I last saw my father and mother and Ellen, they were well in health," replied William Carter, as we must now call the young sailor, Hooper; "but five years have elapsed since I left home."

"And you have not heard from your friends since?"

"No," replied William.

"How is that?"

"Times were hard, my father and I were out of work, and there was no prospect of our obtaining any, and—I will be free with you, Mr. Selby—I was almost driven to despair; to drown thought, I began to indulge in ardent spirits; that led me into bad company, and in an evil hour in a fit of intoxication, I shipped on board a man-of-war which sailed for India on the following day. I served on board of her three years, and was then sent to the hospital at Colombo, in the island of Ceylon—for I met with a serious hurt, in consequence of falling from the main-top to the deck. I was laid up six months at the hospital, and when at last I got up, and was discharged, I shipped on board a coasting vessel bound to Calcutta. Soon after I was paid off there, and signed articles on board the *Montezuma*, for New York, under a feigned name. I bitterly

repented having left home, and I resolved to return and see if the old folks and Ellen were alive. If so, to make myself known to them; if not, to retain the name of Hooper, and again go to sea. Now, Mr. Selby, I have told you my history. You may think badly of me—I deserve that you should—but I am deeply sorry for what has passed.”

“You can do no more than repent of a past evil, and resolve to do better in future, William,” said Henry. “I hope we shall both find out your parents and your sister, though I have written several letters to New York, and not one of them has been answered.”

“I hope so, indeed, sir,” replied William, with an abashed air—for he felt a pang of shame, as he thought how widely different now was his position from that of the poor outcast orphan boy, who had been rescued from destitution, and perhaps from utter starvation, by his father.

Henry noticed the tone in which the young sailor had spoken, and understood his feelings. Again taking him by the hand, he said—

“Cheer up, William Carter. Providence has dealt bountifully with me—though I as well as you have felt remorse, on account of having run away from those, to whom, though not my parents, I owed all a son’s gratitude. Let us hope we shall find them all well in New York, and that better times are in store for us.”

“I will endeavor to hope so, sir,” replied William. “But I have one favor to ask of you, Mr. Selby. I am known on board this ship by the name of Bill Hooper; be so kind as to keep my secret. Not that it greatly matters, I dare say; but I ought to have waited at Colombo, and joined the frigate again. My time of service will not expire until the frigate goes back to the United States, and is put out of commission.”

“Of course, if you wish me to call you Hooper, I will do so,” replied Henry. “I don’t imagine you have any reason to

fear being arrested as a deserter ; but your secret will be safe with me."

The captain of the ship did not like to see the passengers conversing with the crew during their watch on deck ; and knowing this, Henry left William to his employment and walked away aft to the quarter deck. But from this time forward Henry often spent an hour or two during the evening conversing with William Carter and Jack Jenkins, who were both in the same watch.

One evening while the vessel was sluggishly sailing across the southern ocean before a light breeze, when Henry had gone forward as usual to have a chat with his old shipmate, he was joined by Colonel Donaldson, who was the only person on board besides Jack Jenkins, who was acquainted with William Carter's secret. Henry was in the habit of making a confidant of the Colonel, and he had obtained young Carter's permission to acquaint him, and him only, with the youth's real name.

The Colonel was delighted to listen to the droll anecdotes and romantic and unlikely stories told by the old sailor ; and this evening Jenkins had been relating some episodes of his early experience as a seaman on board emigrant ships—at times causing his listeners to roar with laughter, for Sinbad the Sailor, according to Jenkins' account, had met with not more wonderful adventures than had befallen him in the course of his checkered life. Setting aside the marvellous, there was only one discrepancy in Jack Jenkins' stories, and that related to their chronology. Either Jack had no idea of relative time, or he thought it a matter of too little consequence to stand in the way of a good yarn. The Colonel was much amused with some funny anecdote Jack was relating as having occurred on board an emigrant ship some twenty-five or thirty years before—five years, more or less, with Jack was a mere trifle of difference that he never even pretended to reconcile.

The solitude and monotony of the ocean is a mighty leveller, and with the exception of the distance necessarily kept be-

tween the captain and officers of the ship for due maintenance of discipline, all on board the *Montezuma* were on a level. The wealthiest and haughtiest passenger, who on shore would not allow a sailor before the mast to come "betwixt the wind and his nobility," is glad to talk with him by the hour on terms of equality—scarcely indeed of equality, for the sailor has the advantage over him; he feels that he is on his own element, and that the landsman is but a creature of sufferance on the decks which he treads a free citizen. If the position of the gentleman passenger on board, living in the cabin on terms of equality with the "monarch of the peopled deck," renders it necessary for Jack to treat him with respect and deference, there is always something of contempt mingled with these sentiments; and the passenger is most respected who is most free with the seamen, always provided his freedom does not degenerate into too great familiarity: There was nothing, therefore, out of the way in the liberty taken with the passengers by Jack Jenkins, more especially as the Colonel had heard the story how he and Henry Selby had been shipmates, and had braved peril and shipwreck and well nigh met death together.

"Admirably told, that last yarn, Jack," said the Colonel; "there is only one thing I don't exactly understand."

"What is that, sir?" asked Jack.

"Why," replied the Colonel, "it is how you can possibly have passed through in an ordinary lifetime the adventures you tell of. You do not appear to be such a very old man. What may be your age?"

"I can't rightly say, sir," replied Jack, "seeing as the bible as it was chalked down in was lost the first time. I was cast away when I was a mere boy. I should say, though, as I was a matter o' sixty or seventy years old, though I'd mount aloft now, old as I be, with ere a youngster aboard the craft."

"No doubt of that, Jack," rejoined the Colonel; "you are as smart a fellow as one can expect to find, but you must be older than you say."

"I don't know, sir," said Jack. "Seventy years is a good round coil, though maybe you may add a year or two for 'coming up.'"

"More than a year or two, Jack," replied the Colonel, laughing; "I don't doubt the truth of your yarns, not in the least, but I've made a rough calculation of the number of years you have spent in different parts of the world and in different positions, according to the yarns you have spun to-night, and supposing you to have only been ten years of age when you first went to sea, you must now be in your hundred and sixty-second year. Now, I must say, you are the oldest man of your age that I have ever heard of since the days of the patriarchs. Parr and your namesake Jenkins are not to be mentioned in the same breath, since the former died younger than you are now, and the latter actually died, I believe, in his hundred and sixty-second year, if not a year or two younger."

The Colonel said this so gravely, that Jack Jenkins seemed scarcely to know whether to take it in jest or earnest.

"A hundred and sixty-two is a good old age for certain," said he. "Somehow or other I cannot swallow that, sir. You must have made a mistake in your calculation."

"Or you in your dates," replied the Colonel, laughing; "but your stories respecting the emigrant ships puts me in mind of something that I have often latterly meant to ask Mr. Selby. I am induced to visit New York, as you know, Henry," he continued, addressing our hero, "in the hope, a faint one I grant, of ascertaining whether a relative of mine named Alice Meehan, or Hartley, is still living there. She emigrated from Ireland to the United States twenty-five years ago or more. I can't recollect the date exactly, and the question I wanted to ask you, Henry, is, whether you have any reason to believe that you were born in America, or whether you are not of Irish birth, or at least of immediate Irish descent. I believe I asked you the question when I first fell in with you on board the country ship in which I took passage from the Cape of

Good Hope for India, but you were a mere boy then; and I have known people in after life, that is to say, after they have grown to man's estate, sometimes to recollect incidents which happened in their childhood, of which during their boyhood they were utterly oblivious."

"I can recollect nothing of my early childhood beyond what I have told you more than once, Colonel," replied Henry in a grave tone of voice, for the recollection of his childhood and of the miseries he had then endured always rendered him serious; "but why do you ask? how can I have any connection in your mind with the young lady you speak of?"

"Simply because," continued the Colonel, "you are the exact counterpart of my cousin Alice, who was about your age when last I saw her. It was the singular resemblance you bore to Alice, when a boy, that drew my notice towards you; and, as you have grown up to manhood, that resemblance has daily appeared to me to grow stronger. If you were a woman, I should at times believe, as I gazed upon you, that Alice stood before me, as she appeared when I was a young man of eighteen years of age."

"I must acknowledge," said Henry, smiling gratefully at the Colonel, "that I have great reason to be thankful for my real or fancied resemblance to your cousin; but I hardly think I can claim relationship with you, sir—however distantly—and however highly I should esteem the honor." And again he smiled, sadly, as he thought of the painful mystery that enshrouded his birth.

"Hartley! Colonel—Hartley! did you say was the gentleman as was spliced to the lady you speak of?" said Jack Jenkins, who had been earnestly listening to the conversation between the Colonel and Henry Selby. "Now I think on it, a strange mishap, or I may say a whole string on 'em, happened on board an emigrant ship, as I was bosen's mate of, when I was a young man, or at least afore I began to feel as I was growing old."

“Which must have been, by your own account, at least a century and a quarter ago, Jack,” interrupted the Colonel—who thought Jack was hatching a new story in his prolific brain—“you could then have been only between thirty and forty years of age.”

“You’re laughing at me, Colonel,” replied Jack, “but you must have made a slip-knot in that calculation a’your’n, as you calls it; for I sticks to it, as I can’t be more nor sixty, or seventy at most. Howsomever, that’s not to the pint, as the main-sheet says to the compass, when the ship yaws off the wind. You was a saying something about an emigrant named Hartley, from Ireland, and I says that I recollects a chap of that name, on account of the strange mishaps as occurred on board the ship—though, for the life of me, now, I can’t recollect the ship’s name.”

“And you are sure, Jack, that this is not one of your miraculous yarns,” said the Colonel—who began to think, from the old man’s earnestness, that he might perhaps know something of the parties to whom he alluded.

“If you think I’m going to tell you a pack of fibs, sir, I’d best hold my tongue,” retorted Jack—offended at the insinuation implied in the Colonel’s remark.

“No, no Jack,” said the Colonel—who had no desire to affront the old man; who, though as were his yarns, had told them so often that he really believed them himself to be true—“I was but joking. If you know anything of a man named Hartley, tell it us; and afterwards, before I retire, as the night is chilly, if you come aft to my cabin, I will give you a glass of grog.”

“Thank you kindly, sir,” said the old sailor—his anger at once mollified by the prospect of a glass of grog—and without further pressing, he proceeded to tell his tale.

Our readers will recollect that in the early part of our story, we told of the misfortunes that had befallen Barnard Hartley and Alice Meehan, and how they had died ere they reached the

land of their adoption—leaving an orphan child, who was nursed by a compassionate Irish girl, and how at last the little orphan fell into the clutches of the infamous Mother Shipley, and was trained up by her to lie, and beg, and steal; and was beaten, and ill-treated, and half-starved—and how this destitute and forsaken orphan was rescued by the Watchman, and by him instructed in better things. In a word, the reader knew long since, that Henry Selby's name was really Henry Hartley, and that the resemblance he bore to Alice Meehan was not accidental. He was the orphan child of Barnard Hartley and Alice Meehan, and therefore a distant relative of his generous benefactor, Colonel Donaldson.

Jack Jenkins had sailed on board that ill-fated emigrant ship, and it was the story of the sufferings that had been endured on that voyage that the old sailor now told. He particularly spoke of Barnard Hartley and his wife—the beauty and evident signs of good breeding in the latter having, it would appear, made a singular impression upon his mind.

Colonel Donaldson listened with earnest attention to the story. If the old sailor told the truth, and he was so earnest that the Colonel had no reason to doubt him, Barnard Hartley and Alice Meehan had long been dead; but they had left a child, who had reached New York in safety. Was that child still living? was the question he asked himself; and strangely enough, as he looked at Henry, the idea struck him—was it not possible that the young man beside him, who so greatly resembled his cousin, might be his cousin Alice's child. However, he did not give expression to his thoughts, and “eight bells” now striking, and the watch being relieved, Jack Jenkins went below, and the Colonel and Henry Selby also retired to their state-rooms.

Lord Mordant suffered a good deal from sea-sickness, and seldom joined the rest of the passengers upon deck; but one fine evening, when the vessel was approaching the Cape of Good Hope, and sailing as smoothly over the unruffled ocean

as though she had been on the waters of a lake, his lordship was tempted by the beauty of the weather to come upon deck. William Carter happened to be at the wheel, standing but a short distance from the spot where the passengers were seated.

Lord Mordant was speaking of the object of his journey to New York, and expressing a hope that it would not be altogether in vain.

"It is a mere chance," he observed, "that I may be enabled to obtain possession of the signature on the piece of paper in which I wrapped the card I gave to the watchman, Carter: still I should like to find the honest fellow, and do something for him. I certainly should have seen him again before I left New York, but I was suddenly called to England, and I left America sooner than I anticipated."

The mention of the name Carter, struck both Colonel Donaldson and Henry Selby, who were seated one on either side of his lordship, and for the first time since they had sailed from Calcutta, they recollected that Lord Mordant had previously mentioned Carter's name in allusion to the business which called him to New York.

"It is rather a singular coincidence, my lord," said the Colonel, "that there should be on board this vessel a son of the man you wish to find."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Lord Mordant. "It is a singular coincidence: then doubtless he will be able to save me much trouble. He can of course inform me where his father is to be found, if he is still living."

"Unfortunately, my lord," interposed Henry Selby, "the young man does not know himself. He ran away from home, and went to sea, several years ago, and since that period has not heard from his friends. His object in shipping on board this vessel was to return to America, in the hope of finding his parents. I am going on the same errand: let us hope, if the old man be still alive, that amongst us we shall be successful in finding him, or at least in finding some portion of his family."

“What is the name of the young man of whom you speak?” asked Lord Mordant. “Be so good as to point him out. Which among the sailors is he?”

“He is now at the helm, my lord,” replied Henry. “His name is William—William Carter: but he passes on board under an assumed name. He has signed himself in the ship’s articles as William Hooper.”

“What has been his motive for that?” asked Lord Mordant. “He has, I hope, not been guilty of any crime that renders it necessary for him to disguise his name?”

“Not exactly a crime in the rigid acceptation of the term, my lord,” said Henry, smiling; “though I presume you, as a military man, consider desertion a crime?”

“Undoubtedly,” promptly replied Lord Mordant; “and so I am sure does Colonel Donaldson. If it were not considered so, Mr. Selby, and severely punished, the service would go to ruin. Is the young man a deserter from the Indian army, or from the regular line?”

“From neither, my lord,” returned Henry, smiling at his lordship’s earnestness. “He is a deserter from the American navy.”

“Oh! from the navy, and from the American navy; that makes a difference to be sure. It is very indiscreet of the young man, certainly; but it does not call for our interference. I, for my part, should be very sorry to bring him into trouble; but I scarcely know whether, had he deserted from the military service of India, I should have been doing my duty to have permitted him to escape.”

“The *guilt* of desertion then, my lord,” said Henry, “depends, it would appear, upon the circumstances connected with it; whether, for instance, the deserter be flying from a native or foreign service, and is modified very considerably in your lordship’s mind, when the culprit has deserted from the navy, and not from the army?”

“Certainly,” replied Lord Mordant.

Henry Selby and the Colonel could not forbear laughing heartily at his lordship's *naive* definition of the crime of desertion, and perceiving that he had been entrapped into making some absurd remarks, Lord Mordant good-humoredly joined in the laugh against himself.

"I should like to speak with the young man," he said, after some moments.

"I do not think, at present, it would serve any purpose to do so," replied Henry; "you can put yourself into communication with him immediately we arrive in New York. In fact, I have been guilty of a breach of confidence in disclosing his name, but your mention of his father, threw me off my guard. I told your lordship that he is known on board the ship as William Hooper: I recognized him, for I knew him when we were both children; but I promised to keep his secret after he had told me his story. I obtained permission to tell it to Colonel Donaldson—now your lordship has surprised it out of me."

"In that case, then," replied Lord Mordant, "I shall of course say nothing to him, nor appear to recognize him, until we arrive at New York."

At this moment, the captain of the vessel came up from the cabin, and taking two or three hasty turns up and down the quarter deck, looked anxiously to windward and aloft: then addressing the man at the helm, he exclaimed—

"How 's her head, Hooper?"

"Southwest, half west, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Won't she lie due southwest?"

"No, sir."

"When did she break off?"

"Half-an-hour ago, sir, when the mate braced up the yards."

"Keep her as close as you can, my lad," said the captain, as he again descended the companion-ladder.

He looked anxiously at the barometer after he entered the cabin, and then returning to the deck, ordered the mate to take

in the royals and topgallant-sails, and to stand by to reef top-sails.

The weather looked so fine, the sea was so smooth, and the sky so clear, except just at the verge of the horizon, where a dark mass of clouds rested, which spread into mare's tails from their uppermost edges, that this order to reduce the sail, astonished not only the passengers, but such of the crew as were not acquainted with the rapid changes which take place in the weather in the treacherous latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, the storm often giving scarcely the slightest warning of its approach.

The upper sail was speedily reduced, and still so faint was the breeze, that thus shorn of her lighter pinions, the heavy ship lay almost motionless upon the surface of the water. A single reef was then taken in the top-sails, and the watch was allowed to go below again, but told to be in readiness to spring up in a moment if their services should be further needed.

The captain then conversed with the mate for some minutes, and the watch on deck were set to work by the officer to double lash the spars and boats, and the flying-jib-boom was run in on deck.

All these evident preparations for heavy weather, while the sky still looked so clear, and the stars shone so brightly and the sea remained so calm, looked ominous, and the passengers, who had nearly all congregated upon deck that evening, lured by the extraordinary beauty of the weather, whispered to one another, and began to grow alarmed. The captain now approached the spot where Lord Mordant and the Colonel, and their ladies, who had joined them from the cabin, were seated.

"We are going to have a breeze, gentlemen," he said, as he approached.

"You don't think there is any danger, captain?" asked Lady Mordant and Mrs. Donaldson, in a breath.

"Certainly not just now, ladies," replied the captain, gaily, "nor likely to be any, I hope, but it is always well in these lati-

tudes to be prepared for a gale. We are now almost in the latitude of the Cape, and not more than a hundred leagues to the eastward of it. My barometer has fallen two and a half degrees within the past hour, and the mercury is down to 28° ; with the wind as it is from the eastward, that predicts a heavy blow from the southward and westward, and those dark clouds, skirting the horizon, which but a few minutes since were on our weather-beam, but which are rapidly flying round to leeward, with the mares' tails streaming from them and stretching far up into the sky, give fair warning that before long we shall have as much wind as we can stagger under. I was in hopes to have got into Table Bay the day after to-morrow, if the breeze had only held its own for a day or two longer; but if we are caught in this 'souwester,' which will certainly blow for three days, we shall be driven off the coast again: so ladies, make up your minds not to see the Table Mountain, or to set foot ashore in Cape Town for a week to come; however, with the wind from the quarter I expect it, we shall have plenty of sea-room, so we must just make ourselves as snug as possible, and wait with patience for fair weather."

"Mr. Briggs, call the hands up, sir, and take a close reef in all the top-sails at once," exclaimed the captain, suddenly breaking off in his conversation with the passengers, and addressing the mate.

The mass of cloud already spoken of had crept completely round to leeward, and the sky had darkened with astonishing rapidity. There was as yet no wind, but it was evident from the uneasy motion of the ship that a swell was coming up from to leeward, and the passengers, with the exception of one or two of the best sailors amongst them, sought their cabins.

The shrill sound of the boatswain's whistle and his hoarse call resounded through the vessel, and the watch sprung up from below. The top-sail halliards were let run, and the seamen sprung aloft, and in less than twenty minutes the ship was snug under her three close-reefed top-sails, with her main-sail hauled up.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PASSAGE HOME.—THE GALE OF WIND.—A MAN LOST
OVERBOARD.

“————— And now with sails declined
The wandering vessel drove before the wind;
Tossed and retossed, aloft and then below;
Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,
But every moment wait the coming blow.”

DRYDEN.

It was well that the captain of the *Montezuma* had taken warning in season from the indications of his marine barometer. The sky became rapidly overcast, until it was completely obscured by dense clouds, forming a dull, lead-colored canopy, which seemed almost to touch the mast heads, so low did they hang down; and then there suddenly arose a mighty rushing of the winds from the opposite quarter to that from which the breeze had been blowing for some days before, and from which the dense mass of cloud, which was the precursor of the tempest, had first made its appearance.

So sudden and so violent was the approach of the gale, that had not the vessel been well prepared to meet its fury, the masts must all have gone by the board, and coming as it did from the opposite quarter, the vessel would have been taken by the lee, and probably have foundered with every soul on board. Heavy rain followed the first blast of wind, and this continued without intermission for twenty-four hours, beating down the sea, but seeming rather to increase than to lessen the fury of the squalls.

However, there was plenty of sea-room, and all sail having

been taken in except such as was absolutely requisite to steady the ship and keep her to the wind, she was hove to, and made as snug as possible, until the fury of the tempest should abate.

The Montezuma was not alone in the gale. During one of the lulls, when the haze slightly cleared away for a few moments, another vessel was dimly visible as she rose to the summit of a mountainous wave. She appeared to be a large vessel; the captain thought either an Indiaman or a man-of-war—but it was impossible to form any correct judgment, as she appeared in view but for a few moments at intervals, and then sunk down into the trough of the sea, and the mist rendered the vision so obscure, that it was almost impossible to form any correct idea of the distance she was from the Montezuma. This was a source of great anxiety to the captain, as the night was closing fast, and he was fearful that possibly a collision might take place amid the darkness of the night, in which case both vessels would inevitably be lost.

However, a good look-out as was possible was kept. The wearied watch below went to their hammocks to sleep, as fearlessly as sailors learn to sleep, even amidst the wildest storm, trusting implicitly to the watch and ward of their messmates, and the passengers made themselves as comfortable as they could under the circumstances; few of them slept soundly, for they had not learnt to consider a gale of wind a matter of course, and many anxious thoughts and fears crowded into their minds as they lay in their berths, rocked violently to and fro, unable for five minutes together to preserve their equilibrium, or to maintain a comfortable position.

Towards morning they became aware that some change had occurred in the weather, for the motion of the ship was altered, and over their heads was heard, amidst the howling of the storm and the pattering of the rain—the heavy and rapid tread of the sailors—the creaking of cordage, and the rattling of ropes thrown violently down upon deck; and still high above all,

the hoarse but to them unintelligible shouts of the captain, as he gave a series of rapid orders through his speaking-trumpet. It was evident enough that some fresh danger threatened the vessel; many of the passengers too frightened or too sick to rise or to make any exertion whatever, lay trembling in their berths, alternately praying and thinking of their distant homes and friends; others, resolved to know the worst, rose from their beds and endeavored to dress themselves as rapidly as possible, as they staggered about, sometimes thrown completely off their legs by the violent motion of the ship.

Presently, however, a sound was heard, which banished all thought of sickness from the minds of the most helpless and languid amongst them.

The companion-way was suddenly opened, and the voice of the captain was heard shouting to them in the cabin. "Passengers," he said, "hurry on deck for your lives; the strange ship is close on board of us, and if she strikes us it will be fortunate if either one of us escape destruction."

The hatchway was immediately closed with a crash, for the water had been pouring into the cabin while the captain was speaking, and the terrified passengers, who had all risen at the dreadful summons, were mingled together in confusion, and left to attire themselves in their garments, which had been thrown on the deck, and were dripping with the water which floated the cabin to the depth of an inch. A fearful sight presented itself to the few who were able to gain the deck. The day was just breaking, but the thin gray light only served to render the confusion more palpable: a heavy mist shrouded everything from view at the distance of a few yards. The deck was covered with coils of rope, which had been thrown down, and which were dashed violently from side to side, while with every roll the ship dipped gunwale under, and sent a volume of water dashing across the deck with such violence as to sweep everything overboard, through the broken bulwarks, which was not securely fastened to the deck.

It was only with the utmost difficulty that the passengers could save themselves by clinging tightly to the rails and stanchions from being swept into the seething ocean—and, most fearful sight of all! apparently close upon them to windward, looming phantom-like and terrifically large, through the mist, was the ship that had been seen in the evening, shortly after the gale commenced.

Her crew were evidently aware of their danger, for above the storm could be distinctly heard, at intervals, the hoarse commands issued through the trumpets of her captain and officers.

To wear the ship seemed the only possible way to escape a collision, and this operation was dangerous in that heavy sea, and might be fatal to the ship, and should the strange vessel try the same manœuvre at the same moment, the hope of safety by this means would prove their mutual destruction. The mate proposed to put the ship before the wind; but this the captain dared not do; the stern of the Montezuma was low in the water, and he was afraid of “pooping” the vessel in the attempt. However, delay was dangerous, and more sail was set, though the masts creaked and trembled beneath the force of the wind thus brought to bear upon them. The passengers were hurriedly ordered to lash themselves to the railing, and the hazardous feat of wearing ship in such a sea, was attempted. For a moment, as the vessel righted, she trembled in every plank, as though she was aware of her imminent peril—then she again keeled over—and the strange ship passed ahead, almost scraping the bow of the Montezuma as she did so. The danger was over, and the captain and crew and passengers breathed more freely. The perils of the gale—which appeared to increase in force as the daylight approached—seemed as nothing, compared with the more imminent peril which they had so narrowly escaped.

Towards noon the weather suddenly cleared up, and the wind temporarily lulled; but this was only the precursor, as the

captain was well aware, of a change of wind from southwest to northwest, when it would probably blow with more violence than ever. But the ship was prepared for the change which soon occurred. The short broken sea now took a wider sweep; overhead the sky was clear and cloudless, and notwithstanding the gale had increased in fury, all were rejoiced at the change. A tight ship, a bright sky, and a long steady sea, banished all thought of fear, even from the minds of the passengers. The vessel now "lay to" snugly; no longer shipping a drop of water to windward, but rising and falling as gracefully as a sea-fowl, as she alternately rested on the summit of the mountain wave, and then sank into the valley of waters beneath.

The strange sail was still visible at intervals; but there was now a long and a safe distance between them.

Now, however, there was a commotion apparent amongst the crew on the forecastle, and the mate sent forward to know what was the matter.

"One of the men is missing," was the reply.

"Who?"

"Bill Hooper, sir."

"When was he missed?" asked the mate, who had now himself gone forward.

"He hasn't been seen since daylight that I know of, sir," replied one or two of the men; "but nobody seems to have missed him till just now. Jack Williams says how he was alongside of him when we was wearing ship."

"Are you sure he has not gone below?"

"Yes, sir. We've sarched the fo'ksel, and he can't be found nowheres."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed the mate, "he was doubtless swept overboard by the sea that broke over us and carried away the galley, just before the wind changed."

The news soon spread amongst the passengers. It is an awful thing—the loss of a man at sea. The words, "a man

overboard," strike terror into the stoutest heart. Still more awful is the thought that the man has gone silently to his doom, unseen and unheard. His death-shriek of agony unheeded amid the noise of the elements; the sound of his own voice mocking him, taunting him, as it were, with his impotency. "A man is lost!" One of the little family of human beings who form a world of their own in the midst of the waste of waters! We hear of a sudden death, or of a mysterious disappearance on shore, with consternation and dread. But tenfold more fearful is such an accident at sea, where the man is necessarily known to each, and missed by all. It is, for the time being, as though one of our own family had been suddenly snatched from us.

"A man was lost overboard during the night, or early this morning," was whispered in terror-stricken tones in the cabin, and the question "who?" was asked by all present, and by the ladies who had seldom visited the deck, and who could not be expected to know the man by sight.

"Poor Bill Hooper," replied the captain. "The mate thinks he was swept overboard by the sea that took the galley, but I rather suspect he must have been lost while we were wearing ship. I fancied I heard a cry of agony just at the moment the strange ship was crossing our bows, but I listened and did not hear it repeated, and therefore thought I had been mistaken. My mind was so occupied at the time, that I had forgotten the circumstance. I have no doubt now that it was poor Bill Hooper's cry for help that I heard."

"How shocking!" exclaimed one of the ladies.

"Yes," replied the captain; "still, even if he had been heard by any one on board at that moment, nothing could have been done to save him."

"Bill Hooper, did you say, Captain?" said Mr. Selby.

"Yes, sir. You must recollect the man; a tall, straight young fellow; one of the best hands on board the ship."

"I recollect him well," replied Henry. "Captain, I never

mentioned the matter before, but Bill Hooper was not the young man's real name. It was Carter. I knew him when he was a boy."

"Indeed! do you know his friends, sir?" asked the captain.

"Well;" replied Henry. "One principal object of my visit to New York is to see them. I cannot relate the particulars now, but some time I will tell you the cause of the young man's assuming a false name."

"I have ordered his chest and other effects to be brought aft," said the captain, who knew Henry Selby's position in Calcutta perfectly well. "Perhaps, Mr. Selby, you would wish to take charge of them yourself, and deliver them to his friends in New York?"

"I will willingly undertake the mournful duty," replied Henry, "though I really cannot say, that I know where to find the family."

"For that matter," said the captain, "I know no more than yourself where to find the poor fellow's friends, but they can most likely be found by advertising. But I must go on deck, and see how things look. Mr. Selby, I'll order the mate, as soon as the weather moderates, to strike the chest down into the hold, where the bulk of your luggage is stowed, and I will deliver you the key, sir, which one of his messmates tells me is hanging on a nail over his bunk in the fore-castle.

"I'm happy to be able to tell you, ladies and gentleman," continued the captain, looking at the barometer, "that there is every prospect of the gale shortly abating. I see the mercury is rising very fast. I trust we shall have fine weather again before night. By this time to-morrow, there is a prospect of your being at anchor in Table Bay."

The captain was followed on deck by two or three gentlemen passengers, amongst whom was Henry Selby. Jack Jenkins was standing at the gangway, holding on to the railing, and gazing at the sky to windward. Turning his head, he saw Mr. Selby, and immediately came towards him.

“The back-bone o’ this here gale’s broke, Mr. Selby,” he said, “but it’s been the means o’ sending one poor soul to its last account, sir. You’ve heerd that poor William Carter’s lost the number of his mess?”

“Yes, Jack, and truly sorry I am,” replied Henry. “It’ll be sad news to communicate to his poor father and mother and sister—that is,” he added, after a pause, “if they are still living.”

“Loose the fore-topsail, and shake a reef out of the main-topsail, and then set the courses, Mr. Dobbins,” shouted the captain to the officer of the deck, “she’ll bear them now;” and in a few moments all was bustle and confusion, to the unpractised eye, on board the *Montezuma*.

The captain’s prophecy was correct: before night, the vessel was sailing before a fine breeze, with all sail set, and at noon, the next day, she cast anchor in Table Bay.

She remained there a few days to refit and repair the damage sustained during the gale, and then set sail again for New York. The remaining portion of the voyage was effected without anything of special importance having occurred; and seven weeks from leaving the Cape, the arrival of the *Montezuma* off Sandy Hook from Calcutta and the Cape of Good Hope, was telegraphed in New York.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NEWS UPON CHANGE.

“Three thousand ducats,—well

Ay sir, for three months.

For three months—well.”

* * * * *

“——— Albeit, I neither lend nor borrow,

By taking or by giving of excess—

Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend

I'll break a custom ——”

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THERE, in Wall-street, “where merchants most do congregate,” had assembled on the afternoon of which we write, an assemblage of the busy, anxious mercantile men, and brokers, and bankers of New York; men whom we are wont to term hard-hearted, close-fisted, wholly absorbed in the one grand object of amassing wealth. Nevertheless, amongst these men may be found many possessed of all the most generous attributes of human nature. Hard, they may be, in making a bargain—close in examining into the nature of securities—unwilling, in the way of business, to disburse a penny, unless they can be led to believe that the penny will become a groat. The needy speculator; the reckless money-hunter; the ruined merchant, may spend weary hours on 'change, in vain endeavor, and go thence with an aching and sinking heart, cursing in his inmost soul the base passion for gain, and the cautious and close investigation, which locks up from him the coffers of the capitalist, and vent his spleen on the system which so hardens

men's hearts to the needs of the unfortunates, forgetting, or choosing to forget, that they, in times past, have exercised equal caution, and then thought it right and just; and that the desire by illegitimate means to extend their business, has brought them to their present condition, and that if those whom they anathematize, were to act in the same manner, they too would soon be brought to poverty; but it is unjust thus to stigmatize the merchant of New York. Amongst this numerous class, there may be some in whose bosoms the sordid love of gain grows stronger as years advance, and gray hairs grow thick upon the head, but as a body, the world cannot boast of men more generous, more sympathizing, more kindly disposed to help the unfortunate, and to push forward the youthful aspirant for mercantile honors, than the merchants of this great city. Witness our numerous charitable institutions; witness the magnificent donations to institutions, calculated to benefit the less wealthy classes of society; witness the open-handed liberality with which money is tendered to soften the horrors of famine, or other dread casualties in distant lands. Mark these proofs of generosity, and then be silent when your own disappointment, or a single instance of callousness and indifference to human suffering, would lead you to stigmatize as a body this noble-hearted and generous class of men.

Judge them not by their actions upon 'change. In the way of business, the father may prefer the stranger to his own son, if the stranger offers a larger interest for a loan, or if he can turn his money in any way to better advantage by dealing with those alien to him rather than with his own kindred; but in thus acting, is not the father really working for the son's advantage, since it is for him and *his* children he is gathering up wealth, and better still, endeavoring to establish an honorable name in the commercial world?

Let those who would judge harshly the actions of the business man, consider that if he did not act thus keenly in business, he could not afford to *give* in charity. The anecdote is an old

one, but it will well apply here, and it is so much to the purpose that its repetition may be excused, which tells of the experience of the missionary of some charity, who had, after a hard day's toil, succeeded but poorly in his endeavors to make a collection. At last he came to the house of a merchant of reputed wealth, and rang the bell; the door was opened, and when he entered the hall, he heard the master of the house chiding a servant for her carelessness in allowing an inch of candle to waste.

"I have no business here," thought he; "my errand will be in vain: the man who could thus be annoyed at so trifling a loss, is not likely to be ready to *give* to the needy." But he had sent in his name by the servant who had opened the door, and it was too late to retreat. In a few moments he was requested to step into the parlor, and was politely asked to take a seat, and state his object in calling. He did so, with very little expectation that it would be of any service. The merchant made many and close inquiries as to the object and progress of the charity; and at last, apparently satisfied that all was right, went to his bureau, and presented the collector with a sum of money, exceeding in amount all that he had previously obtained during his hard day's toil. His looks of surprise were observed by the generous donor of the gift, who asked the missionary the cause of his astonishment.

"You will not be offended if I tell it?" said the latter.

"By no means," replied the merchant.

"Then, sir, it is this. After entering your house, while waiting in the hall, I heard you chiding a servant for some trifling waste; had I not already announced my name, I should have left the house, for certainly I expected to obtain nothing here; judge then of my astonishment at receiving so liberal a donation as this."

"My friend," returned the merchant, "had I not been careful to allow of no waste in small matters, I should not now be in a position to assist your's or any other charity."

The missionary made subsequent inquiries respecting this

man, and learnt that, although he was considered a close and hard man of business, he was one of the most charitable men of the city, always being ready to assist the needy both with advice and money, and giving away annually a handsome income in charity.

On the afternoon in question, Mr. Blunt, the unfortunate merchant, who at the period of the opening of our story was in the midst of a prosperous career, appeared upon 'change, anxious to obtain an advance upon a mortgage he held upon some property, the last remnant of his once vast wealth, which he had hitherto retained intact as a *dernier resort*, in case sickness or infirmity should fall upon him—for he was growing old—and render him unable to earn his living in the humble situation he now occupied. He now fancied he had an opportunity, if he could raise a little ready-money, to commence business again in a small way, and thus release himself from the anxiety of mind which must always attend aged men who are dependant upon the caprices of employers; but the poor man sought amongst the capitalists in vain. Money was easy—as the phrase goes; there was a plethora in the banks; discounts could be readily obtained upon first-class paper, either from the “Boards,” or in the streets: indeed, in the streets, capitalists were anxiously seeking to get rid of their superfluous funds, but they had been bitten before. A monetary panic had not long passed away, and like a burnt child, they dreaded the fire. Poor Mr. Blunt found every application useless. His securities were doubted—not his honesty of purpose. No one believed that he had failed in business from any other cause than misfortune; large payments having devolved upon him at a moment when a more than ordinary stringency in the money-market had rendered him unable to meet his bills. No one believed, had the merchant promptly met the first demands upon him, as under ordinary circumstances he could have done, that the subsequent pressure upon him, which led to his ruin, would have occurred; still he had failed, and in his failure had

involved many others, and had caused several of the capitalists now upon 'change to lose a great deal of money. Everywhere else but in Wall street, this was forgiven and forgotten, even by the sufferers; but there it was marked down in black indelible marks, which it seemed impossible for time to efface. Years had passed by since this event had occurred, and many fortunes during that period had been made and lost; but the black marks against the unfortunate merchant's name were fresh as ever.

"Sorry, Mr. Blunt, very sorry; but I would rather not have anything to do with landed property just now, at any rate on such a small scale as that you offer. If, now, it were a *bona fide* sale you wished to make, and the property were of that description likely to be in demand," said one, as he buttoned up his pocket-book, and turned away.

"A note for six months you think you could get from Messrs. —," said another, "with your own endorsement. Really, Mr. Blunt, I am very sorry, but I have just lent out all the available capital I possess; and as to the mortgage, it is entirely out of my line."

"If you could get another good name to endorse your note, Mr. Blunt," said a third, "I think I could manage it for you. I don't doubt you at all—understand me—but I have made a resolve, which I always adhere to, never to discount a bill with a single endorsement."

And similar excuses were made and refusals given by half a dozen others.

Mr. Blunt was about to leave the Exchange in despair, when he chanced to catch sight of Mr. Wilson, of the firm of Wilson & Co. He had done considerable business with this house in his days of prosperity, although since his failure he had not met Mr. Wilson. At any other time he would have avoided him, for Mr. Wilson had been one of the greatest losers by his bankruptcy: but now rendered reckless by disappointment, he went up to the banker, and stated his intention to go into

business again on his own account ; at the same time explaining in what way he hoped to raise the needful funds.

Mr. Wilson listened to him with patience ; but finally, after asking various questions, returned him a similar answer to the rest ; but noticing the poor man's chagrin, he added—"I can't do anything in the way you suggest just now, Mr. Blunt, but call on me to-morrow afternoon, at my office, and perhaps we may devise some plan which may enable you to carry out your intentions."

This was the only word of encouragement Mr. Blunt had met with that day ; but coming from the lips of a man like Mr. Wilson, it was cheering ; and thanking the banker, and saying that he would be punctual to the hour appointed, Mr. Blunt walked home with a more elastic tread than that with which he had entered the Exchange.

"The Montezuma has arrived, sir. She is off Sandy Hook, and will be up most likely during the night," said George Hartley, as Mr. Wilson entered his private office, on his return from 'change.

"Indeed!" was the reply ; "I'm glad to hear it, Mr. Hartley, for really her delay began to be alarming. Let me see, she is nearly four weeks over-due, is she not?"

"Yes, sir. I see from the report, that she met with very bad weather off the Cape, and was compelled to remain some time at Table Bay, to refit."

"Well, so that she has arrived safe at last, it does not much matter," replied Mr. Wilson. "By-the-bye, Hartley," he continued, "if the vessel should not get up till to-morrow, you had better go down to the pier in the morning, and offer to guide Lord Mordant and Mr. Selby to the office, or offer them in my name any service they may require ; and if the Montezuma does come up to-night, you had still better call on board in the morning, ascertain at what hotel the passengers are putting up, and call upon them there. You can introduce yourself by your own proper name, and discover whether you are the party

sought for by Lord Mordant," added the merchant, smiling. "And, Mr. Hartley, say that I will do myself the pleasure of waiting upon them during the day."

"I will do so, sir," replied Hartley—and it now being Mr. Wilson's usual hour for quitting the office, he put on his hat and over-coat and went home; and shortly afterwards Hartley laid aside his books, and followed the example set by his employer.

The Montezuma came up during the night, and when George Hartley called on board the ship in the morning, he found that the passengers had all left at an early hour. He inquired of the captain to which hotel Mr. Selby had gone.

"I really can't say," replied the captain. "But I know that Lord Mordant and Colonel Donaldson, with their ladies, went to the same hotel with Mr. Selby. They were all of the same party. Perhaps the steward can say." He called the steward, and upon the man's making his appearance, asked if he knew to which hotel Lord Mordant's party had gone.

"To the New York Hotel, sir," replied the steward. "I have some things to take up to them to-day there."

"Which you will take care not to forget, I warrant," replied the captain, aside. "I fancy, Mr. Hartley, the steward has good reason to recollect Mr. Selby's party."

"I asked the question at the request of Mr. Wilson," continued George Hartley. "He has received letters from Mr. Selby and Lord Mordant, written in India before your ship sailed, intimating that they have a great desire to see him. Indeed I believe Lord Mordant has stated that he can assist him greatly with regard to the only business that calls him to New York. You have a good deal of merchandize consigned to us, captain, I believe?"

"Yes, I think there is," said the captain. "I shall call at the office and see Mr. Wilson in the course of the day. In the meanwhile please to make my compliments to him."

"I will," replied Hartley. "Good morning, captain. I

shall call at the hotel before I go to Wall-street, and leave Mr. Wilson's message, although it will probably be too early to see the folks."

"Good-day, Hartley," returned the captain, as the young man left the side of the ship, and hurrying along the pier, was soon lost to sight amongst the piles of goods strewn about in every direction.

It was hardly ten o'clock when George Hartley reached the New York Hotel. Going up to the clerk's office, he looked on the list of new arrivals, and soon found the names of—"George Mordant and Lady,"—"Colonel Donaldson and Lady,"—"Henry Selby"—all from Calcutta.

"Can I see Mr. Selby?" asked George of the clerk.

"Mr. Selby is now at breakfast, with Lord Mordant and Colonel Donaldson and the ladies," replied the clerk; "but I will send up one of the waiters with your name, if you choose."

George drew a card from his pocket, on which his own name was engraved, and writing at the bottom in pencil—"From Messrs. Wilson & Co., Wall-street,"—handed it to the waiter, who took it up to Mr. Selby.

"A gentleman has called upon Mr. Selby, and sent up his card," said the waiter, entering the private apartment where the party were seated at breakfast.

"Who can possibly want to see me?" exclaimed Henry, greatly surprised, but as is usually the case, not thinking how soon he could solve the mystery by reading the name on the card. People always perplex themselves needlessly on the receipt of a strange letter or card.

"They've hurried you up pretty quick, Henry," said Colonel Donaldson, laughing.

"Oh, it must be some mistake," replied Henry.

"Why not read the card, Mr. Selby, and see whose name it bears," interposed Mrs. Donaldson. "That may give you

some clue. I declare, you have been holding the card upside down all this while."

Henry laughed, and looking at the card, read—"George Hartley, from Messrs. Wilson & Co."

"There, now, the dread mystery is explained," said Lady Mordant.

"Yes," replied Henry; "Mr. Wilson, I suppose, has heard of the vessel's arrival; and discovering at which hotel we were stopping, has sent a messenger to congratulate us on our safe passage across the stormy waters. But, by the way, how singular! Did you hear the name I read? 'George Hartley.' Suppose, my lord, or you, Colonel, this messenger should belong to the family you wish to discover?"

"Is Mr. Hartley below?" asked Henry of the waiter.

"Yes, sir," replied the man.

"Then ask him to be so good as to step up stairs. We will at least see what this George Hartley looks like," continued Henry, when the waiter had departed on his errand.

In a few moments George knocked at the door, and was requested to come in.

"I have called at the request of Mr. Wilson, of Wall-street," said George, introducing himself. "My name is Hartley. I am the managing clerk of the firm. Mr. Wilson desires me to present his compliments to Lord Mordant and Mr. Selby—from both of whom he has received letters—and to inform them that he will do himself the pleasure of waiting upon them to-day, at any hour they may appoint."

There were three gentlemen present, and of course George Hartley could not tell which two of the three bore the names of Mordant and Selby. Henry, however, rose and introduced the party, and desired Mr Hartley to say, in the joint names of Lord Mordant and himself, that *they* would do themselves the pleasure of waiting upon him during that afternoon, if convenient."

"I presume it will be convenient," replied George. "Mr.

Wilson usually leaves the office about four o'clock, sometimes earlier; but if you will mention at what hour you can call, I have no doubt he will wait for you."

"Certainly *not*," said Lord Mordant. "We will suit his time. What do you say, Selby? Shall we call at three this afternoon?"

"If you please," replied Henry.

"Three o'clock be it then," said his lordship, and Henry requested Mr. Hartley to present Lord Mordant's and Mr. Selby's compliments to Mr. Wilson, and tell him that if convenient to him they would call at his office at that hour.

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen," said George, as having received the message, he bowed and left the room.

"A fine young man that," said Lord Mordant. "I should have no objection to learn that he really was the party whom I seek. What do you say, Colonel?"

Mrs. Donaldson was whispering in her husband's ear, and the Colonel had not paid attention to his lordship's observation.

"Very like, indeed. It struck me the moment he entered the room."

"Very like what, Colonel?" said Lord Mordant, laughing. "I ask you if it wouldn't be a pleasure to find the young man whom I am seeking for, like this gentleman in manners and appearance, and you reply, 'It struck me when he entered the room!'"

"I was replying to a remark of Ada's," said the Colonel. "She was observing that there was a very strong resemblance between this Mr. Hartley and our friend Selby, here."

"'Fore George, so there is!" exclaimed Lord Mordant. "I was wondering who he was like that I had known myself, and yet, although Mr. Selby was present, did not trace the resemblance to him."

"It is a striking likeness!" interposed Lady Mordant.

"He can be no relation of yours, Selby?" continued Lord Mordant.

“Not that I am aware of, my lord,” replied Henry. “I don’t know that I have a single relative living.”

Colonel Donaldson sat in deep thought, his gaze directed towards Henry.

“What are you thinking of, Colonel?” asked Lady Mordant.

“Nothing of consequence, my lady—nothing,” replied the Colonel; “but Selby, if you think Mr. Wilson would not consider it an intrusion, I should like to be one of the party this afternoon. I wish to see this young man again, and I should like to see you and him together again, Henry.”

“Go with us by all means, Colonel,” replied Henry; “we are all strangers alike to Mr. Wilson, and of course an additional visitor under such circumstances can be no intrusion; but,” he continued, smiling, “you are making a great deal out of the fancied resemblance this Mr. Hartley bears to me. It is merely a fancy, depend upon it, for I assure you again, I am in the unenviable position of not having a solitary relation in this world.”

“Not that you are aware of, you mean,” observed Colonel Donaldson, gravely. “However, I will call with you this afternoon.”

The ladies now retired to their own apartment, and the gentlemen strolling into the reading room to look at the morning papers, the conversation was, for the time being, broken up.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE DOCUMENTS FOUND—A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

“In every eye around I mark
The feelings of the heart o'erflowing,
From every soul I catch the spark,
Of sympathy in friendship glowing.”
“Oh! could such ever fly,
Oh! that we ne'er were doomed to lose 'em.” MOORE.

At the appointed hour Lord Mordant, Colonel Donaldson, and Henry Selby visited the office of Mr. Wilson in Wall-street. Although for certain financial reasons, Mr. Selby was received by the worthy merchant as his particular friend, the greatest respect, it was evident, was bestowed upon Lord Mordant, and Colonel Donaldson came in for the second share; for, although we reverence highly the successful man of trade, and especially the merchant whose business tends to the benefit of our own, it must be confessed that we Yankees have an especial respect for titles, and nowhere is a live lord received with more homage than in this our own dear republican country.

“I am truly glad to welcome you to New York, Mr. Selby,” said Mr. Wilson, shaking Henry by the hand. “I hope we shall become better acquainted, sir—that is to say in a social point of view. In business matters I trust we have long perfectly understood each other.”

“I trust so, sir,” replied Henry; “but allow me to say that the experience that our house has had in its business connexion with yours, and the amenity that has grown out of that experi-

ence, can scarcely be increased by any closer connexion. Allow me, however, to introduce you to Lord Viscount Mordant and Colonel Donaldson, of the Honorable East India Company's service. These gentlemen have been long known to me in India, and I believe you will find them in every way worthy of your friendship."

"I have made Lord Mordant's acquaintance by letter, I believe," replied Mr. Wilson, "and now I am happy to make it personally. I have exerted myself, my lord," addressing Lord Mordant, "to discover the man Carter to whom you alluded in your letter, and I believe I have succeeded. However, we will talk of that by-and-by. By the way," again addressing Henry, "you, Mr. Selby, are, I believe, not altogether a stranger to our city. You were, I am told, born in New York?"

"If I was not born here," replied Henry—"and I have every reason to suppose I was—at least my earliest recollections are of your city. But you say, Mr. Wilson, that you have found out the Carter family. I am glad to hear it, for you recollect that I wrote you a letter begging you as a favor to learn, if possible, whether they were still residents of New York."

"There was another family whom I wished you, if possible, to discover—of the name of Hartley," interposed Lord Mordant. "I am aware that I have imposed a great task upon you: but I should be glad to learn that you have succeeded in this endeavor also, the more especially since my friend, Colonel Donaldson, is also interested in discovering the same family."

"I have made every inquiry, my lord," replied Mr. Wilson, "but to no purpose. I have, it is true, a gentleman in my office, the same who called upon you at the New York Hotel this morning, whose name is Hartley: but he has no relations living in America that he is aware of."

"Is Joseph Carter still a resident of New York?" asked Henry Selby, growing impatient.

"He is at present, although he has but recently returned from Philadelphia, where he has resided for some years," said Mr. Wilson.

"The man I mean was some years since employed as one of the city watchmen," continued Henry.

"I presume it is the same man, sir. This man Joseph Carter, was formerly a resident of New York, and a city watchman, and carman."

"In that case," said Henry, "I have no doubt he is the individual whom I seek. Pray allow me to ask you another question: has he a family?"

"He has a wife and daughter," replied Mr. Wilson. "He also had a son: but the young man left home some years ago, and has not since been heard of. They fear he is dead."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Henry, with fervor. "They must be those whom I have so long sought in vain to discover. I should wish to see them; that is to say, to see the father, Joseph Carter, as soon as possible."

"You can see him to-morrow, sir; he will be here at nine o'clock; he is now employed as a messenger by our firm."

"He had a daughter—a little girl she was when I left New York, many years ago. I suppose it is she to whom you have alluded," asked Henry, in as calm a tone as he could assume, though his face reddened and his voice trembled as he asked the question.

"The same, sir, I presume," returned Mr. Wilson.

"I should have thought she would have been married before this time," said Henry, carelessly.

"No, sir, she is not yet married," replied Mr. Wilson, "though it is, perhaps, extraordinary, since she is a very beautiful and a very good girl."

"And this young man, Hartley," interposed Colonel Donaldson: "I have some interest in him, as my friend, Lord Mordant, has told you. You say he is in your employ. Is he now here?"

"No, my lord," replied Mr. Wilson, "Mr. Hartley left for Philadelphia at two o'clock, but he will return to-morrow."

"I should very much like to speak with him, and learn something of his family, if he would not deem it impertinent," said the Colonel.

"Well, gentlemen," interposed Mr. Wilson; "if Mr. Selby calls to-morrow to see Carter, you can accompany him, and I shall have great pleasure in introducing you to Mr. Hartley, though, by the by, I suspect he introduced himself this morning."

"We are greatly obliged to you, Mr. Wilson," returned Colonel Donaldson; "we will do ourselves the pleasure of calling. "Selby," the Colonel continued, turning to Henry, "you, no doubt, have matters of business to arrange with Mr. Wilson; we will leave you, and take a stroll by the river. You have a very fine prospect," again addressing the merchant, "from that enclosure that was pointed out to us this morning—what was it they called it?—ah—the battery."

"Very fine," returned the merchant, "but you will enjoy it best at an early hour in the morning; it is a pleasant place at sunrise, before the dust covers the promenade, and before it is so crowded with idlers."

"Nevertheless," replied the Colonel, smiling, "since it is very probable that while I remain here, I may not rise with the lark, for though our habits are early in India, I feel your chilly mornings very severely, we'll enjoy the prospect now, with all its drawbacks. I wish you good day, Mr. Wilson, and feel greatly obliged to you for the information you have afforded me. Come, Mordant—Selby, we'll meet you at the hotel at dinner, I suppose?"

Henry replied in the affirmative, and the two gentlemen left the merchant's office, arm-in-arm, and strolled down to the battery.

They walked up and down the various pathways for some time, enjoying the busy scene, and at length directed their steps

to the promenade by the river side. A group of sailors were seated upon one of the benches, and amongst them the Colonel recognized his old friend on shipboard, Jack Jenkins; though so changed in appearance by his bran new glossy slop-attire, that the Colonel had to look closely at him before he was certain it was he.

Colonel Donaldson directed the attention of Lord Mordant to the old sailor, and then stepping towards him, addressed him by the name of Davis, which name it will be recollected he had borne on the ship's books, and had always been called by excepting when he was engaged in cosy conversation with Henry Selby and his friends.

Jack immediately sprang to his feet, and made his sailor's bow and scrape.

"Glad to see you on shore, gentlemen," said he.

"And we are glad to see you, Davis," said Colonel Donaldson. "I intended to have spoken with you before I left the ship, last night, but forgot it in the bustle and confusion. You amused us so often on shipboard, that it is but right that we should recompense you for it;" and the Colonel slipped some money into the old man's hand. "And now, Davis, let me ask you another question; where can I find you, should I want to see you again?"

The old man gave his address at a sailor's boarding-house, in Greenwich-street, observing:

"It's a respectable, decent house, Colonel; none o' your Water-street boarding-houses for Jack Jenkins; and that reminds me, if so be you should call, ax for Jack Jenkins; I've unshipped t'other pursers' name; I never took kindly to it; it always sot uneasy on me."

"Jack Jenkins we will call you then," said the Colonel, smiling; "but," continued he, "what is the reason that you sailors so often change your names?"

"Some has one reason, and some another, your honor," replied Jack; "just as a man changes his tarpaulin, till he

finds one that sots easy on his head. Sometimes it's to avoid the land-sharks, and the sea-sharks too, for that matter; and sometimes to get out o' a scrape with the women folk. Now I've had the name o' Jack Jenkins chalked down in my log for a matter o' thirty years or more, and yet that ain't the name as I first shipped into the world with; but it's somehow or other sot more easily upon me than any other, though I've tired on it sometimes for a short spell, and chalked down another on the ship's articles. Howsomever, Jack Jenkins I'm known as at the boarding-house, and you'll find me within hail there, till I goes to sea again."

"Well, Jack, good-bye for the present," said the colonel; "I may give you a call."

"Good-bye, gentlemen, and thankee both," replied the old seaman.

"What put it into your head to ask the old man where he lived, colonel?" asked Lord Mordant, as the two gentlemen strolled homewards.

"I hardly know," replied the colonel; "but you recollect hearing the old fellow spin a yarn, as he called it, one night about the mishaps that befel an emigrant ship that he sailed in some years since, on board of which ship were also a married couple of the name of Hartley; now it may be pure invention on the part of the old man, for I believe he has told some of his incredible stories so often that he believes them himself to be true, yet there *may* be some truth in the tale. And, since we have so singularly fallen in with a person of the name we both seek, on the very first day of our landing in New York, it might turn out that he is the very individual we want to find; and if so, and there be truth in old Jenkins' story, his testimony may be of service to us."

"Very true," observed Lord Mordant; "I did not think of that; indeed I had quite forgotten Jack's yarn, though I recollect it interested me at the time I heard it."

"You are tolerably well acquainted with the localities of

New York, Mordant, are you not?" inquired the colonel, changing the subject of conversation.

"Tolerably well with some of them," replied Lord Mordant, smiling, "as I observed when I first mentioned to you that I had been in America. I was a sad wild young scamp then, but that was many years ago, and things have very much changed. I recognize the principal thoroughfares, but it seems to me as if the buildings had all been transformed. However, I will say one thing, the city is greatly improved, and so is the style of architecture, though it is certainly of the cosmopolite order. Still some of these large stores, as they call the shops here, are unsurpassed in splendor by anything in the old world—and then the hotels——"

"The hotels," interrupted the colonel, "are gorgeous—magnificent—perfectly oriental in splendor! but I can't say that I admire the custom of all the inmates intermingling so much; I prefer a little more exclusiveness."

"So do I," said Lord Mordant, "but I suppose we should get accustomed to this free and easy style if we were here long enough."

"Yes, if we were here *long* enough," replied Colonel Donaldson; "but it strikes me that I should require to be here very long. However, there is more to praise than to blame, and then the cost is so trifling. I cannot conceive how these places are supported, when the charge for the week, as I see by the printed regulations, is little more than one would have to pay for a day's board at an English hotel, unless, indeed, things have greatly altered since I left England."

"That is the result, in a great measure, of the social freedom of which you complain, colonel," replied Lord Mordant. "In Europe, and especially in England, hotel life is an exception. The guests at an hotel are comparatively few, and of course the charges must be great; while, although there may be as much, or perhaps in your opinion and mine, more comfort, there cannot be so much splendor. We leave that for our

own homes ; but the American people, especially the unmarried young men and the young married people, make their homes in the hotels."

"I don't think I could ever get accustomed to that style of living," said the colonel.

"Perhaps not, at your time of life, and after a residence of several years in India," replied Lord Mordant ; "but it has its fascinations for young people. I really learned to like the system when I was here before."

They had by this time reached the hotel, and the conversation dropped. The two gentlemen retired to their own rooms to make the necessary change in their attire before they joined the ladies.

Henry Selby had not yet returned from Wall-street, before the dinner was announced, and the rest of the party sat down to the table without him, for they took their meals in a private room, the colonel, and the ladies particularly, not being able to reconcile themselves to the freedom of the table d'hote.

"How did you like Mr. Wilson ?" asked Lord Mordant of the colonel.

"Very much indeed," was the reply. "If he is a fair specimen of an American merchant, I shall certainly entertain a very high opinion of them."

"He is, to the best of my observation," replied Lord Mordant. "I had occasion when here before to meet several American merchants and professional men, and was generally much pleased with them. The more you see of them the better you will like them."

"I presume to-morrow you gentlemen intend to escort us abroad," said Mrs. Donaldson. "It was very polite indeed to leave us alone all day at an hotel."

"It couldn't be helped, Ada," replied the colonel, "and I fear we shall be truants again to-morrow morning ! After that we shall be at leisure to attend dutifully upon you."

"Business is always a plausible excuse with the gentlemen,"

replied the lady, good-humoredly, "when they want to enjoy the freedom of bachelorhood. However, if we allow you to leave us to-morrow morning, we shall expect you to repay our generosity by extraordinary attention during the remainder of the day. Really, we've been here twelve hours, and have seen nothing of the city yet."

"Dreadful!" playfully exclaimed Lord Mordant. "Surely, ladies, your patience must be quite exhausted."

"What have you done with Mr. Selby?" asked Lady Mordant. "He left the hotel with you this morning, did he not?"

"He was detained on business, with the merchant upon whom we called," replied Colonel Donaldson; "but he is a long time coming. We walked home very slowly. If he doesn't arrive soon he'll be too late for his dinner."

"Then he can dine at the *table d'hote*; in fact, obtain his meals at any moment," said Lord Mordant. "There, colonel, is one of the advantages of the American hotel system." * * *

Let us for a moment return to Mr. Wilson's office, and learn what it was that had so long detained Henry from his friends.

After his friends had retired, Henry Selby continued for some time in conversation with Mr. Wilson, on matters appertaining to their mutual business transactions, when one of the clerks entered the private office, and intimated that a gentleman had called upon Mr. Wilson, according to appointment; and he handed him a card.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Wilson, looking at the card. "I recollect. Show the gentleman into my brother's office. Mr. Selby, pray excuse me for a few moments; I will return immediately." And he passed out of the office.

In the course of ten minutes he returned, and again apologized for having left Henry alone; but he added: "You will excuse me, when I tell you the cause. I have advanced a small sum of money, on my own responsibility, to assist a poor gentleman into business again, whose misfortunes, I truly

believe, originated out of no fault of his own, save that in a time of inflated prosperity, he speculated too deeply; and when the depression consequent upon such a state of things arrived, he fell, in the almost universal crash. He fell honorably, though; for he surrendered everything unreservedly to his creditors, and so impoverished himself that he was unable to rise again. His pride, too, forbade him to ask assistance, and for years I have almost lost sight of him, until yesterday he appeared on 'Change, wishing to raise a small amount of money on a mortgage—which, however, he could get no one to pay any attention to. He then applied to me, and told me that if he could raise a few hundred dollars, he had an opportunity of going into business again. The securities he offered were out of our line altogether, nevertheless I wished to do something for him, and I desired him to call to-day. He did so, and I have lent him the amount he required."

"If there were need of any apology, Mr. Wilson," said Henry, "yours would be ample; but really there was none, for I have no claims on your time; besides, I have amused myself very agreeably with the newspaper; but may I ask the name of this unfortunate gentleman? When I was a boy, residing in this city, I knew most of the eminent merchants, by name at least—many of them personally."

"Then," replied Mr. Wilson, "you certainly must have heard of Mr. Blunt. Some years ago he was reputed to be one of our most wealthy merchants. He was the last man in the city whom I should have imagined likely to be affected by a monetary crisis. Until he ventured into speculation, he was a most careful business-man."

"Mr. Blunt!" exclaimed Henry, in a tone of surprise; "surely you don't mean Mr. Blunt, the shipping-merchant, formerly of South-street?"

"The same," returned Mr. Wilson. "I see you recollect the gentleman, and I scarcely wonder at your surprise in hearing of his altered circumstances."

“And Mr. Blunt has been actually reduced to poverty!” said Henry, speaking to himself, almost unconsciously.

“Yes, sir; to such poverty, that the once wealthy merchant has been for years employed as a clerk, at a salary barely sufficient to maintain his family. His son, too, has turned out very wild, and has I believe left home for some time. Indeed, I fancy his parents do not know where he has gone. But you seem to be affected, sir. You must have known this gentleman intimately?”

“I did, Mr. Wilson,” replied Henry. “I was for many months an inmate of his household. I should much like to see him. Do you know where he resides?”

“I do not; but he is employed at a house in Maiden Lane, until six o’clock in the evening. You will find him there now most likely, and it is on your way to the New York Hotel.”

“Be so kind as to give me the address, and I will call,” answered Henry. “Mr. Wilson, I have detained you long enough to-day. I shall have the pleasure of meeting you again to-morrow, according to appointment.”

Mr. Wilson had meanwhile written the address in pencil, on the back of a card, which he handed to the young man, who immediately rose from his seat, and shaking the merchant by the hand, wished him good day and left the office.

He soon found himself at the specified place in Maiden Lane, and with a nervous feeling that he could not account for, he entered the store, and inquired of one of the clerks if Mr Blunt was within.

“You will find him seated at the desk in the inner office, behind that railing,” said the person addressed, and Henry walked towards the place indicated and found himself in the presence of his former protector—in the presence of the man of whom he had always stood in awe, during the time he lived at his house; for Mr. Blunt, though a kind, generous, and well-meaning man, had been somewhat stern and retired in his demeanor, and perhaps had been a little actuated by prejudice

and false reports, in his conduct towards the destitute child. What a change was there now in their relative positions!

The old gentleman was so busily absorbed in his ledger, that he had not heeded the approaching footsteps of Henry, who stood for some moments, without announcing his presence, anxiously gazing upon the old gentleman's features.

Time and Care had made their joint imprint upon the once florid complexion and handsome features of the *cidevant* merchant, and Care had perhaps caused Time to lay his hand with greater weight, and to leave a more visible mark of his passage than he would otherwise have done.

When Henry had left New York, Mr. Blunt was in the prime of ripe manhood; now he was bowed and wrinkled with premature old age. His once dark brown hair was thinned, leaving the crown of the head nearly bald, and the straggling locks that remained and encircled the head like a wreath, were white as snow. The face was pale, and the brow wrinkled, and the lines of the mouth deeply marked as with incessant painful thought; for the mouth sooner than any other feature, takes its character from the action of the brain. Poor Mr. Blunt! still not an old man, according to the ordinary acceptance of the term, looked as if he had already attained his seventieth year.

For some moments, as still he gazed at the wreck before him, Henry Selby's heart was too full to speak.

At length, controlling his emotion, he addressed the old gentleman by name. Mr. Blunt looked up from his ledger, and for the first time noticed the presence of a stranger.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, descending from his stool, "I did not observe you;" then, after waiting for a few moments, as if in anticipation of his visitor speaking further, he asked for what purpose he had called.

"Do you not recognize me, Mr. Blunt?" said Henry, offering his hand.

"I really do not, sir," replied the old gentleman, accepting

the proffered hand, and retaining it in his own in the kindly manner peculiar to some persons, while he curiously scanned his visitor's features; "and yet," he continued, "I fancy I have seen your face before. Where, I am unable to say; but surely it must have been years ago?"

"It was years ago," returned Henry; "many years have rolled over both our heads since last we met. I have grown from boyhood to manhood, and," smiling sadly, he added, after a pause, "your head has become frosted by the touch of time. Mr. Blunt, do you remember Henry Selby?"

"Henry—Selby," said the old gentleman slowly, and emphasizing the words, as though striving to bring the name to his recollection. "The name appears familiar to me, and yet, though I seem also to recollect your features, I cannot say where or when we have met heretofore."

"Do you not remember the little outcast boy, whom you received into your house in Bond-street, and who repaid your kindness by running away and going to sea?"

"The little fellow that Joseph Carter found in the streets in a destitute condition, and who lived for some time with his family, until I relieved them of the charge? Yes, I recollect now, his name was Henry Selby; but—no—it cannot be possible!—you cannot be he?"

"I am Henry Selby, and the little outcast who was saved from starvation by honest, kind old Joseph Carter, and who subsequently lived in your house," replied the young man, his voice trembling with emotion.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Blunt, gazing upon the tall, handsome young man, as if unable yet to believe his eyes. "And you have now returned from abroad for the first time since you were a child?"

"For the first time," replied Henry.

"And I need not ask if improved in position and circumstances as well as in appearance," continued the old gentleman. "I am glad of it—truly glad of it. Ah, Henry—I beg your

pardon, Mr. Selby, I should say—there have been sad changes since you left,” and the tears trembled in the old gentleman’s eyes as he spoke. “But I presume you know what I mean; you have heard of my misfortunes—you know all.”

“I have but this moment heard of them,” replied Henry. “I was at Mr. Wilson’s office, in Wall-street, just now; he mentioned your name in my hearing, and I naturally made inquiries respecting you; Mr. Wilson told me all. I asked where you could be seen, and he directed me here.”

“And he told you also, Mr. Selby,” said the old gentleman, with trembling eagerness; “he told you also, that my misfortunes happened through no wrong doing on my part,—that I acted honestly in giving up all to my creditors?”

“He did,” replied Henry; “Mr. Wilson spoke most highly and kindly of you; but call me Henry still, Mr. Blunt, and not by the formal title of Mr. Selby. I like the old familiar sound from the lips of a former friend and patron.”

The old gentleman smiled sadly. “Yes,” he said, “a former patron, but unable to befriend any one now. Mr. Wilson is a good, kind-hearted man. Still, Mr. Selby—Henry; I will call you Henry during this our first meeting, since you desire it. I was partly in fault; I speculated rashly, and so lost my all. Young sir, if you are now in business, as I believe you are, take the advice of an old man who has been taught by sad experience—never speculate beyond your means, never venture where, if your venture fails, ruin must ensue. But tell me, when did you arrive here, and where have you come from? Excuse my curiosity,” he added, smiling, “but I am an old man, who knew you when a mere child; it is but natural that I should be interested in your welfare.”

“It is a long story to tell,” replied Henry, “but I shall take pleasure in relating it to you; but I cannot do so here. I should wish to have some earnest conversation with you, Mr. Blunt. It is no impertinent curiosity that urges me to ask; but if you will tell me where I can call upon you this evening,

I will meet you at your own residence; or if you choose, I shall be glad to see you at the hotel where I am temporarily residing."

"I have no objection to tell you where I live, Henry," answered the old gentleman, with another of his sad and painful smiles. "My days of pride have gone by. Pride was once my besetting sin, and I was justly smitten down for it. But I warn you, it is not at the old house in Bond-street; I can only now claim a much humbler lodging as my own."

"No matter where it be, sir," replied Henry. "If it were in the lowest hovel in the city it would rather increase than diminish the respect I feel for you, and for all unmerited misfortune."

"You are a good lad, Henry Selby," said the old gentleman, taking the young man's hand again in his own, and brushing an unbidden tear from his eyelids. He then gave him the name and number of a humble but respectable boarding-house in Hudson-street, and said he should be disengaged at six o'clock, and should be happy to see him any time during the evening.

"It wants but a few minutes of six o'clock now," said Henry, looking at his watch. "I will bid you good-bye for the present; I will but return to the New York Hotel and relieve my friends there from any anxiety they might otherwise feel at my protracted absence, and then I will call upon you—say at eight o'clock."

"Any time during the evening that suits you will also suit me," replied Mr. Blunt; and so with another hearty shake of the hand they parted—Henry returning to the hotel, and the old gentleman closing his books and putting them aside for the night, pondering over in his mind the while the mysterious action of Providence, which had exalted the once despised, out-cast child, and humbled the once rich and influential merchant.

"In the name of all that's wonderful, where have you been to, Selby?" exclaimed Colonel Donaldson, as the former entered the reading room of the hotel, where the colonel was

seated with Lord Mordant. "The ladies have been very anxious, I assure you, and dinner's over an hour since, so you must put up with the table d'hôte fare, which Mordant tells me can be obtained at any moment in these wilderness-like caravansaries. But first give an account of yourself. We hear such strange tales of this city that we began to think you had been spirited away, or something dreadful had happened, at least the ladies did; for my part, I knew well enough you were able to take care of yourself."

As soon as Henry could find an opportunity to speak a word in reply to the long speech of the colonel, he briefly stated the cause of his absence, and furthermore said that he had promised to make a call during the evening; indeed it was only to relieve any anxiety on their part that he had now returned. "I shall be able to obtain sufficient to satisfy my appetite at the table d'hôte, I fancy," he added, smiling. "Make my respects to the ladies, and good-night. It will probably be late before I return home, and therefore I shall not see you again until to-morrow."

"Good-night," said both gentlemen, and Lord Mordant added, "Don't forget, Selby, you have an appointment at Wall-street in the morning."

"I shall not forget it, I assure you," replied Henry, as he passed out of the room. "I feel as deeply interested in it as either of you can."

As the clock of Trinity Church struck the hour of eight, he found himself at the door of Mr. Blunt's boarding-house. The sound vibrated in a strangely familiar manner upon his ear—immediately a host of recollections crowded upon him. He forebore to ring the door-bell of the house, and stopping and listening attentively, counted the strokes. He had doubtless often in his childhood heard the sound; but the only times that he could recollect hearing it were, first when he had sat shivering on the door-step opposite the church from eight o'clock till midnight, listening to every chime; and last, when he had

counted the stroke of ten but a few moments before he had waved his farewell to Joseph Carter, from the opposite side of the street, on the night he ran away to sea. He thought of the changes that had occurred since then ; of the many vicissitudes he had passed through ; of the difference in his condition and prospects since that well-remembered night. He thought how since then, he had wandered far and wide, over half the earth, while the tall thin spire had remained immovable, pointing ever upwards into the clear, cold sky. A beacon of Hope it had been to him then, and still a beacon of Hope was it now. He raised his heart in gratitude to God, who had blessed and prospered him, so much beyond his deserts ; beyond even the most sanguine of his boyhood's expectations. And then he thought of the generous friends, who had been the humble instruments of God's Providence in rescuing him from his forlorn condition, and who, pitying his miserable plight, had first implanted within his bosom the desire to do well, which is the best incentive to success.

How long he might have remained in this reverie we cannot say ; but passenger after passenger passed by, and at last he became conscious that they were regarding him with wonder, as he stood looking up at the tall, graceful spire ; and recollecting what had brought him to that spot at that hour, he rang the door-bell, and was admitted into the house.

He was ushered up stairs, upon making inquiry for Mr. Blunt, whom he found occupying, with his wife, the first floor of the tenement. The room into which he was shown was neatly furnished ; but how widely different it appeared from the rooms of the splendid mansion in Bond-street, where he had formerly lived in the family.

Henry was kindly received by the old gentleman, and warmly welcomed by Mrs. Blunt, who had been advised by her husband of the young man's intended visit, and informed of his identity. He found the old lady changed considerably, but not in so marked a manner as was her husband. Time and

Care had, perhaps, pressed as sorely upon her, but neither had left so deep an impress upon her form and features. Still, there was an expression of anxiety which appeared to have become fixed upon her face, that was harrowing to look upon. It seemed to tell that something more deeply painful than the ordinary disappointments of life and the loss of this world's goods had fixed that anxious look. It was as though she were afflicted with some never-dying mental sorrow, that nothing could for a moment banish from her recollection, for it was present in her very smile, making the smile a mockery. Henry learned the nature of this deep affliction before he left that evening. The mother sorrowed for her only child. She did not weep him dead, but worse than dead—hardened and unrepenting. Edward Blunt had, after a long career of debauchery, left his father's house and his mother's watchful care, and had gone, years ago, no one knew whither.

When the poor outcast boy, Henry Selby, had been an inmate of Mr. Blunt's mansion, Mrs. Blunt was a worldly, fashionable woman—unexceptionably moral in her character and deportment, according to the world's acceptation of the term: but utterly devoid of all the Christian graces that find favor in the eye of Heaven. Now, however, she was greatly changed. Sorrow and trial had chastened her, and the deprivation of worldly wealth had brought her nearer to God. She was now a truly pious woman. Her faith in Providence was daily strengthened; and even as she sorrowed for her lost and erring child, she prayed and trusted that God in his due season would hear and answer her prayers.

The reader is familiar with the career of Henry Selby, from the period when a boy he left the merchant's house, until he returned from India, in the possession of wealth, and honor, and brilliant future prospects—and he also is cognizant of the trouble which had befallen Mr. Blunt during that period; therefore, it were needless for us to repeat the conversation that ensued and lasted until a late hour of the night. Henry

briefly told his adventures, and Mr. Blunt related to him the story of his troubles, and when the lady had retired, the two gentlemen entered into a private conversation relating to matters which will be told in their proper place. Suffice it to say that Henry left the humble tenement happy in the feeling of having done good; and Mr. Blunt offered up that night a grateful prayer to Heaven, and retired to rest with a lighter heart than he had possessed for many a weary year.

At the hour mentioned, on the following morning, Lord Mordant and Colonel Donaldson, accompanied by Henry Selby, visited Mr. Wilson; and Joseph Carter, who had been apprised by his employers that some gentlemen wished to see him, was sent for. He shortly made his appearance, and was first introduced to Henry Selby alone.

“Do you recollect me, Joseph?” said Henry.

The old man appeared astonished at being addressed in this familiar manner, by one whom he had supposed an entire stranger.

“No, sir,” he replied, “you have the advantage of me; I can’t say that I can call to mind having seen you before.”

“Look at me again, Joseph,” said Henry, taking the old man’s hand. “Do you remember finding a poor child in the street one cold autumn night, when the sleet and snow were falling fast, and the slush lay deep upon the ground, and giving that poor boy shelter and food for the night; and then taking him to your home, and caring for him as tenderly as if he had been a child of your own? Uncle Joseph, don’t you remember Henry Selby?”

“God be praised!” devoutly exclaimed the old Watchman. “Can it be possible that you are that poor child, grown to be so handsome a man? Welcome, welcome home! I have so long earnestly prayed that I might see you once again before I died. We have heard of your good fortune, sir; and rejoiced over it with full hearts. How glad Mary and Ellen will be to see you. You will call and see us, sir, now that you have returned home again?”

“To be sure I will, at the very earliest opportunity; to-night, if the visit will not incommode you. You don’t know how anxious I have been to see Mrs. Carter, and Ellen. Ellen is well, I hope?”

“Quite well, sir, and so is my wife. We have often spoken of you since Ellen got your letter all the way from India. But we doubted some whether a gentleman such as you had become would condescend to visit our humble dwelling.”

“Did you think so hardly of me as that?” said Henry. “Little Ellen never doubted me, I’m sure. Little Ellen! I say, when I suppose she has grown up to be quite a beautiful girl; but somehow or other, to me she has always appeared as the little Ellen who was wont to take my part and plead for me so earnestly when I had played any of my mischievous pranks.”

“And to my mind, sir, you have always appeared as you did the last time I saw you; though of course I well knew that you had long since grown up to be a man. That’s how it was I didn’t immediately recognize you when you spoke: but I see the old smile now. No, Master Henry, I can’t say that I thought you would be so proud as to look down upon us, neither I think did Ellen; but my wife had some misgivings.”

“Then I’ll call and see you to-night, Joseph. But stay, where are you now residing?”

“At the old house in Mulberry-street, sir. The rooms happened to be unoccupied when we came up from Philadelphia, where we have been living for a long time, till Mr. Wilson sent for us the other day, and I was glad, and so were Mary and Ellen, to go back again to the old hearth-stone. But——” and the old man’s countenance fell, and a tear started to his eye, “you will find one missing, Master Henry. Willy, our boy, has gone from us, and for years we have heard nothing of him.”

In his delight at meeting with his earliest benefactor, Henry Selby had forgotten for the moment the sad fate of William

Carter, and now as the father spoke of his son, Henry felt a pang shoot through his heart as he thought of the distressing intelligence of which he was the bearer. He knew that it was his duty to inform the parents of the death of their first-born, but he could not find it in his heart to tell the sad news now. He would, he thought, delay it until another time; until after he had seen and spoken with Mrs. Carter and Ellen, and the first joyous meeting was over. Then it would be time enough to relate that which he well knew would send mourning and lamentation into the watchman's loving and happy home.

"I must make you promise me one thing, Uncle Joseph," said he, assuming an appearance of cheerfulness which at that moment he certainly did not feel. "You must keep my secret with Mrs. Carter and little Ellen. I would like to see if they recognize me."

"Ellen will, I warrant me," said Joseph.

"We shall see to-night," replied Henry. "Mind, I shall call as soon as I think you have gone home from the office. I shall drop in upon you at tea-time."

"Do, Mr. Henry, do," replied Joseph; "you'll find at least a hearty welcome."

"And now, Joseph," continued Henry; "there is a gentleman here with me, who wishes to see you on some private business. I will leave you here, and send him in; he's an old acquaintance of your's, he tells me. Let's see if you'll recollect him."

Henry quitted the room, and in a few moments Lord Mordant entered. He was immediately recognized by the watchman, who also recollected the name which was on the card his lordship had presented him at parting.

"I am truly glad to see you, Carter," said Lord Mordant. "You look almost as young as you did when last we met and parted."

"I am happy to see you too, sir—my lord, I mean"—added Joseph, apologetically.

"Never mind my lord," said his lordship, smiling. "Recollect, my good friend, you have no lords in the United States. You did me a service once, and like all persons who have received a favor, I wish you to do me another. You recollect my giving you a card with my name engraved upon it?"

"Yes, sir," replied Joseph.

"That card I folded up in a piece of paper torn from a letter, and desired you to keep it, and call upon me should you ever want a friend. It was, however, a silly thing on my part, since I returned to England, and shortly afterwards went to the East Indies with my regiment, so you could never have found me if you had been desirous even of doing so: but what I wish to know is whether you have that piece of paper in which the card was wrapped, still in your possession. If not, whether you recollect and can swear to the signature upon it?"

"I don't recollect the name on the paper, sir," said Joseph; "but I do that upon the card, though I have never even looked at it since. It lies in my wallet at home, in the very pocket where I placed it when I received it from your hand, wrapped in the identical piece of paper. You can have it at any time. Mr. Selby is going to call at my house this evening, I will send it to you by him."

"Thank you," said his lordship, "thank you my worthy friend. You have relieved my mind of a vast deal of anxiety, and probably will do me a service, the magnitude of which you have little idea of. I may trust to your sending the card, and especially the paper, to my hotel to-night, by Mr. Selby?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Joseph.

"I will not offer you money, my friend," continued Lord Mordant; "for I know from experience that you will not accept it: but I will not be balked *this* time in the exercise of my grateful feelings. I shall find some means of recompensing you that will not be repulsive to your independent spirit."

"I wish for no reward, sir," replied Joseph, as he turned to quit the room; "but I must go now, sir. I have some checks

to take to the bank, ready for me outside. The cashier drew my attention to them as I passed him on my way here."

"Well then, good-day my friend," said Lord Mordant. "We shall meet again, before I leave New York."

Another interesting conversation had meanwhile been going on between Colonel Donaldson and George Hartley, who were seated by themselves in the office of one of the junior partners of the firm.

In point of fact, this latter conversation was the most exciting of any; for Colonel Donaldson had actually found a relative, in some faint degree, in George Hartley, who had satisfied the colonel that Barnard Hartley, his uncle, had married a young woman named Alice Meehan, and George recollected his aunt Alice well enough to describe her personal appearance.

There seemed every prospect of his discovering at once all that he wished to ascertain, with regard to the family; since if George could only prove that his uncle and aunt were dead, as he believed them to be, and that they died without issue, he was the only surviving member of the family.

The only difficulty was how to set to work to find out this; and as George was necessarily occupied during the greater portion of the day, he readily accepted the invitation of the colonel to visit him at the hotel in the evening, and there talk matters over at their leisure.

Wishing him, therefore, good-day for the present, the colonel joined his friends, and the three gentlemen left the office together and returned to the hotel, each silently occupied with his own thoughts.

The colonel, however, resolved to seek out old Jack Jenkins, the next day, and ascertain from him all that he could learn in relation to the emigrant ship, and the passengers who had come out from Ireland with Barnard Hartley and his wife Alice.

Henry Selby anxiously awaited the evening, when he could pay his promised visit to the old house in Mulberry-street. As

soon as the hour arrived when he thought he should find Joseph at home, he started from the hotel, taking the direction of the well remembered house, which he had no difficulty in finding ; but how cramped and confined seemed the narrow streets he passed through ; how small and mean the houses he had thought so grand when he was a boy !—and the watchman's humble tenement ! Henry remembered every joint and timber of its frame, the position of every window, every peculiarity belonging to it ; but what a small, humble dwelling it appeared to him now—standing as it did the only wooden house in the row, and one of the smallest tenements in the narrow street.

It is always so with us when, having quitted our home in boyhood, we return to it after years of absence, even if our childhood has been spent amidst scenes of elegance and luxury, such as had never greeted the eyes of Henry, when he was taken under the protection of Joseph Carter. Our imagination dwells upon and magnifies the past, and as we become familiar with the world and its changing scenes are no longer a novelty, we associate the scenes of childhood's recollection with those passing around us, and are disappointed to find when we return to the old homestead, that our fancy has been making of it a *chateau en espagne*, which fades from our view like the mirage of the desert as we draw near.

But the friends of our childhood and youth—these fade not from our remembrance, and if we meet them changed in outward aspect from the pictures which fond memory has daguerreotyped—as it were—in our minds, we find them unchanged within, and twine the links that have bound them to us more closely than ever.

It was with a fluttering heart that Henry ascended the well-known staircase that led to the portion of the house occupied by Joseph and his family. He rested for a few moments on the landing before announcing himself, in order to control his agitation and meet his old friends with calmness—then he tapped gently at the door.

It was opened by Mrs. Carter, who seeing a strange gentleman at the door, stood silent as if waiting for him to explain his business. Henry was on the point of betraying himself; it was with difficulty he could refrain from addressing the old lady by name and grasping her by the hand; but he restrained his impetuosity of feeling, and in as calm a tone as possible, inquired if Joseph Carter resided there.

“Yes, sir,” replied Mary Carter.

“Is he at home at present?”

“He has been home from work, sir; but he stepped out on business immediately after tea.”

The fact was Joseph had gone out purposely, in order to give Henry an opportunity to meet his wife and daughter by themselves, and to make himself known to them. Joseph felt that he was unequal to the task of concealing, in the presence of his family, his previous recognition of his anticipated visitor.

“Will he shortly return?” asked Henry. “I should like to see him this evening.”

“He said he should return in the course of half-an-hour,” replied Mrs. Carter. “Will you please to step in, sir, and take a seat?”

Henry Selby promptly accepted the invitation, and as he entered the room, Ellen, who was seated at a small table, busily occupied with her needle, rose and placed a chair near the fire, and in a gentle voice, every tone of which vibrated in the heart of the young man, invited him to be seated.

Henry sat down, taking a position that served to conceal his features as much as possible from the females, who had resumed their seats at the table.

“Mr. Carter seldom goes out after he returns from work,” observed Mrs. Carter. “I don’t think he’ll be long away. Do you find it cold, sir?” observing Henry to draw his chair closer to the fire.

“Somewhat chilly,” replied the young man. “The fact is, I’ve just returned from abroad, and have resided in a warm

climate so long, that I find your spring mornings and evenings uncomfortably cold."

Ellen suddenly looked up from her work, and gazed at the stranger, but his features could not be seen by her. She looked then at her mother, as if she wished her to continue the conversation.

Mrs. Carter understood the silent appeal, and indeed she was herself desirous to learn whence the strange gentleman had come, who wished so particularly to see her husband that evening. Perhaps, she thought, he might be from the East Indies, and might bring news of Henry.

"If you wouldn't think it rude, sir," she continued, "I should like to ask you if you have been in India. My husband and I, and indeed my daughter also, are very anxious to hear from a gentleman who has been living in Calcutta a good many years. We knew him, when a little boy, sir," she added, as if to explain how it was that a family in their humble circumstances should possess influential friends abroad.

"Rude!" exclaimed Henry; "not at all—your friend is living in Calcutta, you say?"

"He has been living there, sir; but we received a letter from him a short time since, which was written so long back as a year ago, in which he expressed his intention of visiting the United States: perhaps he has left there before now."

"May I inquire his name?" said Henry. "I have long been a resident of Calcutta myself. In fact, I only left there some four months since; possibly I may know the gentleman of whom you speak."

"His name is Selby, sir—Henry Selby."

"Henry Selby," replied the young man. "I do know a person of that name; but he is not in Calcutta now; he left there the same time that I did; indeed, came home passenger in the same ship with me."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mrs. Carter. "Is Henry Selby really now in New York?"

“Mother!” exclaimed Ellen, starting from her seat, and moving towards the young man—“this is Henry—this is Mr. Selby; I thought from the first I recognized something in the tone of his voice. Henry—Mr. Selby,” she continued, addressing him—“How could you try to deceive us so long? why did you not mention your name when you came in? Did you not know how glad we should be to see you?”

But Henry had also risen from his chair, and ere she had concluded her address, had caught the blushing girl by both hands, and kissed her cheek. Then releasing Ellen, and turning to Mrs. Carter, he took her hand, and stooping down, kissed the old lady also.

“Oh, how glad Joseph will be!” said Mrs. Carter, as she looked admiringly at the tall, handsome, sun-burnt young man, who stood before her. “Deary me, can it be possible that little Henry Selby has grown up to be such a fine handsome gentleman!”

“Quite as possible as that little Ellen Carter has grown up to be such a tall and beautiful young lady; and that you, Mrs. Carter, don’t look a day older than you did the last time I saw you. You recollect that evening, dear Ellen, do you not,” he continued, again taking the blushing girl’s hand, and holding it in his own—“‘I don’t think Henry means to be wicked, do you, Henry?’ Those were the last words you spoke to me, Ellen, for we were both crying when we parted, and you could not articulate ‘good-bye:’ but those last words, Ellen, I have never forgotten when I was tempted to do wrong—they rung their gentle warning in my ears—‘Little Ellen Carter doesn’t think Henry means to be wicked;’ and for Ellen’s sake, Henry Selby *first* learnt *earnestly* to pray, that he might not be led into temptation; and for Ellen’s sake, he resolved to exert himself honestly to get forward in the world. Dear Ellen, it is to you and yours, but to you, especially, under Providence, that I owe the success that I have met with; had you not

uttered that kindly warning and asked me that earnest question, my course might have been very different."

"Oh, how I wish Joseph would come home," repeated the old lady, weeping with joy; "how glad he will be to see you."

Henry smiled. "He has seen me, dear Aunt Carter; you must let me call you by that old familiar appellation to-night. I saw him at Mr. Wilson's office, and made myself known to him."

"Why!" exclaimed the old lady, "He never said a word about it at tea-time."

"He promised me he would not," explained Henry. "I wished to surprise you, and judge whether you would be really pleased to see me;" and he gently pressed the little hand he still held in his own.

"How could you doubt it?" gently murmured Ellen. "But you did not doubt," she added, blushing and smiling, "you only said so to tease us."

"I declare," said Mrs. Carter, "I do believe Joseph went out a-purpose to be out of the way when you called. I wondered what it was that called him out to-night, knowing that he so seldom goes abroad of an evening."

At this moment the Watchman entered the room, and a fresh round of greeting took place.

Some hours were spent in conversation. Joseph Carter told of all his troubles and trials and blessings. How every thing had come out right at last, as he knew it would, all except Willy. But he prayed and trusted still that Willy would be restored to them, and then they would be as happy as they could well be in this world.

Every word that Joseph or Mrs. Carter, or Ellen, uttered about William Carter, sent a pang to the very heart of Henry. Still he could not, on this the first evening of their reunion, dash to the ground and crush for ever the hope that sustained them in this their last great trial. He knew that it was his duty to tell the sad story of William Carter's death, unseen,

unheard, amidst the howling of the tempest and the rushing of the mighty waters: still he deferred the painful narration until another meeting. Indeed he thought it best to tell Ellen first, and let her break the sad news to her parents.

And when Joseph Carter had finished his story, Henry told him he had been taken by the hand by a gentleman who was now in New York, and from a poor cabin-boy, had become a prosperous merchant; and he interested the little party, by telling them tales of India, and describing the strange sights he had seen there. It was near midnight when he rose to retire: Mrs. Carter did not remember when she had sat up so late before. Ellen certainly had not been out of bed at that late hour since the weary time when she was employed as a seamstress; they seemed even then loth to separate, but Henry reminded them that he had a long way to go to his hotel, and that probably his friends there would be sitting up for him.

“By-the-bye,” he added, “speaking of my friends, puts me in mind of a commission entrusted to me, which I had well nigh forgotten. Lord Mordant, the gentleman whom you spoke with to-day, wishes you to give me the card, or at least the piece of a letter that it is enclosed in, which you say you still have in your possession.”

“Certainly,” said Joseph, going to an old bureau, and opening a drawer, he took thence a pocket-book, from which he extracted the little packet in question, and handed it to Henry.

“And now good-night,” said the young man, “I shall see you again, I trust, to-morrow. We have been separated so long, we must meet each other often now.”

“Good night, Mr. Selby,” said they all, in reply.

The title Mr. seemed to grate harshly on the ears of the young man. “I wish,” he said, “you should call me Henry, as of old, at least until the first freshness of our meeting is over. I will be Mr. Selby by-and-by.”

“Then good-night, Henry,” exclaimed the old couple. Meanwhile Ellen had advanced to open the door; Henry

seized the opportunity to give her a parting squeeze of the hand, and stooping down, he whispered in her ear—"I am *Henry Selby* to you, dear Ellen, I hope."

Leaving the Carters to talk over again the events of the evening, before they retired to rest, we will follow Henry Selby to his room, at the hotel, where he found Lord Mordant waiting for him, as he had anticipated.

"You almost tired me out, Selby," said his lordship, as Henry entered; "but I could not go to sleep until I was satisfied that the old watchman still had that document, and that it is the right one. He might be mistaken you know."

"I have the card, enclosed in the paper in my pocket-book," said Henry, taking it from his pocket and handing the little packet to Lord Mordant, who immediately unfolded it, and glanced hurriedly at the signature.

"All right," he joyfully exclaimed, looking earnestly at Henry; "the old watchman has saved me the trouble of contesting a good estate; perhaps, indeed, saved me the estate itself."

Henry looked at his lordship, inquiringly: "It's too long a story to tell to-night," continued Lord Mordant; "I am confoundedly sleepy, too. You shall hear about it another time. Good-night."

"Good-night," replied Henry, and the two gentlemen sought their respective chambers.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE REPENTANT.—A DEATH-BED SCENE.

“Oppressed with grief, oppressed with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I sit me down and sigh—
 Oh life ! thou’rt but a dreary load
 To such a wretch as I.
 Thus, backward as I cast my view
 What sick’ning scenes appear !
 What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
 Too justly I may fear.
 Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom ;
 My woes here, will close ne’er,
 But in the closing tomb.”

BURNS

“By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a sinner’s parting seen,
 But never aught like this.”

SCOTT.

MRS. EDWARDS, since Charles had committed the forgery, had heard nothing of or from her husband, and the anxiety of mind caused by this circumstance rendered the poor lady at times very dejected, although she was doing well and supporting her family in comfort from the profits of the store in which she had been settled by George Hartley. Most of her friends entertained the supposition that he was dead ; that he had fallen a victim to dissipation, or perchance, in a fit of remorse had laid violent hands upon himself ; but they dared not even whisper these

suspicious to the still loving wife, who pleased her imagination with the hope that the guilty husband would yet return home repentant and reformed—and then, the past forgotten, fancy pictured a bright vista of the future, when, loving and beloved, the long-parted husband and wife, reunited ere age had impaired the faculties of either, might tread together the downhill of life, enjoying a golden autumn and a serene and happy winter, notwithstanding the springtide had been blighted by frosts, and the summer had been dark, and hopeless, and dreary.

A few days after the return of Henry Selby to New York, Mr. Hartley received a letter dated from Bellevue Hospital. There was no name signed to the missive—"Yours in extreme distress," was the conclusion of the letter, and it stated in brief yet forcible language, that the writer was in a dying condition, impoverished, and mentally as well as physically reduced to the lowest degree. The handwriting Hartley could not judge from, even had he known the dictator of the letter in happier days; for, as stated in the commencement of the letter, it was written by a commiserating friend.

George Hartley could not refuse to comply with the earnestly expressed wishes of the writer, that he would visit him at the earliest opportunity, and the same day that he received the letter he left the office at an earlier hour than usual and made the best of his way to the hospital.

"Inquire for George Bronte," said the letter; "that is not my true name, but it is the name by which I have been received as an inmate of this charity;" and consequently for George Bronte did George Hartley inquire of the porter when he entered the gates.

"I don't know the inmates personally," was the polite reply of the official; "but see there, sir, is the steward crossing the corridor. Ask of him, and I have no doubt he will introduce you to the individual whom you seek."

Hartley hastened to intercept the steward, and from him

learned the name and number of the ward in which the party of whom he was in search was an inmate.

“Do you know anything of the man?” he asked of the steward.

“No, sir,” said the official in a tone of surprise. “Is he not a friend of yours?”

“So far from that,” replied Hartley, “I know not his real name. I have received a letter from him, written by a fellow-invalid at his dictation, in which he earnestly requests—nay, implores me to call upon him. I could not refuse, though I have not the least idea who it is that has written.”

“Please to wait a moment,” said the steward; and he referred to a large ledger in the entrance hall:—

“George Bronte—George Bronte—” said he, running his finger down a column of names. “How long, sir, has he been an inmate here?”

“He does not say,” replied Hartley.

“Ah, I see!” continued the steward, resting his finger at the bottom of one of the last pages in the huge ledger. “Here is the name. The man has been here but three days—” and he read:—

“George Bronte, left the ship Dart, from various ports in the Gulf of Mexico—arrived at New York on the 13th inst.—seaman—native of England—disease, consumption. You will find him in Ward No. 4, sir;” and having given these directions, the steward, after pointing out the direction in which Hartley should proceed, wished him good-day and went about his own affairs.

Guided by the directions given him, George Hartley soon found the ward to which he had been directed. At the door he met a young surgeon, who was just quitting the ward, after having visited the patients. George for a moment arrested him:—

“Have you a patient of the name of Bronte—George Bronte,” said he, “in this ward?”

“George Bronte!” replied the young man addressed; “yes there is a man of that name. A desperate case too—can’t live many days—lungs gone entirely—been intemperate—must have lived a hard life. Seen better days too, I fancy, from certain expressions he lets drop occasionally.”

“I should like to see the man,” said Hartley. “Can I be admitted?”

“Why, this is not the regular hour for visiting the sick. Still, if you know the man, I presume you can see him,” said the young surgeon. “We haven’t many visitors to see the patients here. Ours are hard cases generally. The man is no relation of yours, sir?”

“I don’t even know him,” replied Hartley; “but he has sent for me to visit him. Some one of his fellow-sufferers has written me a letter imploring me in the most earnest terms to call on him. I certainly have a curiosity to see whether he is any one whom I have known at some distant day—although I don’t recollect the name.”

“I’ll see what I can do, sir,” said the surgeon. “I’ll go to the superintendent—or stay. I’ll take the responsibility upon my own risk, and give you an order for admission. What name, sir?”

“George Hartley.”

“George Hartley,” repeated the young surgeon, writing the name and an order for admission in pencil upon a slip of paper, and giving it to Hartley. “Now, sir, if you please be so good as to sign your name and address in this book,” and he pointed to an open page of the visitors’ ledger. Hartley signed his name, and forthwith proceeded to the ward in which he had been informed that George Bronte was confined.

On making inquiry of the nurse in attendance, he was directed to the bed occupied by the sick man, who was in a disturbed sleep when he entered, but who immediately aroused upon hearing the light footfall approaching the bedside, and turned his careworn, haggard face towards the visitor. His

features were attenuated to a frightful degree; his eyes sunken and glassy; the outline of his figure—as perceptible beneath the thin covering of the bed—for he was burning with fever, and had thrown off all the bed-clothes but one light sheet, sharp and thin as a living skeleton; his complexion was sallow, and the skin appeared parched and as tightly drawn over his lantern visage as the parchment of a drum; his voice, as he essayed to speak, was so thin, faint, and stammering, that it was scarcely audible; but amidst all this frightful disguise, George Hartley recognized in the miserable being stretched before him, his former friend and companion, Charles Edwards.

Charles Edwards—as he might have anticipated seeing him had they met after a lapse of twenty more years, the whole of which period the unhappy man had spent amidst hardship and privation of every description. Hartley could not doubt that it was Edwards whom he saw stretched on that bed of sickness unto death; but he was shocked beyond the power of utterance as he gazed upon this awful wreck of manhood: speechless with astonishment and horror as he thought and wondered how it had been possible that a very few short years could have made such a fearful change.

“Hartley,” murmured the unhappy man, feebly stretching forth his hand from beneath the coverlid, “I *knew* you would come; but I dared not send for any one else—my wife?”

These last words were spoken in a tone of plaintive, trembling interrogatory. Hartley understood the poor wretch, and he replied, speaking for the first time since he had approached the sick bed:—

“Charles, your wife is well;” he had taken the sick man’s hand in his own, as he spoke these words. “Your wife is well,” he repeated, “and if she knew you were here, would call immediately to see you.”

A faint smile lit up the wasted features of the sick man, making the ravages of disease still more apparent.

“But you must not remain here,” continued Hartley, in as

cheerful a tone of voice as he could assume. "We must remove you home, and we shall soon set you on your legs again."

"Home! home!" murmured Edwards, removing his feverish shrunken hand from Hartley's grasp, and gazing vacantly at his thin fingers as he unconsciously worked them to and fro. "Home! I have no home. There is no longer home, wife, family, or friends for me!—but you—but you—" he added, and pressing his fingers upon his eyelids he lay for some moments silent, the convulsive movement of his chest betraying the mental anguish he endured, while from between the bony fingers the scalding tears oozed from his eyelids.

Hartley did not disturb him for some minutes. He thought it were better to permit his pent-up anguish to find vent thus—and he judged wisely. In a short time the unhappy man became more composed, and again took Hartley's hand:—

"Sit down—sit down," he whispered. "I have much to tell you—and—but little time to tell it in."

Hartley sat down by the bedside, as he was requested to do, but noticing the utter physical prostration of the sufferer, he begged him not to distress himself with talking, but to wait until he could be removed and had gained more strength, and then tell the hardships and misery that his appearance sufficiently testified he had endured.

"Then I shall not tell it at all," murmured the unhappy man, with a sickly smile; "for my days—aye, my hours are numbered. You say *she would* come? Send for—"

A violent fit of coughing, during the exertion consequent on which the blood oozed fearfully from his lungs, checked his utterance, and when the attack was over he lay back so weakened that he was unable to conclude the sentence; but he turned his glassy eyes upon Hartley with a mute appeal which spoke far more forcibly than words.

Hartley understood the appeal, and drawing a card from his pocket he wrote upon it the address of Mrs. Edwards, and

showing the card to the dying man, said he would dispatch a messenger immediately for her.

Edwards smiled assent; but seemed to wish, yet to be unable to speak. His anxiety was so apparent, that Hartley, divining his meaning, added to the message he had written to Mrs. Edwards—"bring the children with you"—and again showed the card. A gesture of assent signified that his desire had been partially understood; but a lingering expression of dissatisfaction, and a fresh attempt to speak, which again caused an effusion of blood from the lungs, told that yet some wish remained unsatisfied.

"What can he desire further?" thought Hartley. "Shall I send for a clergyman?" he asked; but the question was unheeded—the dying man seemed to have lost the sense of hearing—and Hartley, as a last resource, added the words to the message already pencilled on the card, and showed it to him. A smile of assent and gratitude, signified to him that he was right at last, and he immediately rose for the purpose of seeking a messenger to dispatch on the sad errand. He would have gone himself, but he saw now that Edwards might breathe his last at any moment, and he could not bear the thought of leaving him to die alone among strangers.

Some suspicion that he was about to leave him appeared to cross the mind of the poor wretch, and he cast a look of supplication upon Hartley, as though imploring him not to quit his side.

"I will not leave you," said Hartley; and though his words were inaudible to the dying man, he seemed to understand his gestures, or to read the motions of his lips, for he sank back, apparently satisfied, and closed his eyes.

Hartley was not long in procuring a trusty messenger, whom he urged, by the promise of a liberal reward, to hasten to Brooklyn, with all possible dispatch, and bring Mrs. Edwards and the children and a clergyman with him. At the same time, to make matters sure, Hartley wrote a brief note to his wife, directing the messenger to leave it at his own house, which he

had to pass on his way to Mrs. Edwards' residence, in which he begged Mrs. Hartley to hasten with the messenger to Mrs. Edwards, and break to her, as gently as possible, the sad intelligence of her husband's return to New York in a dying condition; furthermore, to procure the services of a clergyman, whose name he mentioned, and if possible herself to accompany the party to the Bellevue Hospital, without unnecessarily sparing a minute's delay.

The messenger faithfully fulfilled his task. Mrs. Hartley was naturally shocked at the intelligence; but she felt in a moment how imperative was the duty she had to perform; and although, under other circumstances, the shock might have unnerved her, she, as gentle woman always does in the hour of trouble, hastened to her unfortunate sister, deeply regretting that it had fallen to her lot to be the bearer of such sorrowful tidings, but anxious to render all the assistance and to tender all the consolation it was in her power to impart.

She called at the house of the Reverend Mr. ——— on her way. The clergyman knew Mrs. Edwards, who was a constant attendant at his church, and he had also heard something of her misfortunes. He readily consented to accompany Mrs. Hartley to the place that was so soon to be turned into a house of mourning, and in the course of a few minutes they arrived at the store. Mrs. Hartley dismissed the messenger with a message to her husband, informing him that she would be at the hospital with Mrs. Edwards and her children and Mr. ——— as soon as possible; and then she entered, and calling the unhappy lady aside into her private room, told her in the presence of the clergyman, and in as gentle a manner as possible, the sad tale of which she was the bearer.

We will not attempt to describe the scene that ensued—written words are ever inadequate to paint the full force of mental anguish—we will leave it to the imagination of the reader.

In the course of half an hour, the clergyman in the meanwhile having procured a carriage, Mrs. Hartley and the long-

widowed wife—now so soon to become a widow in reality—and her children, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. ———, were on their way to the Bellevue Hospital. In as short a time as it was possible for the horses to carry them over the space, the carriage stopped at the gates of the Bellevue Hospital, and the sad party silently descended, and were immediately admitted into the building and conducted to the bedside of the sufferer.

During the period that had elapsed since the messenger had been dispatched on his mournful errand, Hartley had sat by the bedside of the dying man, who had apparently remained in a state of utter unconsciousness—his breathing so faint as to be imperceptible; his face so pale and deathlike, that more than once Hartley thought the spirit had fled to its eternal rest; but ever and anon the thin transparent hands would twitch nervously at the bed-clothes, and a faint sound would gurgle from the throat of the sufferer, as though he were striving to speak. At such times Hartley would incline his ear and listen anxiously for an intelligible word, but in vain—he heard naught but an incoherent and unintelligible muttering, unrelieved by word or sign of consciousness.

Mrs. Edwards—although she had schooled herself, as she thought, during the mournful ride, to control the distress she could not but feel—no sooner found herself in the sick ward, and in the presence of her long-lost husband—returned but to die, than she forgot all her assumed composure, and heedless of the gentle remonstrances of her friends, she rushed to the bedside, and uttering the cry, “My dear husband,” threw her arms around his neck, and would have sunk fainting to the floor had she not been caught by Hartley, who assisted her to an adjoining couch, on which he laid her and left her to the tender care of his wife.

The effect upon the dying man was electrical: he had been deaf to all other sounds for hours; but the voice of his wife—the plaintive despairing cry, “My husband”—seemed momentarily to awaken him to renewed life. He opened his eyes,

stared wildly around, and before any one could prevent him, flung the bed-clothes aside and sprung to the floor, wildly uttering the words, "My wife! my children!" But the effort was too much; it was but a momentarily returning gleam of consciousness, and he instantly fell heavily to the floor, the blood rushing from his mouth and nostrils.

Happily Mrs. Edwards still remained in an unconscious state. The affrighted children screamed, and were immediately removed, weeping bitterly, from the room; and the unhappy dying husband and father was lifted into the bed again, and a surgeon promptly summoned.

It was too late; the doctor shook his head the moment he saw his patient.

"It is all over with him," he said; "he has burst a blood vessel, and a hemorrhage of the lungs has ensued; already he is in the last stage of consumption—he cannot possibly rally;" and so saying, the man of medicine, not naturally unfeeling, but used to such scenes of suffering, turned away, and went to devote his attentions to some other patient, to whom he might still be of service.

The clergyman knelt and prayed; prayed that the dying sinner might give one sign of consciousness, one token of penitence and hope of pardon. In vain—while the prayer still lingered on the good man's lips, and while George Hartley was uniting his supplications with those of the minister of God, the death gurgle was heard in the dying man's throat, his frame became convulsed; straightening himself out, a tremor succeeded as if every nerve were under the influence of magnetism—and then all was over—Charles Edwards was no more. He had died in the presence of the wife whom he had so cruelly forsaken, and who had in her last embrace assured him of her love and forgiveness; but he had made no sign of penitence beyond the desire he had expressed to see a clergyman, and he had drawn his last breath without being conscious that the prayers of the clergyman were being offered up in his behalf. Happily

his wife had not witnessed his fearful end. She still rested upon the couch, supported by Mrs. Hartley, utterly unconscious of what was passing around her.

The clergyman rose from his knees, and gazed long and sorrowfully upon the inanimate body, and the distorted features of the victim whom Death had claimed as his own.

Well his features expressed the words of the poet, which we have adopted as a motto for our chapter—

“By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner’s parting seen,
But never aught like this.”

Mrs. Edwards was tenderly removed with her children from the hospital and conveyed home by Mrs. Hartley and the Reverend Mr. ——; George Hartley remaining behind to arrange matters for the funeral, the expenses of which he resolved to defray himself.

Edwards was buried, two days afterwards, in Greenwood Cemetery; Hartley and the unfortunate man’s widow being the sole mourners. It was a simple unpretending cortege, but as sorrowful a one, perhaps, as ever entered the gates of the burying-ground. It is not always that the most costly funeral is expressive of the deepest sorrow.

Hartley exerted himself to obtain some information respecting the career of Edwards during the years he had been absent, a wanderer from home, a fugitive from justice; but he met with little success.

He had returned to New York, as the reader is aware, from some port in the Gulf of Mexico, on board the ship *Dart*, and Hartley hunted up the captain and strove to learn from him some information relative to the unhappy man; but the captain only knew that he had been shipped at Honduras in the capacity of a seaman, the vessel being short of hands. “Otherwise,” said the captain, “I would not have taken him on board; he was a perfect scarecrow, and had evidently seen hard times,

and nearly killed himself with drink, but I didn't know he was so sick as he really was. He was of no use on board, having been laid up from the third day after he joined the vessel. I sent him to the Bellevue Hospital, as soon as the ship got into port; for he wouldn't say he had any friends. But I guess there was something preying upon his mind, in addition to his bodily sickness."

This was all the captain of the Dart knew—this was all that the world has ever learnt of the career of the unhappy Edwards, after he committed the forgery upon his employer in New York; and but for George Hartley, who was his friend to the last, this much would never have been known. He would have died unknown and un lamented in Bellevue Hospital, and been buried in Potter's Field, and then have been forgotten.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE DENOUEMENT.—THE MARRIAGE OF HENRY SELBY WITH ELLEN CARTER.

“ Was ever seen such villany ?
 So neatly plotted and so well performed,
 Both held in hand and flatly both beguiled.”

—
 JEW OF MALTA.

“ O magic of love ! unembellished by you
 Has the garden a blush or the herbage a hue,
 Or blooms there a prospect in nature or art
 Like the virtue that shines through the eye to the heart.”

MOORE.

WE closed a preceding chapter at the moment when Lord Mordant had recovered possession of the torn letter containing the signature he so anxiously desired to obtain possession of.

It is necessary, in order to explain his lordship's anxiety, that we give the reader an insight into the nature of the threatened lawsuit which, had it proceeded, might have involved the loss of one of his lordship's estates.

The Mordant family was very wealthy, and the claim against the property alluded to, although if substantiated it would have involved a pecuniary loss, was not of a sufficient amount to make any very great difference in his lordship's income. Still no one likes to lose property of any description, which he considers justly his own, without contesting it. Lord Mordant had resolved upon retiring from the army, in consequence of the death of his father, Earl Mordant, raising him to the rank of an Irish peer of the realm, and placing him at the

head of the family. Heretofore, though he had been called Lord Mordant, he was only such by courtesy, holding the title according to the usage of the sons and near relations of peers in their own right. •

On the late earl's decease, a small estate in the Province of Leinster, which had been in possession of the family for several generations, had been claimed by an obscure tradesman, who had but once before attempted to make any assertion of his assumed right. That was some years before, at the period when Lord Mordant, then a young man, was on a visit to the United States. This man had then written a letter to the old earl—who was, even at that time, in his dotage—in which he had threatened, unless a certain sum of money were paid him, to lay claim to a property adjoining the residence of the earl, which he asserted had been unjustly confiscated during the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, when so much Irish property was arbitrarily conveyed over to the protector's English adherents, although a great portion of it was subsequently restored to the rightful owners.

A great many lawsuits arose out of this partial restoration of property, many unprincipled persons seizing the opportunity to make claims to which they had no legal right—and we are sorry to add, many just and lawful claims being made, which were unceremoniously set aside. •

The claim in the present instance was made by a farmer named Selby, and the old Earl sent the letter to his son in New York, informing him that such a claim had been made, and exhorting him to return to England and contest it. However his lordship, on reading the letter, had thought so contemptuously of it—indeed the imposture was so apparent, in the fact of the claimant offering to take a bribe, in no way tantamount in value to the interests asserted to be involved—that he had utterly disregarded it, and had even forgotten the name signed at the end of the epistle. Still he had put the letter aside and retained it, although he had torn off that portion of it containing

the signature when he gave his card to Joseph Carter on the night of his frolicsome escapade in New York.

The second intimation, which he had received at Calcutta, after his father's death, through his attorney and land agent, seemed equally as outrageous in many respects, as the previous one, but it appeared that some disreputable lawyer had been consulted by the claimant, who had perhaps urged him into action. And it was possible (so said the attorney) that a lengthened litigation might be the result. "However," continued the attorney, "it strikes me that the signature to the letter I now send your lordship, (Shelton) is not the same that was appended to the letter, received some years since by your late noble father. I have forgotten what that signature actually was, but it certainly was not Shelton. Has your lordship that letter still in possession? if so, and the signature should prove to be different, I think I have a clue to the deception; if not, we shall have to submit, at least to a troublesome law-suit."

Lord Mordant, although he had quite forgotten the signature of the first letter, thought himself that it was not Shelton. He had judiciously resolved to retain the letter, while dismissing the subject from his mind, and he would have retained it perfect, had it not been for his folly during the wild frolic which led to his first introduction to the watchman. Then he had torn it, heedless of what he was doing, and giving his card wrapped up in it to the guardian of the night, he had replaced the remaining portion of the letter in his pocket-book.

His lordship's sudden surprise on receiving the lost paper from Henry Selby, had been occasioned from two causes, one was the almost unexpected restoration of the torn document, and the proof thus afforded that his attorney's and his own suspicions were correct; the other was to find that the signature appended was that of the friend who had assisted him in procuring it—"Henry Selby." The reader will recollect that he returned to his sleeping chamber, without making any explanation to Henry that night.

The following morning, Colonel Donaldson set off at an early hour to find the old sailor, Jack Jenkins, at his boarding-house in Greenwich-street; and having succeeded, he directed the old man to meet him at the New York Hotel, at three o'clock that afternoon, having requested the attendance of Mr. Hartley at the same time, for the colonel had conceived the idea that Henry Selby's resemblance to his fair cousin, Alice Meehan, might prove to be no fancied resemblance after all, and the strong apparent family likeness between Mr. Hartley and Henry Selby, had also engendered some strange suspicions in his mind. The reader is aware that the old sailor had spoken of an emigrant ship in which he had sailed many years previously, having on board a family named Hartley, and he hoped that by bringing the parties together, and ascertaining to what extent his various surmises and suspicions could be made to agree, his object might be attained.

Accordingly at the appointed hour they met, the party consisting of Lord Mordant, Colonel Donaldson, Henry Selby, George Hartley and Jack Jenkins.

Prior to this meeting, however, Lord Mordant had held a private conference with Henry Selby:—

"You must have noticed, Selby," observed his lordship, "that I was taken somewhat by surprise, when you presented me with that little document last night?"

"I did, my lord, but I presume it was in consequence of your unexpectedly—one might almost say, providentially—recovering possession of a mere strip of paper, of importance to you, but which there was not the shadow of a probability you would see again."

"That certainly was one reason," resumed Lord Mordant: "although Carter had prepared me to receive back the torn letter: the principal cause of my surprise, however, was that the signature I was anxious to recover, proves to be your own."

"Mine, my lord!"

"Yours," said Lord Mordant; "that is to say—the name is

the same as your's, though the handwriting is different—see," and he drew the paper from his pocket-book and presented it to Henry. "Henry Selby—there it is, as plain as noon-day."

"That is matter of surprise, truly," observed Henry, examining the signature with much curiosity.

"You know no one of the same name as yourself?" said his lordship, interrogatively.

"No, my lord, I never met any one of the same name exactly. Selbys I have met with, who, so far as I knew, were no connections of mine; but no Henry Selby. Still the name is by no means uncommon: there may be many persons bearing it."

"Well," continued Lord Mordant, smiling, "things turn out strangely. Donaldson has discovered a namesake of some relative of his, and this watchman, Carter, turned up as readily as if the matter had all been previously arranged."

"Yes," replied Henry, "we have been singularly fortunate thus far." Then looking at his watch, he continued, "It is the hour, my lord, when we promised to meet the young man, Hartley, and Carter, in Colonel Donaldson's room. Suppose we adjourn thither."

"I am ready at any moment," said Lord Mordant, and the two gentlemen quitted the room together, and proceeding to the colonel's room met the persons already mentioned.

"We were waiting for you and Selby, my lord," said Colonel Donaldson; "our old friend Jack Jenkins and Mr. Hartley have been here some time."

"Good morning, Mr. Hartley," said both the new comers. "Good morning, Jenkins," and Henry Selby shook hands with the latter.

"I have already explained to you, Mr. Hartley," said the colonel, after Lord Mordant and Henry Selby had seated themselves, "my motive in wishing to see you here in company with Jenkins; and now, Jack," he added, addressing the old sailor, "if you will spin us one of your yarns—that relating to

the emigrant ship I mean—we may be able to see our way clearly where all now appears inextricable confusion.”

“Well, gentlemen,” said Jack, “I believe I have told all I know concerning that ship, and what happened on board of her, without going into private matters of my own, which maybe you’d not fancy to hearken to.”

“We shall patiently listen to anything you choose to tell us, Jenkins,” said Lord Mordant.

“Unless you shoot with too long a bow, Jack,” slyly remarked the colonel.

“In that case, gentlemen,” continued the old man, “I don’t object, seeing we’ve been shipmates, and the matter happened so long ago, to tell you the whole story; but, talking’s dry work, gentlemen”—and Jack looked askance at a beaufet, on which a decanter and wine-glasses were standing.

“Then take a glass of wine, Jack, to wet your whistle,” said the colonel, “or perhaps you’d prefer something more potent?”

“If it’s all the same to you, sir, I’d sooner have a glass of brandy. Wine’s apt to give me the colic. Such thin drink, I take it, is only good for women.”

“You shall have brandy, if you prefer it,” said the colonel, ringing the bell for the waiter; and when that functionary made his appearance, he ordered him to bring up a bottle of brandy.

The liquor was brought, and Jack helped himself to a stiff-glass, and drank to the good health of his entertainers.

“That’s rare good stuff they keep here,” said he, catching his breath, as he wiped his lips with his jacket sleeve, after swallowing the potent draught.

“And you didn’t forget to take a bo’sen’s ‘nip,’ said Henry, laughing. “Two fingers and a thumb, eh, Jack? the old habit, you know, on board the *Montezuma*.”

“I never stints myself, when the liquor’s good and freely offered,” replied Jack, laughing in his turn. “But now,

gentlemen, since I've freshened the nip, I will go on with my yarn."

"We are all attention," said the colonel.

"Well then, gentlemen," continued the old man, "I believe I have told you that there was on board the emigrant ship—the Margaret was her name—I happened to think of it the other day, though I had so long forgotten it—a man named Hartley, who had emigrated from the Province of Leinster, in Ireland. He had not been many years married to as sweet a girl as I ever clapped eyes on, and he loved her as every true-hearted man ought to love his wife——"

"How long ago was that?" asked George Hartley, interrupting the old man.

"A matter of twenty or thirty year," replied the old man; "I can't recollect the date 'zackly."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Hartley. "From the Province of Leinster. They must have been the relations whom I have so long sought in vain."

"They had a child with them," continued Jack, "who lived to reach New York, and was cared for, after his father and mother died, by a young woman who was a passenger on board."

"Then this Hartley and his wife did not live to reach New York?" again interrupted George Hartley.

"No, sir," replied Jack. "They died just before they reached the land, after enduring great hardships. For, as I have told these gentlemen, the emigrant ship was abandoned at sea, and the crew and passengers were taken on board another vessel: but if you interrupt me so, sir, I shall never get through my yarn."

"I beg your pardon," said Hartley. "I will not interrupt you again."

The old man continued:

"This young woman, as I spoke of, took to the child uncommon, after his mother died—and a nice, smart young woman

she was too, as you'd see in a month of Sundays. And now, Mr. Selby, sir, I'm going to explain how it was as I came to take to you so natural when you were a lad, aboard the unfortunate Sea Gull. It was along o' your name, sir. This here young woman's name was Selby—Jane Selby—and after she got to New York she and I were 'spliced,' and we lived happy together for a matter of three months or more—I working as a 'long-shoreman, and sometimes as a rigger, the while. At last I took it in my head to go to sea again; and when I came back I heerd as poor Jane were dead. What had become of the child I never learnt, though somebody told me he was dead too. You see, I shipped for a long vy'ge round the Horn, and left an order for half-pay with Jane: but the rascally agents in New York (the ship hailed from New Bedford) wouldn't pay the money after the second month; and folks told me when I came home that Jane had fallen sick soon arter I left, and had got to be so poor that she was well-nigh starved. The neighbors helped her on a little, as well as they could, poor things—for they hadn't much themselves—and after a while she got better, and left the neighborhood, taking the child with her. I never heerd when or how poor Jane died," continued the old sailor, after a pause—"but they told me she was dead. You recollect, gentlemen, that t'other day I told you as I hadn't always hailed to the name of Jack Jenkins. It was after I had lost Jane as I tuk to it. Afore that I hailed to the name of Shelton: and the reason why I chalked that name off the log-board was cause I 'lotted on' to another woman, who took me in tow with her palaver, one day, when I was three sheets in the wind, and I promised to marry her; but I couldn't get any sartificate as poor Jane were dead; so she persuaded me to tackle to her by the name of Jenkins."

"Is she living?" asked the colonel, who, as well as the rest, had been deeply interested in Jack's story.

"Can't say, sir. I cut adrift from she—couldn't stand her tongue no how."

“Did I understand you to say, Jack,” asked Lord Mordant, that your real name is Shelton?”

“Can’t say that, neither,” answered Jack, “because I don’t know as I ever had a real name. I don’t know where I first seed daylight, nor who my father and mother were.”

“It is singular!” said his lordship, *sotto voce*. “Shelton and Selby—the different signatures of the claimants to the Ballycloe property.”

At this moment, a waiter of the hotel entered the room, and informed Henry Selby that a man named Carter was waiting to see him below.

“Ah, I recollect, I desired him to call to-day,” replied Henry; “ask him to walk up stairs. You have no objection, gentlemen?” addressing his friends.

“Not at all,” replied the colonel, in the name of the rest; and Joseph Carter was shown into the room and welcomed by Henry and Lord Mordant, the latter expressing his thanks for the return of the important signature.

The watchman having been invited to seat himself, the old sallow proceeded with his story.

“As I was a saying,” he continued, “I cut adrift from my second wife—Shipley her name was. She had an old mother as used to call upon her, and almost live in my house and on my earnings, for I had taken to the rigging business again. I couldn’t stand the pair on ’em, and I went off to sea, unbeknown to ’em; since then I’ve been knocking about the world, doing no good for myself or any one else, except p’raps, maybe, them savages, when I was gov’nor of that ere island as I once told you on, Mr. Selby; and here I be, an old hulk, not fit for much more sarvice; another vy’ge or two, and old Jack Jenkins ’ll be laid up in harbor, till his timbers rot, and he sinks into the ground.”

“Did you say, sir,” asked Joseph Carter, who had been an interested listener to the latter part of Jack’s narrative, “that

you were married to the daughter of an old woman of the name of Shipley ?”

“Yes,” replied Jack, somewhat alarmed; “the old gal aint alive I hope? If so be, and she’s in this city, the sooner old Jack Jenkins ships off to to sea again, the better.”

“I don’t know whether I have allusion to the same person,” replied the watchman; “but it was one Mother Shipley, from whom I rescued Mr. Selby, when a mere child, and she had at that time a daughter living with her in Cow Bay. Both, I am sorry to say, very bad characters. After Henry Selby went to sea, I had the old woman and her daughter in my custody several times; and the old woman told me on one occasion, though as she had previously given me another account of Henry’s parentage, I paid little heed to her, that the child was the son of a sailor, whose wife had died in her house, and that her daughter had subsequently married the child’s father.”

“Then it must be the same,” replied Jack. “I said I tuk to you, Master Henry, on account of the name,” addressing Henry; “you are the child that poor Jenny saved and tended so carefully; but the son of Hartley, the emigrant, I have spoken of, not my child. But shipmate,” said Jack, addressing himself to the watchman, “you don’t mean to say as old Mother Shipley and her daughter are alive?”

“They are both dead,” replied Joseph.

“Thank Heaven for that,” piously ejaculated the old man.

Colonel Donaldson had sat for some minutes, deeply absorbed in thought: he now rose, and advancing to Henry, took his hand. “Mr. Selby,” he said: “I think I have heard sufficient to satisfy me that you are the son of Barnard Hartley, who married my cousin, Alice Meehan. When I go to England, I shall be able to get further proof. Meanwhile, I think I am justified in congratulating you on the prospect of your coming into possession of considerable property in Scotland, which is bequeathed to Alice Meehan and her heirs, jointly with myself, but which, until the death of the heirs on one side or the other,

can be proved, must remain intact, the surviving heirs, until such proof is furnished, not being permitted, according to the will, to come into possession. How singular that the first moment I saw you, I should have recognized in your features the lineaments of poor Alice; and you, Mr. Hartley, are doubtless a relative of Selby's—or Hartley, as I should call him—for that is his right name. In that case, you too, are a connection of mine. As a Scotchman," he added, "claims cousinship to the thirtieth degree, I may style you my cousin. Mr. Selby's cousin—I cannot yet bring myself to style him by any other than the old familiar name—you assuredly are. Let me present you to each other;" and he led Henry to Hartley, and joined the hands of the two young men, who rose and expressed their mutual congratulations.

"Jaek Jenkins," said Lord Mordant, "I think it is my turn to speak now; I cannot see my way so clearly as can my friends Donaldson and Selby, but you have given me some information which will require further investigation. You must not go to sea again just yet, my old friend; indeed I think it high time that you laid yourself up in ordinary for the rest of your days. You have seen service enough. I shall leave shortly for Europe; you must accompany me. Perhaps," he added, smiling, "we may yet discover that you really had a father and mother; and you, Carter," added his lordship, addressing the Watchman, "you, my good old guardian of former days, have done me a service that gratitude compels me to repay. Nay, I will take no denial this time," added his lordship, observing that Joseph was about to speak. "We will not speak further on the subject now, but ere I leave for England, I must hold some conversation with you. Mr. Selby," addressing Henry, "I congratulate you upon having discovered a relative in a gentleman so worthy of respect as Colonel Donaldson; and you, Mr. Hartley," addressing George—"you and I must in future be friends."

Mutual congratulations took place all round, and the party

separated, after arranging to meet again at an early opportunity, and Lord Mordant, Colonel Donaldson, and Henry, joined the ladies.

That evening, Ada and Lady Mordant, were informed of the nature of the discoveries that had been made, and until a late hour the party sat up, discussing various subjects having reference to the singular denouement.

Henry Selby, or as we should now more justly style him, Henry Hartley, called every day at the humble abode of the Watchman's, in Mulberry-street, and to tell the truth, spent most of his time when there, in conversation with Ellen Carter.

Thus several weeks passed away, during which period Lord Mordant had seen Joseph again, and with difficulty pressed upon him the acceptance of a check of considerable amount. Henry had, in as gentle tones as possible, informed Joseph and his wife and daughter of the melancholy death of William Carter. They were sorely stricken by the sad intelligence, and Henry felt that he had little consolation to offer them, save that poor Willy had forsaken his evil ways, and was on his return home, a repentant son, when he met his sad fate—and this knowledge afforded some relief to the feelings of his bereaved relatives.

Joseph Carter had left the employ of Mr. Wilson, for an affair was about to take place, which would materially change his position in society. Lord Mordant and Colonel Donaldson, with their ladies, had engaged their passage to England; and old Jenkins had promised to go with them, having been persuaded thereto by Lord Mordant. Henry had also resolved upon accompanying his friends. He had obtained Ellen's promise to unite her fate with his, and the trip to Europe was to be their wedding tour.

Henry Hartley and Ellen Carter were married two days before the packet ship sailed that was to bear them across the Atlantic. The wedding was as private as possible. Lord and Lady Mordant and Colonel Donaldson and his lady were the only witnesses of the ceremony, except the watchman and his

wife—who, poor old body, was perfectly bewildered at the thought of her daughter's good fortune. "And to think, too!" she said, "that this should come out of Joseph's kindness to little Henry. But," added the good old dame, "is it not written, 'And whoso receiveth one such little child in my name, receiveth me.'"

The wedding took place, and Colonel Donaldson gave away the blushing bride. There was no parade. It was not heralded in the newspapers—the rank of the assistants at the ceremony was unknown, save to the clergyman himself—and quietly, after Henry Hartley and Ellen were united by the bonds of the church, as their hearts had long been united in the bonds of love, the happy party returned to the hotel.

Two days afterwards the packet ship sailed for England.

* * * * *

"So I see your friend Colonel Donaldson has sailed, and Mr. Selby too," observed Mr. Wilson to George Hartley.

"Yes, sir," replied the latter.

"I am glad you did not go with them," continued Mr. Wilson. "I began to think, Hartley, that they would entice you to leave me."

"That I should not do, on any account, without your consent, sir," replied George. "Although I should much like a trip to Europe."

"Well, well," replied Mr. Wilson. "Perhaps you may take one shortly, Mr. Hartley, with my consent, and on my business as well as your own."

"On my business as well as your own," thought Hartley. "There is some hidden meaning in Mr. Wilson's words; for he emphasized the last sentence."

The old gentleman had in fact more than once hinted at the probability of George Hartley's becoming a partner at some future day. "Can it be that he means that?" said the young man to himself, as he wended his way to Brooklyn that evening. "It is almost too much to expect, and yet Mr. Wilson meant

something more than he said when he gave utterance to those words."

George talked the matter over with his wife that night; and when he retired to bed, he enjoyed pleasant dreams, for he fancied he had in reality become a member of the firm of "Wilson Brothers and Hartley."

CHAPTER XXXV.

CONCLUSION.—THE VISIT TO EUROPE.—THE RETURN HOME.—THE PRODIGAL SON RESTORED.—A JOYOUS MEETING.—RELATION OF A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—THE LAST OF THE WATCHMAN.—THERE IS NO MORE NIGHT; BUT ENDLESS DAY AND NEVER CHANGING BRIGHTNESS.

“For this my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and now is found.”—LUKE. xv. 24.

“Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, for thou art yet alive.”—GENESIS xlvi. 30.

FOUR weeks after leaving New York, the packet ship which conveyed Henry and his *compagnons de voyage* to England arrived at Liverpool, whence all the party, with the exception of Colonel Donaldson, sailed in the course of a few days for Ireland. The colonel wished to visit his relatives in Scotland, and for that purpose he proceeded thither, promising to join his friends at Lord Mordant’s seat in King’s County, Leinster, in the course of a few weeks.

The first action on the part of Lord Mordant, after his arrival at Mordant Abbey, was to send for his agent and make inquiry respecting the person who had urged the claim to the estate in question.

The agent, who speedily arrived at the Abbey, informed his lordship that the man was a resident of the neighboring hamlet of Ballycloe.

“In what position is he?” asked his lordship.

“A mere country farmer, my lord,” returned the agent;

“and a very ignorant man at that; possessing indeed less shrewdness than is usually found in men of his class.”

“What is his name, Shelton or Selby?”

“Neither, my lord; his name is Guilfoyle.”

“Guilfoyle!” said Lord Mordant; “how then does he pretend to claim the property under either of the names he has signed in the letters?”

“The name of Shelton is an adopted one, my lord. One of this man’s ancestors was a foster-brother of Mr. Shelton, the former owner of the property.”

“Then how does it happen that the name of Selby is affixed to the first letter?”

“Since I wrote to you upon that subject, my lord, I have ascertained that the sister of Louisa Shelton married a man of the name of Selby—a cousin, I believe; and the claim is urged upon the ground that the estate, if they have any legal right to it at all, was left by the great-grandfather, prior to the alleged confiscation, to his joint heirs.”

“Why then,” asked his lordship, “urge the claim on both names separately? It should have been a joint claim.”

“I believe, my lord, from what I have been enabled to gather, that it was subsequent to the date when the first letter was written to your lordship’s late father, the discovery was made that there was another claimant who had a prior right. Shelton is the adopted name of the elder branch of the family.”

“Do you think, Mr. Porter,” said Lord Mordant, “that they have really a claim upon the estate? If I thought so, I would not contest it. It is not the value of the property that I care about, but I don’t choose to resign my property piecemeal to every unjust claimant; I might in that case in time be defrauded out of the whole of it.”

“I don’t think they have the shadow of a claim, my lord. I have reason to believe they have been put up to make the claim by a third party. Shelton, I know, is too obtuse even to have thought of such a thing.”

“Has Shelton, or the other party, Selby, any children?”

“Shelton, my lord, is a *very* old man, and I am not aware that he has any children living. He had, I believe, a son, who shortly after his marriage went to Australia, and on the voyage his wife gave birth to a child—a tradition in the family says it was a boy. Both parents died during the voyage, and what became of the child is not known. If he be still living, he must be well up in years himself. Shelton now is ninety-seven years of age.

“Humph!” exclaimed his lordship, and the thought crossed his mind, “My old sea-dog, Jack Jenkins, is that son, beyond a doubt. And Selby?” he asked, “has Selby any children?”

“Yes, my lord; he has a daughter living—he had two daughters, but one went to America when quite young, and has not since been heard of: that was many years ago; but the daughter now residing at Ballycloe, who was several years younger than her sister, is married, and has a family grown up.”

“Selby himself must be a pretty aged man, then?”

“Seventy, at least, I should imagine, my lord; but, you observe, he has descendants, who would be enabled to contest the claim, always provided it were just, even if both the old men were to die.”

“Exactly so,” said his lordship. “Understand me then, Mr. Porter. Use every endeavor to ascertain whether they are justified in preferring this long dormant claim. If so, I will resign the property without proceeding to litigation; if not, we will contest it to the utmost. By the way: you say you believe they have been put up to this business by some interested party; do you suspect any particular individual?”

“I have my suspicions, my lord, but at present they are so vague that I do not feel myself justified in avowing them.”

“Well, then, I will wish you good-by for the present, Porter. Act in my behalf as I have dictated to you, and let me know how you progress.”

The agent wished his lordship good morning, and left the abbey.

Lord Mordant sat for a few minutes silent and absorbed in thought; he then rang the bell, and a servant appeared in answer to the summons.

"Is the old sailor whom I brought over from America indoors, Thomas?" inquired his lordship of the servant.

"He is wandering somewhere about the park, my lord, I believe," replied the servant. "I saw him by the fishpond not half an hour ago."

"See if you can find him, and send him here to me. Stay, never mind; I will take a stroll out myself, perhaps I shall meet him." And his lordship took his hat and left the study.

"Where is Mr. Hartley?" he asked, as he preceded the servant down stairs.

"He is with the ladies, my lord, in the drawing-room. They are going out for a ride, I believe. I just now heard my lady give directions to the groom to saddle the horses."

"Tell the groom to saddle Hector also for me."

"Yes, my lord. Shall I tell my lady that you are going to join the party?"

"No; I have private business to attend to. I will go alone."

In the course of a quarter of an hour the whole party was mounted. But leaving Henry to escort the ladies, who were desirous of riding to the market-town a few miles distant, Lord Mordant walked his horse slowly through the avenues of the extensive park, in search of Jack Jenkins, whom he found at last, amusing himself watching the fish in the fishpond, a favorite resort of the old man, who was, perhaps, attracted thither in consequence of his habitual love of water, the fishpond being the only piece of water, natural or artificial, within a distance of several leagues from the abbey.

Lord Mordant alighted from his horse, and tying him to a tree, sauntered to the spot where Jack Jenkins was seated absorbed, apparently, in some deep reverie.

“ Well, Jack,” said his lordship, “ you have been here some days now, how do you like Ireland ? ”

“ Why, sir,” replied Jack—he never could trust his tongue, as he expressed himself, to say my lord—“ I like this here fine park very well, but to my mind it’s too fair a sample of Ireland to give a just idea of the whole country.”

“ I believe you are correct there, Jack,” returned his lordship ; “ but you think these tolerably good quarters, eh ? ”

“ Yes, sir, only, axing your pardon, there’s one fault.”

“ What’s that, Jack ? ”

“ It’s too far away from the sea coast, sir. A man feels unat’ral-like—fit to choke for the want o’ water. If it warnt for this here fishpond I don’t know as I could live here long, fine as the grounds is, sir.”

Lord Mordant laughed.

“ As you say, Jack,” he replied, “ it would be an improvement if there was a good view of the ocean from the house or some part of the park, but we can’t have everything we wish ; but I wanted to ask you if you ever had any suspicion that you were of Irish descent ? ”

“ Of what, sir ? ”

“ Whether you ever had any idea that your father or mother, or both, were Irish ? ”

“ Not as I knows on, sir, ’ceptin as the girl Mary Selby—she as I lotted on to in New York, as I told you—said as she had cousins o’ my name ; that was Shelton you know, sir ? ”

“ Well, Jack,” replied his lordship, “ the motive I have in asking you is this, I believe I have found out some relatives of yours in this neighborhood.”

“ Eh, sir ! ” exclaimed Jack, looking up at his lordship with surprise depicted on his features, “ it’s more than I knows on.”

“ It is thus, Jack,” resumed his lordship. “ You say that your wife, Mary Selby, told you that she had relations of the name of Shelton, and Shelton is your own right name. Now there are residing in the next parish, Ballycloe, two families,

one of the name of Shelton and the other of Selby; they are related, and both of them had children who went to sea, and were not afterwards heard from. Shelton is a very old man—ninety-seven years old as I understand—and Jack, I have reason to think he is your grandfather.”

“My grandfather!” exclaimed Jack, laughing at the idea. “Why, sir, that’s impossible; I’m old enough to be a grandfather myself.”

“That may be, Jack, and still it may be as I say. You know people marry very young in this country, often before they are twenty years of age. You are probably no more than fifty-five years old, though you look older in consequence of having been battered about at sea and living for many years of your life in hot climates. Now if it should turn out as I suspect, Mary Selby was a sort of cousin of yours, since the Selbys of whom I speak had a child who went to America about the time that the Hartleys went, I imagine. She has never been heard from since; but she was in all probability the Mary Selby of whom you have spoken.”

“It’s mighty strange, sir,” said Jack, “ain’t it? S’posen, sir, as they should turn out to be relations of Mr. Selby—Mr. Hartley, as now is?”

“You forget, Jack, that Henry Hartley, as we have every reason to believe our friend’s real name is, was only called Selby, in consequence of his having been taken care of by the young woman, and having been with her when she died.”

“To be sure sir, and, as I said, the reason as I tuk to him so, aboard the Sea-Gull, was, -cos he bore the same name as poor Jane. Well, things comes out strange, sir. But where are these people?”

“They reside within the distance of a few miles,” said Lord Mor-dant; but I have not yet seen them, nor do I know, at present, their exact locality. I shall see them in a week or so, when my agent, Mr. Porter, has made some further inquiries respecting

them. I should wish you to visit them at the same time, Jack."

"I'm at your sarvice, sir," replied Jack; adding humorously, "Since your honor's found out my grandfather, it is but fair that you should introduce me to the old chap."

Leaving Jack to his contemplations, Lord Mordant remounted his horse, and rode to the market-town, to join the party, who had preceded him, and with them he returned to the Abbey, relating, on the way, the conversation he had held with the old sailor.

A week or more elapsed ere his lordship heard anything further from Mr. Porter; and during that period Colonel Donaldson arrived from Scotland, bringing with him all the evidence he could collect, in relation to his cousin Alice Meehan's marriage with Barnard Hartley. He had brought with him from New York directions from George Hartley, to enable him to find out the locality of the latter's family connections, although George had stated that he was not aware that any of his relations were living; his parents had died in Dublin, previously to his having left that city; and he believed his father's cousin, Barnard Hartley, was, saving himself, the last of the family stock.

The locality designated was the parish adjoining that of Ballycloe; consequently, Colonel Donaldson's plans were greatly facilitated, as the place was so near his friend, Lord Mordant's residence.

Shortly after the colonel's arrival at Mordant Abbey, Mr. Porter came back from Dublin, in which city he had been prosecuting his inquiries with regard to the alleged claim on Lord Mordant's property, urged by Shelton and the Selbys; and he had satisfied himself, that the poor, ignorant, peasant farmers had been made tools of by a crafty lawyer of Dublin, who had by some means learnt, that the estate in question had some century before been in the possession of a Shelton, of Ballycloe, but the family had become extinct shortly after it had been con-

fiscated—the proprietor having died broken-hearted and in extreme distress. Like many others of the present landed proprietors in Ireland, the Mordant family, who were of English descent originally, had become possessed of their Irish estates by fraud, in the first instance; but the rightful owners had also, like the rightful owners of many of the estates similarly obtained, either died off, or their heirs had become sunk in poverty and obscurity, and their claims forgotten by themselves and everybody else.

He had discovered, likewise, that in the matter of the estate against which the claim had been laid, the ban had been removed shortly after the owner's death, and therefore if he had left any descendants they would have possessed a legal right to the property. But against this, he had discovered that the old man, Shelton, now represented as the heir, in conjunction with the Selbys, was the son of a foster-child of the original proprietor, but bore no relationship—the name of Shelton having been adopted. In those days, both in Ireland and Scotland, dependants often took the family name of their patrons. It was the same with the Selbys, who had adopted the family name of Cornelius Selby, a cousin of Mr. Shelton, who, like him, had left no descendants. However, it was resolved upon by Lord Mordant and his agent and legal adviser to visit the old folks themselves; and they were accompanied on their visit by the colonel, Henry, and Jack Jenkins, as the old sailor persisted in styling himself—averring that it sot easier upon him, after having logged it for so many years, than his own name of Shelton.

A couple of hours easy riding brought them to the hamlet of Ballycloe, and without much difficulty they found out the residence of old Shelton, who had just returned home from the field, to his dinner.

It was a miserable cabin in which they found the old man; who, however, notwithstanding his ninety odd years, appeared

hale and hearty, and expressed himself as able as ever he was in his life to go about his daily employment.

He was a little surprised at receiving such a visit from the gentlefolk; but soon recovering his composure, he, with true Hibernian politeness, begged his visitors to be seated, though there was nothing for them to sit upon but "the ground for the floor," and he replied unhesitatingly to the interrogatories put to him by Mr. Porter.

"I understand, Shelton," said the agent, "that you believe yourself to be the owner of the Ballycloe farm, on Lord Mor-dant's estate. Is it so?"

"Shure an it's meself doesn't know more nor what Mr. Phillips tould me, your honor," said he.

"And what was it that Mr. Phillips told you?"

"He said many years agone, afore the ould lord died, how that the Ballycloe farm belonged of right to me and a far-away cousin o' mine, Corney Selby."

"Is Shelton your right name?"

"Bedad! it was the name ov me father before me," replied the old man.

"And have you never heard how your father came by the name?"

"Yes, shure, yer honor. Wasn't he fosther-brother wid ould Shelton, who, in the good old times, afore the curse o' Crom'll fell on the land, owned all the estates hereabout? And didn't me own gran'mother nurse ould Shelton along wid me father—an betoken, the ould man took his foster-brother's name, out o' respect and sarvice to the family?"

"And what was your father's true name?"

"Sorra a bit o' me knows. The likes of us doesn't pry into family sayerits," answered the old man.

"What did this man, Phillips, advise you to do?"

"Shure, yer honor, an' he didn't advise me to do anything at all. He tould me far-off cousin, Corney Selby, that both he and I had a right to the farm, and he wrote a letter to the ould

lord, for Corney, and tould us that if he got back the estate, he would pay us a hape ov money. And afterwards, when the ould lord died, he wrote a letter for me to the young lord, makin the same claim."

"How came he to write in *Henry* Selby's name in the first instance?"

"Bekase, then, he didn't know that I was Corney's far-off cousin."

"But *Corney* is not *Henry*?"

"Shure Henry is Corney's name; but we call him Corney for short, 'kase Corney was a favorite name wid the ould family."

"But how could he have told you that the farm was rightfully yours, if he didn't know you at that time?"

"Shure he didn't tell me, he tould Corney," replied the old man. "He tould me afterwards when the ould lord died."

"But you contradict yourself, 'Shelton?"

"Maybe I do, I disremember things that happened so long ago."

"Even though a farm depends upon the matter?"

"Shure me an' Corney wasn't to have the farm, the lawyer was to have it, usin our names, and was to pay us a power o' money."

"Are you not aware that you were preferring a false claim both of you? that being merely the foster-brother of Mr. Shelton gave you no claim upon the property, even had the claim been just in itself?"

"Would ye's have poor men like me an' Corney go agin the gentlefolds?" asked the old man, in a tone of expostulation mingled with much sly drollery.

"You might have got yourselves into trouble, and perhaps have been transported beyond the seas for your pains," said the agent.

"Thransported beyant the says, is it? shure an' the young lord wouldn't thransport the likes ov us for acting accordin to the advice ov the gintlefolds, bein' as he's a rale gentleman

himself?" said the old man, "and me," he added, "nigh a hundred year ould, for-by Corney's younger by a good twenty-five years."

"As it has happened, no harm will come to you, Shelton, nor to your cousin Corney, as you call him; but Mr. Phillips has placed himself in an awkward position, if Lord Mordant chooses to prosecute him. However, we will say nothing further on that subject just now. I wish to ask you if you have any children or grandchildren living?"

"Is it childher and grandchildher ye spoke ov? Sorra chick or child's left me. I'm an ould man, an' shall go down into the grave alone, and lave no kith or kin, but Corney and his childher, who are only far-off cousins."

"You have had children?"

"Yes, your honor; many's the long day ago, I had as brave a boy as iver the sun shone on, he was the pride ov my heart. I was then a young man, for I wint afore the praste wid Kathleen whin I was nineteen year ould, and Kathleen was only fifteen; but whin my boy Pat got married—an' he was married at the same age as his father—he started off to Australia to be a shepherd there, and me eyes never seen him since. They tould me years afterwards that me boy and his wife both died at say. Sorrow on it for a murdherin say to swallow up my own boy."

"And did your son and daughter have no child?"

"The man that tould me that me boy died, wid his wife, said they had a child born at say, but I never heern what become ov him, and I don't know whether he's living or dead. The man was one of the sailors on board, but he didn't know more about the child than that it was a boy, and that after its mother died it was taken care ov by a fellow-passenger."

"I believe your grandson is still living," said the agent.

"Where, your honor, where?" asked the old man. "Tell me where, your honor; and if I've to thtravel over half Ireland, ould as I am, I'll see the boy before I close me ould eyes in death."

"I believe the *boy* is nearer to you than you imagine, my old friend," said the agent, smiling, as did the rest of the party, with the exception of Jack Jenkins, at the idea of calling the old sailor a boy.

Jack sat staring upon the old centenarian before him with a most comical expression in his face, as he listened to the conversation.

"Where is he, your honor; where is he?" repeated the old man.

"He is here," replied the agent, pointing to Jack. "This person, Shelton, I have every reason to believe, is the son of Patrick Shelton, your son, who died at sea while on his way to Australia."

"That me grandson!" exclaimed the old man, in a tone of astonishment, and with as comical an expression resting upon his own wrinkled visage as sat upon the features of the old sailor.

"That my grandfather!" repeated Jack Jenkins in the same breath.

"So it would seem," said Mr. Porter. And Lord Mordant and Henry united with the agent in congratulating both old men—for Jack Jenkins appeared to be nearly as aged as Shelton—upon the discovery that had been made of their relationship.

It was not to be expected that any very strong feelings were exhibited on either side. Jack would have been just as well contented if he had never found a grandfather; and with the strange perversity that we have heretofore alluded to, old Shelton, although had he given the subject a serious thought, he must have known that his grandson, if still living, must be advanced in years, had pictured him ever as a child, in his mind's eye.

"Corney will wondther when he hears tell ov this!" said the old man, after a pause.

"By-the-by," resumed the agent, "speaking of Corney, reminds me that I wish to see him; does he live far from this?"

"Only over by yondther," replied old Shelton, pointing to a cabin a few furlongs distant.

"Then we'll go over and see him."

"Ye don't mean any harrm to Corney?" said the old man, with the suspicion engendered in the lower class of Irish by a long system of espionage practised upon their being excited.

"Harm! far from that," replied Mr. Porter; "we only wish to learn from him something about his daughter Mary, who went to America a good many years ago?"

"And do yees know anything about Mary Selby?" asked the old man. "Bedad, if Mary's alive, her ould father 'll go wild wid joy."

"Mary Selby died in New York many years ago," replied the agent. "Still the old man may like to hear of her, and to meet one who saw her after she left home."

"Shure I'll send for Corney to come over here, your honor, and save yees the the throuble of going to his cabin. I'll inthroduce him to my gran'son—bedad it's an ould gran'son ye've found me." And an arch smile passing over his withered features, the old man despatched a red-headed boy, who appeared to be attending upon him, to Corney's cabin, bidding him tell the old man that some gentlemen wanted to speak to him over here by.

The boy departed on his errand, and soon returned, bringing Cornelius Selby with him.

Old Shelton told his neighbor the story of his grandson's return, in his own peculiar humorous manner, and then informed him that the gentleman had something to tell him about his darter, who wint away to Ameriky.

"Does the gintleman know anything of poor Mary, me long lost darlint?" exclaimed Corney. "Shure as is the *colleen* still living, an' will her ould father see her agin?"

"My good friend," said the agent, "your daughter has long been dead; she died within a year or two after leaving home,

in New York. This old man, your old friend Shelton's grand son, married her there."

"My grandson married the *colleen* Mary!" exclaimed old Shelton.

"Your gran'son married my poor Mary," said Corney, in the same breath, and in a tone of the like surprise.

"Even so," said Mr. Porter; "but Jack," addressing the old sailor: "tell your own story, you can do it better than I."

Thus requested, Jack Jenkins related how he had met with Mary, and courted her on board the emigrant ship, unaware that she was a distant relative of his own, and how she had taken care of the orphan child of Barnard and Alice Hartley, who were passengers on board the same illfated ship, and how she had died soon after her arrival in New York, while he, Jack, was at sea; and that the gentleman, Henry Hartley, now sitting with them in the humble cabin, was the son of Barnard and Alice Hartley.

As may be anticipated, both the old men, in their own rude way, expressed unbounded astonishment at this story; and when Jack had concluded his narrative, Corney rose from the rude seat that had been hastily constructed by old Shelton, to accommodate the whole party, by placing a rough pine board across a couple of empty tubs, and shaking the old sailor's hand heartily, swore eternal friendship to the husband of his *colleen*, poor Mary.

When sufficient time had elapsed to enable the newly-found relatives to make such further inquiries as suggested themselves, and to receive Jack's replies, Colonel Donaldson, who had been patiently waiting to make some inquiries of his own, asked the old men whether they recollected anything respecting Barnard Hartley, and whether any of his friends were living.

"Shure, an' I recollect Barney Hartley well," replied Shelton; "though he was above the likes ov us; Barney was onest a well-to-do farmer, but the drouth came and spoiled his crops, an' then he couldn't pay the rint, and the agent was hard

on him; bekase the landlord, who lived in London, like the rest of 'em—bad luck to all absentees—pressed him hard for money, and so, at last, Barney sould all he had, left and went till Amerkay, with his wife and child, an' nobody ever heard of him since that day."

"And has he no relatives living?" asked the colonel.

"No, your honor," replied Shelton: "he had a cousin in Dublin, but he died, and his wife too soon after Barney went to say; and their son wint to Amerkay, so folks said, and he niver was heard of agin; and it was thought the Hartleys had all died out. The ould stock is all gone, your honor."

"Excepting this gentleman sitting beside me," replied the colonel, who is, as Jack has told you, the son of Barnard Hartley and his wife Alice."

Some further conversation, growing out of the above ensued, and then having learnt all they wished to know, the party rose to retire, having first forced a sum of money upon each of the old men, and reassured them that no harm should accrue to them in consequence of the projected villany of the lawyer Phillips, who had urged them to become parties to a fraud.

Jack Jenkins retired with them, promising, however, to see the old men again. They parted without displaying much warmth of affection, at least on the part of Jack and old Shelton, neither of whom appeared to think much of their relationship, though Corney felt his aged heart warm towards the man who had been the husband of his long-lost daughter Mary.

"So Henry, we have fairly proved that we are relatives in a distant degree, at last," said the colonel, as they rode homeward. "It is lucky for you, and for me too, for there is a property of some twenty thousand pounds waiting for the established heirs of poor Alice Meehan, and you and I are the only living relatives of the poor girl."

Henry did not reply, his thoughts were too deeply engaged to allow him to enter into conversation just then, and he and the colonel rode side by side, the rest of the way, in silence.

Lord Mordant and the agent continued in deep conversation the whole way home, their converse having relation to the fraud, that it had been the intention of Phillips to perpetrate upon his lordship.

“How do you mean to act in the matter, my lord?” asked Mr. Porter, as they rode up the avenue, leading to the stables. “I shall do nothing,” replied his lordship; “the fellow is not worth the trouble of prosecuting; his scheme has failed, and there let the matter end.”

The gentlemen dismounted, and surrendering their horses to the charge of the grooms, entered the house, just in time to make the necessary changes in their attire before the dinner bell rang; and during the meal the ladies were informed of all that had occurred during the interview with Shelton and Cornelius Selby.

After sojourning at the abbey a few weeks longer, Henry Hartley and his wife left, in company with Colonel Donaldson, to pay a brief visit at the colonel's seat in Dumfriesshire, Scotland; and while there, the deeds relating to the property that the colonel had spoken of were drawn out and satisfactorily adjusted, and Henry came into the undisputable possession of ten thousand pounds.

At the expiration of three weeks, Henry and Ellen left Scotland for New York.

Previously to his departure, he and the colonel held a consultation relative to George Hartley.

“We must do something for that cousin of yours, Henry, if I may so call him,” said the colonel. “It was partially through him that this business has been so satisfactorily arranged. He seems to be a very deserving young man. You must be the bearer from me to him of a bill of exchange upon New York, for one thousand pounds.”

“With pleasure, colonel,” replied Henry, “and I shall add another thousand. If I can persuade him to go out to India

with me and Ellen, I will take him as a partner in our firm; but I doubt whether he will be willing to leave New York."

"I doubt it too. However, present my respects to him; assure him of my friendship, and tell him if he ever visits Europe he must not forget to pay me a visit at Holly Lodge."

Henry did not see Jack Jenkins again before he sailed for America; but he received a letter from Lord Mordant, who desired him to assure Joseph Carter and his wife of his kind regards, and informed him that he was about to build himself a yacht, and that he had prevailed upon Jack Jenkins to remain and superintend the building and subsequently to take charge of the vessel. His lordship further stated that he should take care that the old man should be bountifully provided for till the day of his death.

Leaving Henry and his wife for a time to pursue their way across the Atlantic, let us return to New York and learn what has been going on there in the family of Joseph Carter during the absence of his daughter Ellen in England.

About the time that Henry and Ellen set sail from Greenock, on their return from America, the U. S. frigate *G*— entered the port of New York. The old watchman, who was of course now comfortably situated, was walking on the Battery, in company with his wife, when the salute from the frigate gave notice of her arrival, and she was soon descried coming up the bay in full sail, her progress being watched by a throng of eager spectators.

Joseph and his wife had been conversing together of Ellen and Henry, and remarking how bountifully Providence had dealt with them in thus providing for their old age and rendering them happy in their child. They spoke too of Henry Selby, the poor orphan boy, and traced the hand of Providence throughout his career, from the period when he had been saved from the streets, until his happy return from India and his marriage with Ellen.

"How little," said Joseph, "do we know of the mysterious

ways of Him who has been our guide throughout life; how prone have we been at times to murmur at fancied evils, when everything has been working together for our good. Who shall say what will be the result of even the apparently most trivial incident in one's life. Have we not reason, Mary, to be thankful to the Great Giver of all Good for the many undeserved blessings he has showered down upon us?"

Mary Carter silently acquiesced in the words of her husband; still the mother's heart was full, as she thought of her lost son—once her hope, her joy and pride—and Joseph imagining all that was passing in her thoughts forbore to speak further.

At this moment the first gun was fired from the man-of-war. The sound started Mrs. Carter from her reverie. "What is that?" she asked of her husband, as gun after gun was fired from the vessel's side, and the wreaths of white smoke rose high in the air, distinctly visible from the shore.

"A man-of-war must have arrived," replied Joseph, "and she is saluting the fort. I wonder whether it is an American or a foreign vessel."

The frigate now hove in sight, and the crowd rushed to the banks of the river to watch the gallant ship as she passed up the bay.

Joseph and his wife watched her along with the rest, until she was taken in tow by a steamer and carried up the East River to the Navy Yard. The crew were now busy aloft furling the sails, and the stars and stripes were distinctly seen proudly floating from the mizzen gaff.

"She is an American vessel," observed Joseph, as he and his wife left the Battery, the vessel being now hidden from view.

The old couple proceeded to the church which they had quitted home for the purpose of attending, after having taken a stroll on the Battery, and the evening was far advanced when they returned to their home in Brooklyn, for they no longer resided in the humble tenement in Mulberry-street.

To their astonishment, when they rung the bell of their own

house, the door—instead of being opened by the servant, which both Henry and Ellen had insisted upon their hiring, although the old lady, so long used to work for herself, at first strenuously opposed it—was opened by a tall young man, who although in consequence of the darkness they could not discern his features, they could perceive was clad in sailor attire.

The old couple stood petrified with astonishment, and on the old lady's part with alarm.

“Somebody has got in and robbed the house, perhaps murdered the servant,” she thought; and she hesitated to enter the door, hanging meanwhile tremblingly on her husband's arm.

“Do you not know me, mother? and you father, have you forgotten Willy?” asked a deep manly voice, which they both in a moment recognized.

It was William Carter, he who was believed to have perished, returned to gladden the old age of the parents who mourned him dead.

Uttering a scream of delight, the mother hesitated no longer; but tearing herself from her husband's side, threw herself faint and trembling, overcome with joy unutterable, into the arms of her long-lost son, who led her tenderly into the parlor.

Joseph's embrace, although he was better able to control his feelings than his wife, was no less ardent, and again and again was the embrace repeated by both; while still they could scarcely believe the evidence of their senses that the prodigal had indeed returned—that the beloved and deeply-lamented, long-lost son was found.

“And where is Ellen?” asked William, when all parties had become sufficiently composed to ask and reply to questions.

“Ellen is in England—she is on a visit there with her husband,” replied Joseph.

“Ellen—our Ellen—married!” exclaimed William; “and to whom?”

“To Henry Selby—or rather to Henry Hartley,” said Joseph; “for Hartley turn's out to be Henry's real name.”

"I might have anticipated that," said William, "from what Mr. Selby told me when he was a passenger on board the Montezuma. Then, of course, you have heard from him of the accident that befel me?—and it is to Mr. Selby you owe this change I perceive in your circumstances. I only left the frigate an hour ago—for I came home from India in the man-of-war that arrived this evening—and hurried off to the old house in Mulberry-street. I was dreadfully frightened when I found you were not there, I feared you were dead; but the tenants told me that you had removed to Brooklyn, and gave me your address. I had not been here ten minutes when you came home. The servant was going to open the door, but I bade her stay and went myself."

"But," said Mrs. Carter, who sat on the sofa, holding her son's hand in her own, while Joseph sat on the other side, "You have not told us how you escaped that dreadful death, that even now I shudder to think of—though you, dear boy, are sitting safe beside me. Henry said you were drowned."

"And so Henry thought, mother, and so, I presume, did every one else on board the Montezuma. I owe my life to little short of a miracle. It must have been a special Providence, in answer to your prayers, mother and father, that interposed and saved me, when I was plunged headlong into the seething ocean on that dreadful night."

"Tell us how it was, dear," said Mrs. Carter. "But stay, you must be hungry. Jane shall get you some supper."

"As soon as Jane can, mother," was the young man's reply; "for, to tell the truth, I am hungry. I was so anxious in mind, that I could eat nothing on board the frigate all day. But while it is being prepared, I will tell you how I escaped. Henry has informed you, I suppose, that, anxious once again to get home—repentant of my past folly and wickedness, and weary of wandering, I left the man-of-war on board of which I had entered, after having laid for some time in the hospital at Ceylon—and shipped on board the Montezuma?"

“Henry has told us all that, dear,” replied Mrs. Carter. “We never tired of talking about you. Henry felt as badly as we did ourselves, almost. He could not feel quite so bad as your mother and father and sister did, you know, William.” And the old lady imprinted a kiss, for the twentieth time, on the bronzed cheek of her darling boy, as she fondly termed him. “It was a comfort to us, in our sorrow,” she continued, “to know, that you thought, to the last, of your parents and sister, and repented having left us, Willy.”

“Then,” said William, “my story is briefly told. I was washed overboard by a tremendous sea, that broke over our ship, just at the moment I thought we had escaped being run into by another vessel, and was plunged with irresistible force, head foremost, into the boiling ocean. How deep I sunk I know not. It seemed to me that I went down, down, fathom upon fathom deep, into the dark water. The horrors of those few moments—for, after all, I could have been but a few moments under water—were indescribable, and the duration of time, short as it must have been, appeared interminable. I believe I thought of everything that had occurred to me during my whole life.—saw vividly before me every one whom I had known—and then the horrid pain—the frightful hot pressure upon my brain!—oh, it was horrible!—I will not dwell upon it”—and the young man shuddered. “I was insensible when I rose to the surface; but I was afterwards told, that I rose close alongside of the ship whose proximity to us had compelled us to have recourse to the manœuvre which caused the accident, by bringing our vessel up in the wind. I was seen by an officer, who, even in the midst of that dreadful gale, had the humanity and presence of mind to throw overboard one of the life-buoys—not, as he afterwards told me, with any expectation that I should be saved; but he thought it his duty to make the attempt. I must have seized it instinctively, and clung to it with the desperate tenacity of a drowning man—for I was hauled on board in safety; though the loop, through which

I had managed to pass my arm, almost cut the flesh to the bone, and was a long while healing up; the scar still remains.

“When I came to my senses, I found that I was on board the G——, American frigate. I had no recollection how I got there, and was perfectly bewildered, until it was explained to me by the crew.

“The gale had subsided before I was able to leave the cot in which I had been placed, under the care of the surgeon; and, when I did go on deck, I was almost immediately recognized by an officer, who had often visited my former ship, as a deserter from the service. I had laid myself open to severe punishment, and should doubtless have been punished, had it not been for the kindness of the captain, to whom I told my story. In consideration of what I had suffered, he promised to look over my offence. The ship was bound to Bombay, and then home to New York. So I had the satisfaction of knowing that my return home would not be very much delayed; and the captain told me I should have my discharge as soon as we got to New York. He gave me permission to leave as soon as the ship was brought to an anchor; for I told him that a passenger on board the *Montezuma*, which was bound to New York, knew me and my parents; and that through him, if the *Montezuma* survived the gale, you would hear of the accident that had befallen me, and mourn my supposed death. And now, dear mother and father, I have told all. I have returned—I trust, penitent and reformed—and, please God, I will never leave you again.”

The servant entered with the supper, as William Carter concluded his story; and the happy party seated themselves at the table.

The old folks did not eat much, though they made a pretence of joining in the meal. Their hearts were too full of joy and thankfulness to allow them at that moment to give a thought to creature comforts. But the young sailor did ample justice

to the servant's culinary skill, and made up abundantly for his long fasting.

Before they separated for the night, the re-united family—re-united, all but one—who though absent, they had every reason to believe was happy and well-cared for—knelt in family worship; and the Watchman poured forth his feelings in prayer and praise to the great God, who had conferred upon them this last great crowning blessing. And when they rose from their knees again, the mutual embrace was passed around, and they retired to their chambers.

Joseph and Mary Carter slept sweetly, and had happy dreams that night.

Three weeks after this unexpected and joyous re-union, the vessel arrived at New York, on board of which Henry and Ellen were returning to America.

As soon as they landed they lost no time in hastening over to Joseph Carter's residence, and the meeting between Ellen and her brother was as joyous and unexpected as had been that of William Carter with his parents three weeks before.

As to Henry, he could not for some time believe that it was really William Carter in bodily form that he saw before him; he had been so near at the time of his supposed death, that to him his presence alive and in health seemed incredible. He thought he was the victim of some optical and mental delusion; but when he was assured, and doubt could no longer remain, his delight was equal to that of the rest of the family. Once again, after the lapse of many years, the watchman and his wife, and William and Ellen, and Henry Selby, once the poor outcast orphan, now the wealthy and prosperous merchant, acknowledged and respected by all who knew him, were assembled under the same roof.

In their happy re-union, the promises held out to the faithful were marvellously verified. Here we will leave them to talk over their various adventures, to tell of their trials, and troubles, and joys, and sorrows, and to rejoice in their own happy

domestic privacy over the blessings which had been bestowed upon them by so bounteous a hand.

Dear readers, our story draws near its close; we have but a few more pages to write. But it is necessary, before we lay aside our pen and consider our task as finished, that we introduce once again, before we bid farewell to them forever, the various characters whom we have created and endeavored to portray so long and earnestly, that to us at least they have become as living, sentient beings, with whom we are individually and intimately acquainted.

Mr. Blunt was, by the generosity of Henry Selby—now Henry Hartley—placed in a position of comfort and independence. Henry advanced him money sufficient to enable him to enter into business on his own account on a much more extended scale than he had anticipated when we introduced him on 'Change, anxiously but vainly endeavoring to procure a loan. He lived for several years after this, and died shortly before his wife, possessed of considerable property and generally lamented by the mercantile community. He left his property, by will, to Henry Hartley, after his wife's death, for he never heard from his son again; but he learned from a source that could leave no doubt of the authenticity of the intelligence, that the unhappy young man had died by his own hand—leaped overboard in a state of phrenzy from a Mississippi steamboat, after having lost every cent he possessed at the card-table. It was believed that Mr. Blunt's death was hastened by this heart-rending news.

George Hartley received from the hands of his cousin the liberal and joint gift of Henry and Colonel Donaldson. Henry made him the generous offer he had spoken of to the colonel; but George could not be persuaded to leave Mr. Wilson. He had saved a considerable sum from his salary, and Mr. Wilson kindly offered to allow him to invest his little fortune in the establishment and become a junior partner. He did so, and

after spending several years in Europe as agent of Messrs. Wilson's house in England, he returned to New York and took a higher position in the firm, becoming an equal partner with the original founders of the house. He and his wife are still living, and George Hartley may be recognized in the sketch we have given of him by those who are acquainted with his early history.

Colonel Donaldson did not return to New York, nor did Lord Mordant pay a third visit to America; George was however a frequent and welcome guest at Mordant Abbey and Holly Lodge, during the period of his residence in England, and both his lordship and the colonel were his frequent correspondents after his return to America.

Jack Jenkins—who could never be persuaded to take his right name of Shelton again—remained with Lord Mordant as a favored dependant to the day of his death. Old Shelton, or Guilfoyle, as he should rightly be called, lived to be a hundred and four years of age. He died quite suddenly, having been engaged at his usual field labor, and feeling as hale and hearty as ever up to the day of his death. Jack Jenkins often visited the two old men, and delighted them, and numbers of the peasantry who used to meet at either old Shelton's or Selby's cabin, with the narration of his wonderful adventures in distant lands. He had a fair field there for the exercise of his inventive and imaginative powers; none of his rustic, ignorant auditors questioned the accuracy of his marvellous stories, as Colonel Donaldson and Lord Mordant had been prone to do on board the Montezuma, to the old man's great annoyance. They might have made him, chronologically, as aged as Methuselah, without any doubt arising in the minds of the listeners that he was "drawing the long bow"—and thus having free scope, record says that Jack improved marvellously, and that his adventures were more wondrous than those of Sinbad the Sailor. He was as much in his element as he well could be, when not afloat

upon the ocean wave, and was looked upon as an oracle by the entire hamlet of Ballycloe.

During the summer months, however, Jack was principally employed on board Lord Mordant's yacht, which he took great pride in making the neatest and smartest craft of the kind upon the coast; and he was never so delighted as on the occasions when his lordship with Lady Mordant and a party of friends took a short cruise—Jack acting as captain of the yacht.

In the course of a few years, however, the rheumatism began to play about the joints of the old sailor, and his limbs grew stiff, and he was no longer able to perform his duties on board the yacht with his former activity; by and bye, by slow degrees, these pains and the concomitant infirmities of age increased upon him, and the yacht had to be given up altogether. Then in the ample chimney corner of the servants' hall in his lordship's mansion, in winter; and on a seat covered with an arbor, overlooking the fish-pond, which Lord Mordant had constructed for his especial benefit, in summer, the old man passed his waking hours—telling his battles and his adventures by land and flood over and over again for years—until at last he was confined to his room—then to his bed.

He lingered, however, a long while, and Lord Mordant, who had become greatly attached to him, frequently spent an hour by his bedside. He was present when the old man died. No one supposed the last event was so near at hand.

His lordship upon entering the room asked Jack, as usual, how he felt.

"I'm drifting ashore fast, your honor," was the reply. "Old Jack Jenkins 'll soon be stranded in eternity."

"Keep your courage up, Jack," said his lordship, "I hope you'll be with us for many a day yet."

"No, your honor. The order's been passed to slip old Jack's cable, and the chain's already unbitted."

"Can I do anything for you? Have you everything you wish?"

"I should like a pipe of bacca, your honor. These varmint of sarvants won't give it me, though I've axed it twenty times—cos why—the doctor says, how it's bad for my cough. The cough was plaguey bad last night, your honor."

"Then, Jack, I think they did right. You know they must follow the directions of the physician?"

"All right, sir. I don't blame 'em. I never axed for a pipe these three weeks till yesterday. I know it's a seaman's duty to obey orders; but when a man's on his beam-ends, and all the doctors in the service can't set up his rigging again—why, then, I thinks it's hard to thwart his humor. I shan't see daylight to-morrow, sir, and I *should* like one pipe afore I drops off the hook. Maybe bacca ain't sarved out in the other world."

Jack said this so earnestly, yet so innocently, that his lordship, notwithstanding that he saw the old man was rapidly sinking, could scarcely forbear a smile, and he ordered a servant to bring the much-coveted pipe, which Jack smoked with much apparent pleasure. Then, laying it aside, he said:—

"Bacca and me's cut acquaintance, your honor; that's the last pipe as old Jack Jenkins 'll ever smoke. Now, sir, please to send for the parson, for the tide's ebbing fast, and at low water the soul of the old sailor 'll take its departure for the unseen world."

"Do you feel so very bad, Jack?" asked his lordship, with great feeling expressed in the tone of his voice.

"I feels no pain, sir; but I knows as my cable's almost run out, the last bight's close to the hawse-hole, and there ain't no time to spare. I should like to make my accounts all square before I sheer off."

Lord Mordant sent immediately for the rector of the parish, who soon arrived at the abbey, and was shown into the old man's bedroom.

Lord Mordant would have retired, but Jack begged him to remain.

“How do you find yourself now, Jack?” said the clergyman, to whom the old sailor was personally known.

“I am dying, your reverence—dying—slipping away—quietly and comfortably—but my glass is nigh run out.”

“Shall I read to you, or pray with you?”

“Thank you kindly—you may—I shall be glad to listen; but first I would like to ask your reverence a few questions?”

“What are they, Jack? Speak freely,” said the clergyman. “Is your mind at peace with the world; do you possess the hope of happiness hereafter?”

“I am pretty comfortable that way, sir—as comfortable as a man well may be, who is passing, as I have heard you say, ‘through the valley of the shadow of death,’ where all beyond looks hazy through the spy-glass—but there is one thing troubles me sorely.”

“Then tell me what it is, my good old friend, and relieve your mind from all earthly cares.”

“This ain’t an *earthly* care, your reverence,” feebly replied the old man, whose life was *evidently* now fast ebbing away.

“So much the better, Jack. It is well, if at this awful hour you have been enabled to forget all earthly cares, and to turn your thoughts entirely to that future, whose mysteries you are so soon to solve. What is it you would speak to me about?”

“It’s one of those mysteries, sir, as I should like to have my mind made easy about before I slips off. I’ve been spliced on to two women, your reverence; both of whom have slipped their cables afore me. What troubles me is to know to which on ’em I shall be lotted on to when I gets up aloft.”

“In the future world there are no marriages, neither is their any giving in marriage,” replied the clergyman. “Let not such trifling thoughts occupy your mind now.”

“Well,” replied Jack, “if your reverence says so, and the Bible says so, I suppose it’s all right. Not but what I’d have liked to have tackled on to my first wife again, poor thing! but it would have been a terrible thing to have had to hook on

through all eternity with old mother Shipley's daughter. I could never have heard the songs of the angels while her tongue was a-going, your reverence."

"Have you anything else troubling you?" asked the clergyman, with difficulty repressing a smile, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion.

"No, your reverence, nothing. I've never harmed any one willingly; and though, maybe, I haven't done all that I ought to have done, I hope the Lord 'll have mercy upon me, and take me to himself. You've eased my mind considerable, sir, in telling me as I shan't be bound to Sally Shipley when I'm gone from this. But kneel and pray, sir; I feel my breath failing fast; the cable's almost run out; the last link 'll slip through the hawse-hole in a few moments. Kneel and pray, too, your honor," addressing Lord Mordant. "Pray with his reverence, that we may all meet happily hereafter in heaven."

The clergyman knelt, and poured out his soul in prayer for the dying man, who occasionally responded "Amen" to portions of the petition—but at length he was silent. The prayer was long and earnest, and when the clergyman and Lord Mordant rose from their knees, they found that while the petition in his behalf had been ascending to the throne of grace, the soul of the honest old sailor had passed away.

The two gentlemen stood for some minutes silently gazing upon the old man's features; at length, Lord Mordant stretched out his hand and gently closed the eyelids of the corpse, saying—as he performed the melancholy duty—

"Honest old Jack. Let us hope that all your trials and troubles are over. You were rough and ignorant; but I believe it would be well for many of us if our lives had been equally guileless."

The old sailor was buried a few days afterwards in Ballycloe churchyard—the funeral cortege comprising Lord Mordant's family and domestics, and nearly all the inhabitants of the parish.

A plain stone was erected by his patron to his memory, bearing the simple inscription of his name—and far distant from the roar of the ocean, on which the greater portion of his life had been spent, his earthly remains rest in peace.

This was the last of Jack Jenkins.

Mrs. Edwards died about five years after her husband. Her children were well grown up at the time of her death, and were all provided with good situations by George Hartley. The daughter married well two years after her mother's decease.

Potter, the clerk, who the reader will recollect was the person who informed Charles Edwards of the vacancy in Messrs. Wilson's establishment, lost his situation in consequence of his indolent habits and culpable extravagance, and lived for some years in a state of great destitution; but making earnest promises of reform, he at length, through George Hartley's influence, obtained a junior clerk's seat in Messrs. Wilson's office.

Henry returned to Calcutta, taking Ellen with him, and remained there several years; but finding that the climate did not agree with Ellen, and having received letters from Joseph Carter, in which the old watchman spoke of the rapid failing of his strength and his expectation of speedy dissolution, he resolved to return to New York, and thenceforward act in America for the wealthy house for which he was a partner. In fact, the business of the house with America had so rapidly increased, that it was found really needful that one of the partners should reside there; and Henry, with the free consent of the other partners, undertook that portion of the business.

He and Ellen arrived home just in time to close the eyes of the good old Watchman, who died in peace and happiness, free from pain or grief, worn out with the infirmities of age, perhaps prematurely worn out in consequence of the hardships he had endured during the earlier portion of his life; still he lived to a good old age, and left a memory that will ever remain

fresh and green in the hearts of those who knew him and were able to appreciate his many excellencies of character. His wife survived him for several years, and died at a very advanced period of life in Henry's home and in the arms of her daughter Ellen.

William Carter went to sea again after remaining some time with his parents. He had become quite reformed in character, but he could not get over the love of wandering and adventure which he had contracted. He obtained a berth as chief mate of a packet ship, of which he shortly obtained the command, and he now owns the vessel, and sails between Liverpool and New York.

Our task is ended: the toils of the Watchman are over. No more shall it be asked of him, "What of the night?" He shall no more walk his weary round in the rain, and storm, and darkness; for he has gone to a place where there is endless day and never-fading brightness, where sorrow and weeping are unknown, where happiness is universal and endureth for ever. He fought the good fight on earth and triumphed, although his lot was cast in a lowly sphere, and he has received the promised and lasting reward of the just.

THE END.

THE SLAVE OF THE LAMP.

P R E F A C E .

THE preface to a new book is usually radiant with words of Gladness and Hope. This must be one of privilege and sorrow.

The brain that conceived, and the hand that penned the "SLAVE OF THE LAMP," are now mouldering beneath the turf in Greenwood Cemetery.

On the 14th of November, 1854, the author of this volume was found in his chamber, a corpse. A bottle standing on the table—beside the last pages of this novel—indicated too sadly how he had left the world. The coroner called it death by Prussic acid; death by disappointment would have been the better verdict. He bade farewell to his friends in rapid interviews preceding the event. Others whom he could not see he wrote to, lovingly and kindly. Whilst with one hand he clutched the boney fingers of death, the other was extended in Friendship. He died not madly, but calmly in sorrow, in disappointment, and in poverty.

Known since his early manhood to the British public as a writer of considerable talent, WILLIAM NORTH arrived in this country only some two years ago, his soul glowing with an ardent but strangely erratic love of liberty, and his wild dreams with regard to this sentiment, he fondly hoped to find realized in America. He was connected by the ties of consanguinity with the Guildford family, one of his ancestors being Lord North, Earl of Guildford, who figured prominently in England, during the period of the American Revolution. His strong democratic feelings, estranged him from his family connections at home, and from his nineteenth to his twenty-eighth year, he appears to have led a strangely isolated life, although (during this period,) he contributed largely to the English periodicals, his productions exciting much attention and curiosity, as much from the originality of his genius, as on account of his strangely mystical style. Before he had completed his twentieth year, he wrote and published a political novel, entitled "ANTI-CONINGSBY," in refutation of D'Israeli's "Coningsby." This novel, although the production of so young a man, is perhaps the most forcible of all his works.

It may be supposed that Mr. North derived considerable pecuniary emolument from this work, which at that early age, established his fame as an author. Whether he did, or not, we cannot say. At this period of his life, however, money was a secondary object with him. He was possessed of some property in his own right, but with the proverbial

indiscretion of men of his peculiar temperament, this was soon squandered, lent, or given away.

Although he published numerous books in England, and was connected with various popular periodicals, at different times, he does not appear to have reaped much pecuniary benefit from his labors. His productions were highly prized by such as could understand, and sympathize with the feelings of the author; but his style was too strongly imbued with German metaphysics to become popular with the majority of readers.

He had been educated in a German university, and his mind had become morbidly impressed with the peculiar doctrines, inculcated in those places of education.

After struggling with adverse circumstances for many years in England, he came, as we have stated, about two years ago, to this country, and upon his arrival, immediately sought literary employment. He was successful, and at different times, contributed largely to various periodicals. In Harper's Magazine, a story from his pen appeared, entitled "The Usurer's Gift." In the Knickerbocker, "Blondine," "Brunette," "My Ghost," and "The Man that Married his Grandmother," and in Graham's Magazine, a tale, entitled the "Phantom World." He wrote also for the Whig Review, and other periodicals; and at Burton's Theatre, brought out a farce called "The Automaton Man," which was highly successful. All this literary labor was accomplished while Mr. North was also engaged as a writer for the public press; but it appears that his pecuniary success

was not equal to his anticipations, notwithstanding the popularity of his contributions. The pressure, not perhaps of actual poverty, but of continuous necessity, added to the mental distress consequent upon an hopeless attachment, proved too much for his singularly sensitive nature. He had peculiar notions of suicide, the result partially, of his early education; and at length, impelled perhaps by a morbid sensitiveness, he released his spirit from its mortal bondage, and dismissed it into that eternal world, which had so long been the subject of its mystic broodings.

In a letter now before us, written by Mr. North the day before he committed the fearful act, occurs the following passage. He is lamenting the failure of one of his fondest hopes, and observes—

“An inseparable barrier existed between us. What was left to me? I had seen Paradise: the portals were eternally closed to me. I could but die.

“To me—philosopher and poet, of a school yet in its infancy; the school of passional, intellectual, and moral harmony—the idea was natural. I never feared death.”

In another letter, having special allusion to this his last novel, he says—

“I have written what I believed it best to write, and what I believed, myself, I could write best.

“Such as my work is, I commend it more especially to the young and true-hearted sons of America. I am neither a Bulwer nor a Dickens, yet, in one respect, I feel myself to enjoy an advantage over either—I live in a free country.

It is only in an atmosphere of freedom, that we can indeed think freely, as freely, as I, the poor, weary literary adventurer have taken the liberty of writing; and the history of A Slave of the Lamp, despising humbug and owning a yet unshaken faith in the heroic and the beautiful, may not appear *mal-apropos*."

With a few unavoidable exceptions the characters in this book have originals in real life. The strong appeals—with which it abounds—for the *literateur* and the inventor, have been elicited by a personal knowledge of the miseries, humiliations, and hardships those ennoblers of a country have to endure. Neglect too often, and in all countries, is a condition of genius. The absence of proper legal protection makes it peculiarly irksome here. Mr. North's memory will be respected for the able manner in which he has urged this neglected fact in the present novel.

In works of an autobiographical character the hero is generally (rightly or not) associated in some indiscribable way with the author. In the character of Dudley Mondel, Mr. North undoubtedly gives us glimpses of himself, but not sufficiently to make author and hero identical. It is hard to find a hero in broadcloth, and to himself a man never seems heroic. The best among us would need the heightening touch of the romancist to be attractive from the cold pages of a book. Whilst therefore, there is much curious thought that may be traced to the idiosyncrasy of William North, the reader is requested to remember that there is more mere personality that owes its origin purely to the fictitious

Dudley Mondell. In the incidental memoirs of the hero, (page 238), Mr. North undoubtedly speaks mostly of himself and his family. That section of the present work will be found of no ordinary character. Simply as a work of art it is remarkable. For pureness of style, elegance of diction, and force of thought, it has seldom, if ever, been surpassed.

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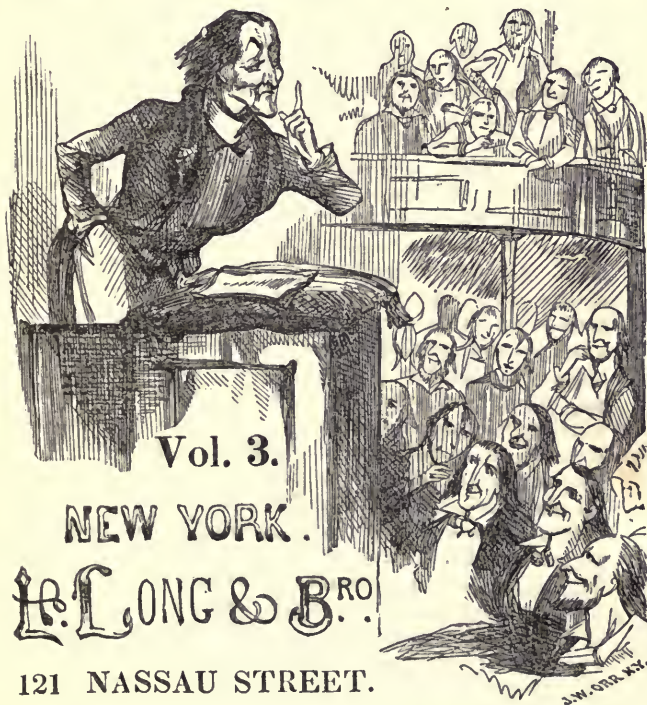
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